

INTIMATE RECOLLECTIONS OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON

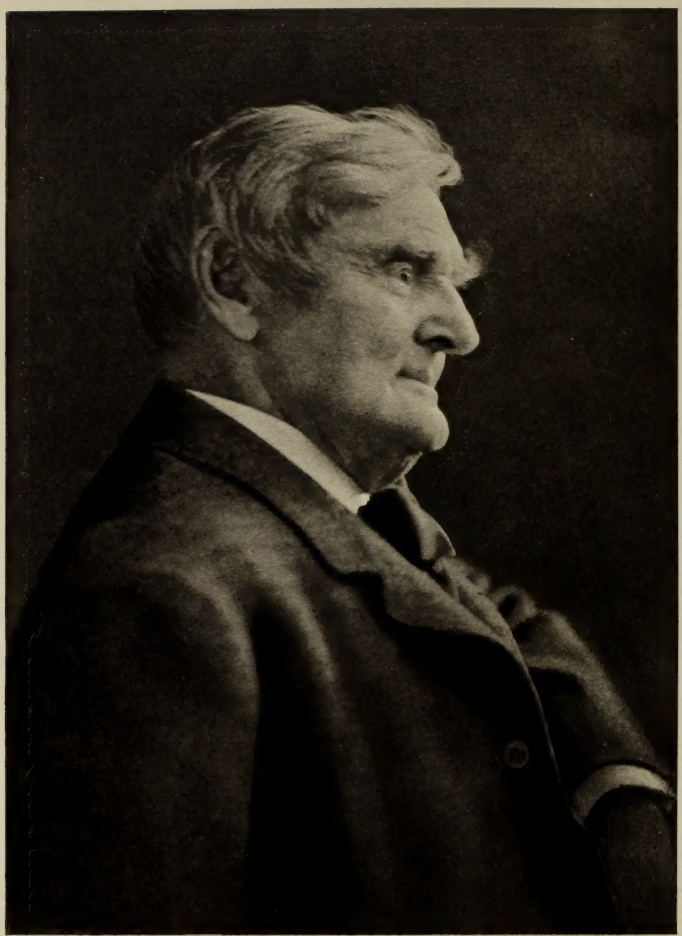
BY

EUGÉNIE PAUL JEFFERSON

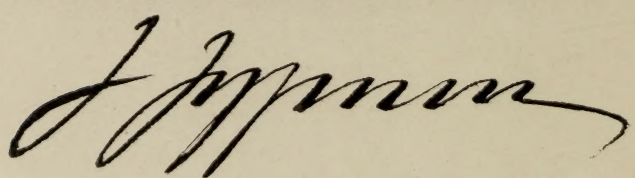
$45

C H H Dec 25 1909
from Fannie Bulkeley

INTIMATE RECOLLECTIONS
OF
JOSEPH JEFFERSON



From photo by Morrison, Chicago



Intimate Recollections

of

Joseph Jefferson

By

Eugénie Paul Jefferson

Author of "The Right Motive Club," "Class," "Bobby," etc.

Numerous Illustrations



New York

Dodd, Mead and Company

1909

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

Published, October, 1909

To my Grandson

THOMAS PRESTON SCOTT

You never heard that old story about "All full inside,"—did you, dear?

You do not know that it was your great-grandfather Jefferson who said "God bless the little church around the corner,"—do you, dear?

But the world has heard the old stories twice told; and they are not new, but they will be wonderfully new to you, dear; and it is for your sake that I am saving these old memories.

You are only two years old, and have not yet been told much about your great-grandfather. When you are a wee bit older, you will learn that he was beloved by a nation, and that he was worthy of that love.

The world has its 'busy day' sign out all the time, dear, and it forgets . . . There was once upon a time a man whom all the children and all the dogs loved. One day he took a very, very long nap, and when he woke up he found himself ragged and old. The children had all grown up and the dogs were strange, and they barked at him, and the old man was sad and he thought within himself, "Are we so soon forgot when we are gone?"

But we will not forget,—will we, dear?

THE author wishes sincerely to thank all of those who have made it possible for her to give these memories of Joseph Jefferson to his universal friend—the public—and to perpetuate in this way the kindly expressions of those who wrote of him and those who knew him in other days. To the generous friends who have contributed by letter, anecdote, or by the copy of a paper no longer obtainable, I desire to express my gratitude.

To Mrs. Grover Cleveland for permission to use letters, also to Miss Helen Keller, Miss Caroline Derby, Henry Watterson, Richard Watson Gilder, Edward Valentine, William Winter, C. Edwin Booth Grossman, Charles I. Cragin, American Art Association, Burr McIntosh Company, Pach Bros., Falk, Sarony, Gilbert Studios, Thomas E. Marr, Dana Estes Company, C. M. Bell Studio, J. H. Corning, Foster & Reynolds, The Players' Club, The New York *Herald, The Theatre Magazine,* The *Outlook* Company, and others.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	Palm Beach	1
II	Buzzards Bay	25
III	The Collector	39
IV	The Painter	51
V	Louisiana	59
VI	Hohokus	79
VII	Author and Orator	88
VIII	The Actor	129
IX	The Man	171
X	Friends	200
XI	Charles Burke Jefferson	238
XII	An Heritage	280
XIII	Biography	301
XIV	Faith and Reason	320
XV	Laurel Wreaths	332

ILLUSTRATIONS

Joseph Jefferson (in photogravure) . . . *Frontispiece*

Thomas Preston Scott. Great-Grandson of Joseph Jefferson, to whom these memories are dedicated . *Facing page* 2

Mr. Jefferson and Granddaughter. "The Reefs," Palm Beach, 1901 " " 6

Guests at last birthday breakfast . . " " 10

The horseless carriage of Palm Beach . " " 14

The fisherman spinning a yarn . . " " 18

Fishing on Lake Worth " " 22

Main Hall at Crow's Nest. Stairway with tester posts " " 26

Facsimile of letter written by Joseph Jefferson to his son, Charles Jefferson " " 28

Crow's Nest. Chimneys of broken art tiles, capped by seltzer-water bottles " " 30

Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson, children, grandchildren and guests at Crow's Nest " " 34

Dining-room at Crow's Nest, showing old Dutch plates in ceiling and "The Return of the Flock," by Mauve " " 38

The Return of the Flock. By Anton Mauve, 1828-1888. Formerly in the Jefferson collection . . . " " 42

Facsimile of writing upon the fly-leaf of a book presented to Mr. Jefferson by Josef Israels " " 46

The Madonna of the Cottage. Josef Israels, 1824. Formerly in the Jefferson collection " " 50

The artist at work in his studio . . " " 54
The Old Mill. By Joseph Jefferson . " " 58
House at Jefferson's Island, Louisiana " " 62
The Wave. By Joseph Jefferson . " " 66
The rose-covered cottage. Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson, with three sons . " " 76
Joseph Jefferson's house at Hohokus, as it was when he occupied it . . " " 80
Joseph Jefferson on porch at Crow's Nest " " 86
Mr. Jefferson. From a photograph taken about the year 1889, at the time he was writing his autobiography " " 92
Portrait of Kemble. George Henry Harlow, 1787-1819. Formerly in the Jefferson collection . . . " " 98
The Collector " " 102
Mr. Golightly in Lend Me Five Shillings. The part in which Mr. Jefferson last appeared . . . " " 108
Feeding the Baby. By Albert Neuhuys. Formerly in the Jefferson collection " " 112
The Horseman. Jean Baptiste Corot, 1796-1874. Formerly in the Jefferson collection " " 118
Bob Acres (Second Act) in Sheridan's comedy, The Rivals " " 122
The painter and his work " " 126
Joseph Jefferson. After his return to America " " 134
Joseph Jefferson at the Adelphi Theatre, London, in 1865. Mrs. Billington as Gretchen, Miss Buckston as Meenie " " 140
Caleb Plummer in The Cricket on the Hearth " " 144
Last appearance of Joseph Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle, Paterson, New Jersey, Saturday matinée, May 2, 1904 " " 148

Last appearance of Joseph Jefferson, Paterson, New Jersey, Saturday evening, May 2, 1904 . . . " " 149
Joseph Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle (First Act) " " 154
"Fighting" Bob (Third Act). "Forty yards—if you love me!—No? Well then—39?" " " 158
Portrait of Macready as William Tell. By Henry Inman, 1802-1846. Formerly in the Jefferson collection " " 162
Portrait of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. By Thomas Gainsborough, R. A., 1727-1788. Formerly in the Jefferson collection " " 166
Mr. Sol Smith Russell, Mr. Jefferson and grandsons " " 174
Under a burning sky. Fishing party on Lake Worth " " 180
Bronze panel under mantel in reception-room at Crow's Nest " " 188
Reception-room at Crow's Nest, showing bronze panel under the mantel " " 192
Grover Cleveland, 1893 " " 202
Facsimile of letter written by Grover Cleveland to Charles Jefferson . " " 206
Helen Keller and Joseph Jefferson . " " 210
View of Buttermilk Bay from the porch " " 216
Edwin Booth " " 224
Mr. Jefferson's grandson, Warren, in the "Rip" hat " " 230
Charles Burke Jefferson " " 240
Joseph Jefferson in the early sixties . " " 244
Joseph Jefferson at the Adelphi Theatre, London, in 1865, in the original Boucicault dramatisation of Rip Van Winkle " " 250
Joseph Jefferson and his son, Charles Burke Jefferson, Palm Beach, Florida " " 256

Upper hall at Crow's Nest, showing "Cleveland room" (left) . .	"	"	260
Indian Mound. Home of Thomas Jefferson, Buzzards Bay	"	"	268
Thomas Jefferson	"	"	274
Thomas Jefferson with children in Rip Van Winkle	"	"	282
Facsimile of letter written by Joseph Jefferson to his son, Thomas Jefferson	"	"	284
Thomas Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle (Last Act). "My gun must of cotched the rhumatix too!" . .	"	"	288
An inheritance. Properties and costumes used by Joseph Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle	"	"	292
Thomas Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle (First Act)	"	"	298
Mr. Joseph Warren Jefferson as Sir Lucius O'Trigger	"	"	302
William Winter Jefferson as Bob Acres	"	"	306
Cornelia Jackson as Tilly Slowboy .	"	"	310
Lauretta Jefferson as Meenie Van Winkle (Sixth Generation) . .	"	"	314
Charles Burke Jefferson. William Winter Jefferson. Thomas Jefferson .	"	"	316
Pen and ink sketch by Joseph Jefferson. A suggestion for a poster made to his sons at the time of their starring tour	"	"	318
The lily pond at Crow's Nest . . .	"	"	324
Boulder at grave. The quotation on the tablet consists of the last lines in Mr. Jefferson's autobiography .	"	"	360
Rear view of boulder	"	"	364

CHAPTER I

PALM BEACH

It has been dear to me—this life of illuminated emotions, and it has been magnificently repaid.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

WHETHER you knew him as actor, author, or painter, as clubman, fisherman, or friend, your recollections of Joseph Jefferson are happy ones. His name will ever bring a smile to the lips, a light to the eye; and so he wished it to be, for his was indeed a joyful life, "which ever caused us to see things in a better light, made us laugh, and lifted us from care—even for three generations."

The universal love which his life inspired was deep and sincere, and the desire to get closer to the real man, to know more of the secret with which he swayed a nation, has been expressed by all who knew him, as well as those who knew him not.

Underlying his love of humour was that sympathy which is the twin of humour, and has its origin in kindness, for Mr. Jefferson was always careful not to offend, believing that the highest altruism is respect for the convictions

of others, especially if these convictions were consistent with well-ordered lives; and although he dearly loved to make people laugh, he was at heart a deep thinker, a great reader, and a wise philosopher. He always carried a notebook with him, in which he would write his thoughts on different subjects. These reflections were the product of a mind vitally active, and wonderfully observant of all that was most beautiful in art and nature.

He was always a faithful disciple to the gospel of work, and in his home, surrounded by his family and friends, he enjoyed the fruits of long years of toil, "never admitting," says one writing about him, "that his success had been due entirely to his genius." Everywhere in his house was the evidence of his love for the beautiful, as he also preached the gospel of art. It has been said that above all his talents was that of home maker, and that the most delightful thing to see was the filial respect and affection shown by Mr. Jefferson's sons to their father, which was of the good old-fashioned sort, with nothing perfunctory about it, but instinctive and spontaneous, such as we read about in the description of American life in past generations.

With advancing years, Mr. Jefferson availed himself of the privilege afforded by his ample



THOMAS PRESTON SCOTT

AGED TWO YEARS, GREAT-GRANDSON OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON,
TO WHOM THESE MEMORIES ARE DEDICATED

means to take life easy. His theatrical season consisted of eighteen weeks only, twelve in the fall and winter and six in the spring. This plan gave him opportunity and leisure to devote to other occupations, such as painting, writing, gardening, and fishing.

Mr. Jefferson made his winter home in Palm Beach, Florida, where everybody knew him; his genial nature gave him a warm place in all hearts, his kindly smile wielded a charm which made him a popular friend, comrade, and good fellow. Two years before his passing on, the writer visited Mr. Jefferson at his home. With what pleasure, on the morning of our arrival at his cottage, "The Reefs," which faced the ocean, did he point out the magnificent view from its porch. "Always changing," he said, "you never get it the same;" and then taking us indoors he showed us his latest work in glass painting, in which he had been using the natural blue colouring of the glass, blended with white, for the sky and water effects. He also called attention to the many beautiful gifts, among which were several silver loving-cups, which had been sent to him from year to year on his birthday by his friends. He lost no time in taking me out to see the sights, and as we walked through the beautiful long avenue lined with

tropical foliage and flowers, leading from one great hotel to the other—between the ocean and the lake—he was greeted by smiles and nods from all sides. He had the gracious knack of recognising people when he saw that he was recognised by them, whether he had ever met them or not. For his friends he had a warm handclasp or a cheery word of greeting, and for the camera fiends, a kindly, tactful "Not this morning, please. I'm not dressed up!" He called attention to the lonely mule and the car on a single track. "The only horse on the island," he said. "When he gets to the hotel on the lake we reverse him, and send him back to the hotel on the ocean. It's a poor mule that won't work both ways!"

Our first call was at Marble Hall, Mr. Flagler's beautiful residence on the lake, and while waiting for him Mr. Jefferson called attention to a magnificently carved table of black marble in the centre of the hall, upon which stood an exquisite orchid of bright rose colour, its blossoms falling in a shower from the table to the floor. His artistic eye never missed an effect of colour; and it did not fail to take in the beautiful picture formed by the background of black marble. In the library he pointed out how the grain of the mahogany which panelled

its walls formed the head of a buffalo in each panel so perfectly that it seemed impossible to believe that it could be a freak of nature.

On this occasion our host took us on a tour of inspection through the beautiful mansion, ending in his private office. "Here," he remarked, "is where the wheels go round." As we left the house, in reply to my enthusiasm, Mr. Jefferson said: "Yes, it's all very beautiful, but no man can be really happy with a home like that."

"Why not?" I asked him.

"Because," he replied, "he must know he's got to give it up some day; to leave it all behind; and no man can be truly happy knowing that."

"Not even if he believes there may be something better beyond?" I asked.

"Ah, my dear child," he said, shaking his head sadly, "we have no way of knowing that; we have no proof."

We could not continue the conversation at that time, as there were constant interruptions—greetings and introductions on our way home—but that evening he called me to come out on the porch where he was standing. He led the way down the steps and out upon the lawn in front of the house, where we stood for a moment in the silence of the beautiful night, facing the

great peaceful ocean stretching away in front of us until it seemed to meet and touch the stars which thickly studded the sky, and which appear to be nearer and so much larger in the tropics than elsewhere. When he spoke it was in a hushed voice, his eyes raised to the sky.

"Look! Look up there!" he said, his outstretched arm sweeping the sky. "Do you mean to tell me that the Mind which conceived *that* is to be understood by mere mortal man?" And without allowing me to reply he plunged into the wonders of astronomy, a science of which he was very fond, and about which he was well informed. I agreed perfectly with him—although he did not allow me to tell him so—that mere mortal man could never understand the divine Mind. Only spiritual man, identified by his likeness to the divine—not the mortal—could understand that Mind which governs the universe.

It became a regular institution each year at Palm Beach to celebrate Mr. Jefferson's birthday at "Rève d'Eté," the home of Mr. Charles Cragin. Here on this anniversary, February the twentieth, would gather such men as ex-Admiral George Dewey, U. S. N., Attorney-General P. C. Knox, Judge Willoughby, Count Louis Bonaparte Primoli, and many others.



Collection J. H. Corning

MR. JEFFERSON AND GRANDDAUGHTER

"THE REEFS," PALM BEACH, 1901

The first of these occasions to be recorded was in 1903, when the host greeted his guests at the table by the following remarks:

"Gentlemen:

"Another year has passed and again this little party gathers to congratulate and to cheer our dear old friend as he reaches another milestone on his life's journey. No, that simile is not a happy one. The idea of a journey brings to the mind visions of weariness, of dust, of general discomfort, of an unpleasant thing—the sooner ended the better.

"The picture I see to-day is not that of a weary, dusty traveller, but of a gentle, happy nature, sauntering along life's autumn afternoon, picking a flower here, stopping there to sketch a bit of landscape, or here again to do a kindly deed or say a loving word. As he sees this group of friends gathered to greet him at the milestone he says, with the merry twinkle of his eye that all the world knows so well, 'God bless my soul, gentlemen, is it possible that I am seventy-four years *young* to-day?'

"He surely knows how to grow young gracefully, or, rather, how to glide along life's pathway without growing old at all. In his beauty sleep of twenty years in the Catskills, or in the discovery of Ponce de Leon's fountain of per-

petual youth here in Florida, he has learned how to grow younger with each added year. We drink his health and sincerely echo his wish that he may 'live long and prosper.'"

Mr. Jefferson responded in his wittiest and happiest vein.

In 1904, one year later, as the guests again gathered to honour the birthday of their friend, their host addressed them with the following remarks:

"Gentlemen:

"Once more the dial that marks the flight of time, by years and events rather than by hours and minutes, records the birthday of our dear old friend, Mr. Jefferson, and we gladly reassemble to give him our hearty greetings and congratulations, as we have done on so many occasions around this board, and as we hope to do for many years in the future.

"The twentieth of February is, for us, a fixed feast, as much a holiday as the twenty-second. George was no doubt 'first in peace, first in war,' but our Joseph is, and always was, and always shall be, 'first in the hearts of his countrymen,' not through the antedate of his birth, but on account of his lovable and gentle personality, which gives him so warm a place in the hearts of all those who are honoured by his

friendship, and causes him to be so greatly admired by the many thousands who flock, 'even to the third and fourth generations,' to see him in his wonderful impersonations.

"Speaking of Mr. Jefferson's impersonations, I am reminded of a question I have long meant to ask him. Now, Mr. Jefferson, we are all friends here, all discreet married men, and I wish to ask you to tell us,—in the strictest confidence, of course,—the actual facts as to that twenty-years' absence of yours. Of course, we sensible men all agree that your story of a continuous slumber of twenty years was rather gauzy. I haven't consulted with these gentlemen, but I say without hesitation that none of us has ever, in his wildest flight of fancy, ventured to try any such tale as *that,* in the bosom of his family, when called upon to explain some real or fancied dereliction from duty.

"It was the general opinion in Falling Waters, all during your absence, that you had simply run away from the terrors of home, and gone to New York to enjoy yourself, like the rollicking blade that you were in those days. Mrs. Van Winkle held this belief to the day of her death, and it was to a certain extent verified when Nick Vedder, returning from a periodical trip to New York, where he had been to

replenish the stock of his bar and larder, reported to us that he had seen there a sign bearing the name of Rip Van Winkle, followed by the words, 'licensed to sell beer, wine and spirits.'

"There was one very significant fact that I noticed as soon as I saw you upon your return. You had allowed your hair and beard to grow, your clothes seemed to bear silent witness to the truth of your story, and your gun seemed to need some slight repairs before it could be said to be in prime condition for actual service; but your finger nails were not a bit longer than upon the day you left us, twenty years before. This, to my mind, was a dead giveaway, to speak in the vernacular. Sherlock Holmes would surely have said, had he been invented at that time, that you had been on very much more intimate terms with your manicure than with your barber or your tailor.

"'Honest confession is good for the soul,' and I think you will never have a better opportunity than this seventy-fifth birthday to confess your sins.

"A negro was recently arrested at West Palm Beach for stealing chickens, and the Justice of the Peace, before whom he was to be tried, said to him, 'Are you the defendant in this case?'



Collection C. I. Cragin

GUESTS AT THE LAST BIRTHDAY BREAKFAST

Frederick Robert — Dr. F. Fremont Smith
Charles I. Cragin — Robert C. Watson — Hon. P. C. Knox
E. Gray Pendleton — Joseph Jefferson — Alfred R. Whitney
Robert Dun Douglas — Samuel Andrews
Louis Dreka — J. Dunbar Adams

"'No, Jedge,' said the prisoner, turning and pointing to a shyster lawyer whom he had engaged to defend him (and incidentally to try to prove that the innocent original owner of the chickens had been guilty of every crime in the calendar, and should be mulcted in heavy damages for false imprisonment), 'dat am de defendant. I'se de man what stole the chickens.'

"I am sorry to say that in this case you are the defendant, and I am only the man that has got you into this trouble, but I promise in advance that we will forgive you, whatever the truth may be. In earnest of which, we pledge your health in the good old toast:

"'Here's to you, and to your family, unt may you all live long unt brosper.'"

Mr. Jefferson responded as follows:

"Gentlemen:

"I have often attended dinners where I received compliments I did not deserve. In fact, it is sometimes embarrassing to be considered so respectable, and I often wonder if I will not have to get into a scandal to avoid suspicion. I have had many nice things said to me, but I have never been asked so impertinent a question as has been put to me to-day. I shall try to answer the charge, and tell what I did during the twenty-years' absence, but of one thing I am

certain. That is, that Nick Vedder never saw the sign licensing Rip to sell wines and other beverages, for Nick died before Rip went to sleep!—that is, at the end of the first act! [Laughter.] As to the 'make-up,' 'the appearance of Rip,' I will say that during that twenty years I married my present wife, and that was a good reason, I am sure, for keeping my nails pared. [Laughter.] However, realism and art can never be one and the same. A man may say that he wants the real thing, but suppose a real dog were to be introduced in the play, and suppose a boy in the gallery should whistle. The dog would wag his tail and look at the gallery —and where would art be! Then if he were transported to the mountains, no one can tell how a dog would behave there during that long sleep. Regarding the latter, the only way one could obtain realism would be to sit in the theatre for twenty years,—and then wake up."

Mr. Cragin responded by saying:

"Rip has not fully answered my question as to where he really was during that twenty years. He does not say the sign *wasn't* there, he only says Nick could not have seen it, but the Attorney-General (Hon. P. C. Knox) informs me that he has acknowledged that he was not asleep in the Catskills, as he has so long led us to be-

lieve, as he confessed that he married his present wife during that time, and, also, that as this latter marriage was during the life of Mrs. Rip, it was a sufficient reason for his not returning sooner to Falling Waters. However, she is dead now, for I have seen her gravestone. I knew it was hers, as it bore the letters, 'R. I. P.'"

At one of these breakfasts Mr. Jefferson read for the amusement of his host and his guests the following letter from his assistant overseer:

IBERIA PARISH, LA.

MY DEAR MR. JEFSON:

I spose you don't like to hear from myself, but sir, I am in a bad way sure. Your overseer don't like me mity well and that the reason that I write to you. Sometime the wether is bad, and I can't get cross the prary for to do my work on that plantation that you hone yourself, then he cuss me awful bad befo all those black nigger hands on the place. I think he been writing you bout me, thats why I go writing bout himself. Now look for yourself, no christian cant cross a prary in bad wether. You think that overseer is putty good man yes. I don't think him a fust rate man, no. I wish you could come down here when that overseer ant round. I will show you some things that you never can't see. So please sir don't let him send me away for sure because then what will I do for myself. Please write that overseer to make me stay if I will and I don't never forget your kindness caus some

day that overseer he is a good kind man and next day he is just like a son of a Gun.

I am, your good fren

Saturday morning,

I am,

JAN LARUE.

P. S. You see I am in a bad way sir cause my old mudder is dead for a long time. My fader she cant see out of both his eyes and what will I do? My wife is going to have a lettle baby, and you wouldn't like to be that way yourself.

Mr. Jefferson saved his best stories to tell at his birthday breakfasts; his sense of humour was keen, and his own enjoyment of the stories as great as those who heard him tell them.

At one time there appeared in the daily papers an advertisement of a certain patent medicine which claimed to have "given Joseph Jefferson a new stomach!" As this continued to appear in large type, Mr. Jefferson wrote to the doctor who advertised it, protesting against the unauthorised use of his name. The doctor politely sent his representative to make a personal apology, but Mr. Jefferson felt that he owed the doctor one, and he had to get back at him.

One day while upon the water in his launch, some friends who had heard the story asked to have the doctor's house pointed out to them.



By courtesy of Foster & Reynolds

THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE OF PALM BEACH

When they were passing the place, Mr. Jefferson called their attention to it, saying, "There it is; everybody around here knows it, even the ducks,—don't you hear them? Quack! Quack! Quack!"

For the entertainment of Mr. Cragin's guests Mr. Jefferson also related the story of a dinner given to him by Mr. Mark Hanna, upon which occasion Mr. Jefferson was seated beside a young woman who was very enthusiastic over the performance of The Cricket on the Hearth which she had witnessed the night before. After telling the actor how much she appreciated it and how she had laughed and cried, she spoke of Tilly Slowboy, and the lady playing the part.

"I think she was the funniest thing I ever saw! and *so* ugly! and oh, such a funny turn-up little nose! Tell me, Mr. Jefferson, how do you get people of that kind? Where *do* you pick them up?"

Mr. Jefferson's eyes twinkled with fun as he replied:

"Oh, that is not such a difficult matter! We do not have to go so far. Sometimes we find them right in our own family. Tilly Slowboy is my sister."

The *Theatre Magazine* published an article

by C. Edwin Booth Grossman, the grandson of Edwin Booth, in which he gives a vivid pen picture of a day's fishing trip at Palm Beach with his grandfather's old friend. He says:

"It is not my intention, even were it in my power, to write here of the art of Joseph Jefferson, but I have a memory of Mr. Jefferson which recalls one of my happiest experiences. In the far South, where the sky is a burning blue, with lazy buzzards forever circling high in the air, and tall palms sway in the languid breeze, here amid this tropical scenery, far from the cold unrest of the North, the old actor was wont to spend his winters, and here it was one day that he asked me to go fishing.

"My earliest recollection of Mr. Jefferson was when, quite a small boy, I was taken to a performance of Rip Van Winkle. After the curtain he came to the rear of the box and stooped down and kissed me. I remember being especially amazed by his long white beard, for he had not removed his 'make-up.'

"I called on him at his Southern home, and he cautiously led up to the subject of fishing—his favourite pastime next to painting, at which he was a true artist—and he asked, as though there were a chance that perhaps I was not so enthusiastic an angler:

"'Are you fond of fishing?'

"On my answering in the affirmative, with a poor attempt to rival his own unbounded enthusiasm, a date was set for the following day at nine o'clock sharp!

"What a day it was! A trout fisherman might possibly have quarrelled with the brilliant sun, but no such anxieties troubled me. Glad with the joy of the bracing air and the tropical luxuriance of colour, I was ready at the landing full twenty minutes before nine. Exactly on the hour Mr. Jefferson appeared in his tricycle chair and hailed me with a wave of his hand. He jumped out of the chair, agile as a boy, his face radiant and his blue eyes filled with the expectation of a good day's sport.

"The little launch which was to carry us to the point where the lake flows into the sea, was ready, and as soon as we got ourselves and the lunch and fishing-tackle on board, we were off. Mr. Jefferson donned a many-pocketed fishing coat, and adjusted a checked 'kerchief under his wide-brimmed hat, which flapped gaily in the wind, and served to keep the burning sun from his neck. In order to get the full glory of the morning air we sat up on top of the launch. Presently Mr. Jefferson, who was busy tying on a new hook, looked up and said:

"'Do you like fishing, my son?'

"I answered that I was very fond of the sport.

"'That's right! I'm very fond of it myself. I come out here every day.'

"Good or bad luck, it made no difference to him, he found a world of pleasure in the great out-of-doors.

"He sat in silence as we speeded through the blue water. Presently I approached him on the subject which was uppermost in my thoughts.

"'Do you consider acting the highest form of art?' I asked. His answer was quick and emphatic.

"'Oh, yes! Certainly I do. Of course, there are plenty of people who deny that acting is an art, but I hold that it is a very high art. It is foolish to think otherwise. It may not be so much the art of production; but it's the art of reproduction—that's it! To be able to reproduce night after night the same emotions and effects that you portrayed the first night! Gracious, isn't that art?

"'Look at me!' he went on, while Billy, the skipper's mate, split open clams, 'no matter how long I play a part—a hundred nights or a thousand—I must play that part exactly the same at the last performance as I did at the first.

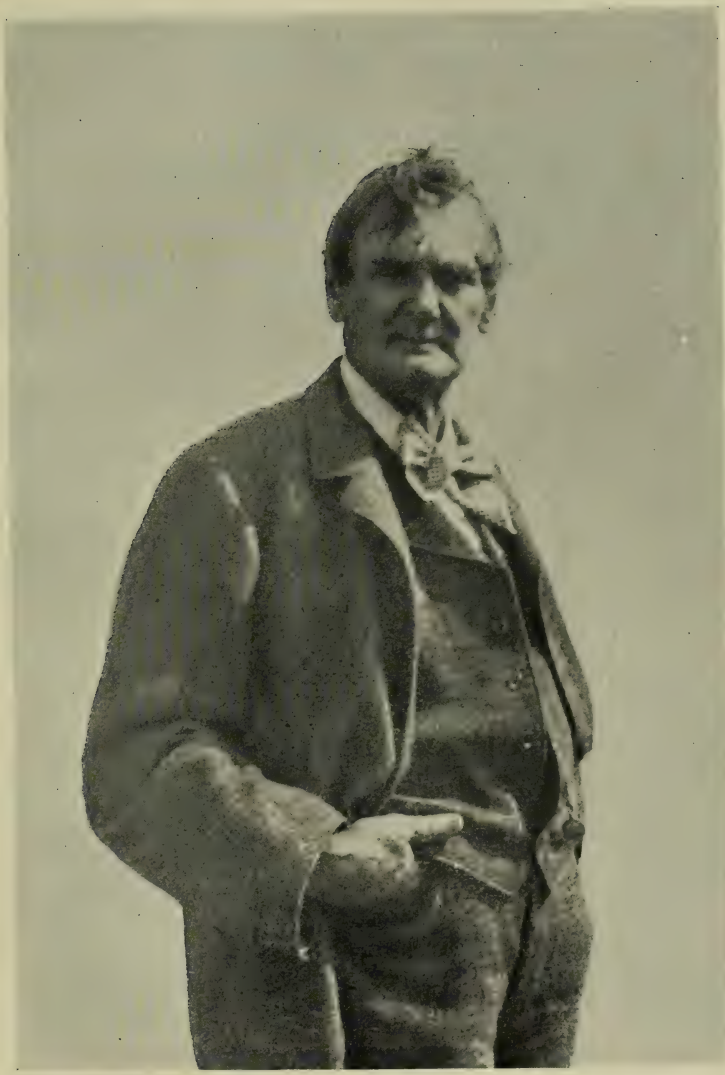


Photo by Mrs. Roland Nickerson

THE FISHERMAN SPINNING A YARN

And how am I going to do that? It's all well enough to talk about inspiration of the moment, but suppose that doesn't come, and if I don't know how to bring about the same effect without the inspiration, where am I?'

"By this time we had reached the end of the lake, and with the aid of the skipper, Billy, brought around the small rowboat to the side of the launch, holding it steady while Mr. Jefferson took his seat in the stern. Then we shoved off from the now anchored launch, and with strong strokes of the oars Billy rowed us into the middle of the narrow channel through which the water from the lake rushed madly, foaming and seething as it met the roaring breakers on the beach beyond.

"Now the sport began in earnest. The fish appeared to be ravenous, and one after another of the gamey fellows were landed in the net, and so we fished on hour after hour until the cool breeze and the work of playing and landing the fish whetted our appetites. Reeling in our lines, we partook of the excellent luncheon prepared for us. Mr. Jefferson frequently remarked on the beauty of the scene.

"'Beautiful colour out there in the ocean,' he said. 'See those hazy clouds hanging low on the horizon? that's what I'd like to paint.'

"When we had finished our lunch once

more we cast our lines; and almost immediately Mr. Jefferson's line went whizzing from the reel. He had hooked a red-snapper. He sat very quiet, playing the rod skilfully, until presently the fish, tired from his mad plunges, was landed in the net.

"Mr. Jefferson smiled with satisfaction. The sport continued until the sky had begun to turn a pale saffron, when once more we regained the launch. Tired after his day's work, Mr. Jefferson sat back in his comfortable chair, saying little, absorbed in the wondrous beauty of the tropical sunset. As we glided slowly up the lake, leaving a long strip of white in the deep blue of the water, drowsy pelicans flapped by on their way to roost, or a solitary heron, disturbed from his perch high in a palmetto, sailed quietly from sight into the deepening orange of the evening sky.

"Presently Mr. Jefferson commenced talking, half to himself, and as though inspired by the beauty of the approaching night. He said:

"'I am a firm believer in the school of nature. The great open world offers everything to him who knows how to seek for knowledge; academies can not teach the artist.

"'I am also strongly convinced,' he went on, 'in the power of the mind to overcome all obsta-

cles; firmly believe that you can do a thing, and it is half accomplished.'

"It was natural that he should at length speak of my grandfather (Edwin Booth), who for many years cherished a loving friendship with Mr. Jefferson. It was good to hear him speak of him as he did; and he ended by saying:

"'My gracious! it doesn't seem possible; why, I knew your grandfather before he was married to your grandmother! How time does pass! Yes, Edwin Booth was a great actor; but a greater *man.*'

"So he talked on, recalling the years of the past with his wonderful memory. He spoke in a far-off voice, as though he were living again in the time gone by; and then his eyes seemed to be scanning the mysterious scroll of the future.

"The short twilight passed away, leaving a rosy tinge about the edge of the blue dome of night, and one by one the diamond stars appeared, and we were home.

"Mr. Jefferson removed his hat and allowed the breezes to blow through his hair, and raising his face to the starry sky, said, 'I believe that some day we shall know all about those stars.'"

For many years Mr. Jefferson had made

Louisiana his place of rest during the winter months when he was not acting, but as the seasons seemed to grow colder he changed his residence about the year 1898.

Having heard of Palm Beach and its wonderful climate, he went there at first to learn personally of the virtues and attractions of the resort. Very soon he decided to make it his winter home. He became interested to such an extent that he made large investments in real estate at West Palm Beach, and quietly watched its development, enjoying the rapid transformation in process.

He bought a number of lots, upon which he had erected several winter villas facing Lake Worth.

Later a large brick structure was decided upon, known as "Jefferson Block."

In 1901 he bought 20 acres, just south of the town, and had it laid out in building lots. These also bore his name, being called "Jefferson's Lake View Extension." These were soon filled with private residences.

From time to time he bought additional land, and later on built what was known as the "New Jefferson Block."

In 1903 application was made for a charter for an Electric Light, Ice and Power Com-



FISHING ON LAKE WORTH

pany in which Mr. Jefferson was the controlling stockholder, the other stockholders being leading business men. The company bought out the old ice plant and erected a new one. Mr. Jefferson frequently visited West Palm Beach, seated in his tricycle chair with his valet Carl mounted behind, and became a familiar figure, not only to the citizens, but to visitors also.

When the news of his death reached the city, an immense crowd assembled at the board-of-trade rooms in response to a call from Dr. E. L. Moore, the president of the board, and it was promptly agreed that all business be suspended. A paper was drawn up to this effect, and was signed by every merchant in town, including the Syrian merchants and Wo Kee, the Chinaman.

Resolutions drawn up at this meeting were unanimously accepted and read as follows:

"By his death our young city loses a special friend whose confidence in the future of Lake Worth, evidenced by his large investments here, gave an impetus to the growth of the place that has done us all more substantial good than one can now express, and which has entitled him to the frequent name among us of 'Benefactor of the town.'

"During his residence in and around our community, covering a space of nearly ten years, he has taken a kindly interest in every enterprise and charity, and by his advice and generous donations has called forth the respect and affection of every heart.

"Now, therefore, be it resolved by the Mayor and Council of the City of West Palm Beach in special meeting assembled, that while all America is mourning the loss of a far-famed countryman who has excelled in the arts and in a public career, brought lustre and world-wide reputation upon it,—we of West Palm Beach, Florida, mourn also, still more deeply, one who has lived among us and who has won our sincerest love by his simple and honourable life as a private citizen."

CHAPTER II

BUZZARDS BAY

As my mother plaintively chanted the theme, "Sweet, Sweet Home," realising their own cruel exile, the pigs squealed most dismally . . . although the grunting was not altogether in harmony with the music, it was in perfect sympathy with the sentiment.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

CROW'S NEST, as Mr. Jefferson's home at Buzzards Bay was called, received its name because of a large nest built under the eaves. The first house bearing this name was built in 1889, but was destroyed by fire on the first day of April, 1893. The fire was caused by an overflow from the tank containing fluid which gave light to the house. An explosion took place in the cellar, where a number of people were at work trying to mop up the fluid, and all were more or less injured before they could make their escape.

At the time of the fire Mr. Jefferson was absent. We received a telegram from him later, saying: "My house at Buzzards Bay burned to the ground. No lives lost, thank God." But

he was mistaken. He did not know, at the time he sent the telegram, that the life of a faithful old friend had been lost in the fire,—Ellen, the cook. She had been in his family for twenty-five years and looked upon herself as a member, always kissing Mr. Jefferson good-bye when he left home to fulfill his winter's engagements, and always among the first to greet him in the same way, on his return; and I know she was mourned as sincerely as though she had been a member of the family.

There was no fire department at Buzzards Bay, but the natives worked hard to save what they could from the burning building, much labour being given to rescuing a modern, upright piano decidedly out of tune, while a priceless antique cabinet, brought from Europe, inlaid with china plaques and wonderfully carved (its mate being at present in the Metropolitan Museum in New York), stood near.—*But the piano was saved!* (and the owner most grateful even for that).

Many things were destroyed which it would be impossible to replace. A palette used by the great painter Corot, also a copy of Mr. Jefferson's autobiography, which had been interleaved with sketches and paintings by artists, scenes of the places mentioned in the book, and original letters from old actors and prominent



Photo by T. E. Marr

MAIN HALL AT CROW'S NEST

STAIRWAY WITH TESTER POSTS

people, making a most valuable collection. Among the many paintings lost was a portrait of Mrs. Siddons by Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of Reynolds by himself, many fine examples of Corot, Daubigny, Troyon, Rousseau, Mauve, and many others.

The first time the writer saw Mr. Jefferson after the fire had occurred, she said to him: "Oh, Father, how unfortunate! All your beautiful pictures gone!" To which he replied: "Never mind, my dear, think what fun I am going to have buying more!"

The insurance on this house and its furnishings was ridiculously small compared with the value of the articles which were in it—especially the paintings and the library—but even at that the company sent their agent to protest against the sum Mr. Jefferson had set down for loss of his personal wardrobe, which was about two thousand dollars. They wished to know if that was not a large estimate to make. Mr. Jefferson said that he thought not, as this included his private as well as his stage wardrobe. One coat alone, the one worn by Bob Acres in The Rivals, was hand embroidered (for which he had paid five hundred dollars) and had Duchess lace at the neck and sleeves.

A letter written to his son Charles, shortly

after the fire, will give some idea of the systematic way in which Mr. Jefferson went to work to secure actual valuations.

Mr. Jefferson's first collection of paintings was entirely destroyed in the fire, with the exception of a Mauve picture, which was then, fortunately, on exhibition at the World's Fair at Chicago, and a few others which he had loaned to different colleges or which were in the hands of art dealers, for exchange or to be sold. He had just added a gallery to his house for these pictures, and the workmen were putting the finishing touches on the outside. Not only his paintings, but priceless souvenirs which could never be replaced, including furniture, embroideries, and objects of art, were destroyed by the flames.

The following year he rebuilt the house upon the same site.

A Cloisonné vase which had withstood the heat of the fire, losing only its silver inlaid wire and coming from the ordeal without changing its beautiful shape, but with subdued colouring, was built into one corner of the new house and stands as a souvenir among the rough stones. Every year Mr. Jefferson would plant a moonflower vine in this, which ran up and beyond the second-story windows.

Transylvania
Wednesday night.

My Dear Charlie

You told me you
would announce
what was done for
the pic-nic.
There is so much more
than I expected. I
thank you for your
attention - I shall

good - this I think best as he got
the insurance for me and will
be on the ground - There does not
seem due any reason why I
should not get all the insurance
as I can prove my loss to be
much more than its amount

build a gaol as
soon as I get home.
And I will warn
all those who bul-
finch aid.

I will go on
for Valentia & answer
all and do it for you
. I am a young
Attorney & Lady

with Knight we shall take 8000
in Th 4 pfs remarked -

write me as usual & this
and tell me what to do for you -
in case I have anything to
communicate - Eton being Fallen

J Jefferson

There were many original ideas of his own introduced into this new home, one being the newel posts up the stairway; these were originally the carved posts of mahogany tester beds, which Mr. Jefferson purchased in antique shops. The corner posts he had sawn in half and built at intervals in the stairway.

The centre panel of his dining-room ceiling was the carved top of a table, an old plaque in the centre, from which hung the chandelier, and surrounding this panel were old Dutch plates. In the original dining-room he had a bordering of these plates around the outer edge of the ceiling. He had brought them himself from abroad; but before the decoration was finished the plates gave out, and he was obliged to buy some plain white ones (matching the originals in size and shape, as well as he could), and paint them himself. When placed on the ceiling, it was hard to distinguish them. But to the guests, the actor's sons never failed to point them out, saying with good-natured banter: "That's a Pop!"

A workman about the place, during the absence of the family, was overheard to say in his description of this room to a party who had asked permission to see the house: "Them's old Dutch plates in the ceiling; Mr. Jefferson brought them himself from Jerusalem."

The chimneys were built of broken art tiles, differing in shape and colour, and at the top were stone seltzer-water bottles turned upside down and built closely together—blending harmoniously with the colouring of the tiles. When the wind blew, the open mouths of the bottles caused a soft cooing sound which made one unfamiliar with the secret wonder where it came from.

Everywhere about the place one was impressed with the originality and versatility of the owner.

In the dining-room the mantelpiece reached to the ceiling. It was massive and richly carved. Part of it came from India, while the old Dutch tiles surrounding the fireplace, Mr. Jefferson had himself bought from the house once owned by Quentin Matsys, known as the "Blacksmith Artist" of Holland.

In the music-room stood the guitar upon which at one time Mr. Jefferson played, accompanying himself, while he sang.

Many who were frequent guests at Mr. Jefferson's home have passed away, among them Edwin Booth and Sol Smith Russell, with whom he used to "swap" stories, and who always enjoyed a romp with the grandchildren of his host, some of whom were always to be found at the "big house."



Copyright, 1897, T. E. Marr

CROW'S NEST

CHIMNEYS OF BROKEN ART TILE, CAPPED BY SELTZER WATER BOTTLES

Old Mr. Couldock was also one of Mr. Jefferson's most frequent guests. He was a familiar figure upon the front lawn, engaged in his favourite pastime of casting a fly and reeling in an imaginary trout or salmon. As an expert in the art of fly fishing he never allowed himself to get out of practice.

When Mr. Couldock became too old to act, a benefit was given him by the theatrical profession in which Mr. Jefferson took a great interest, both financially and professionally. He also suggested that the large sum of money raised upon this occasion be invested for his friend, and that only $25 a week be allowed Mr. Couldock.

"Otherwise," said Mr. Jefferson, "he will give it all away to his friends in distress."

"I feared," said Mr. Jefferson later, "that Couldock would be hurt when he learned of this arrangement, but when I told him, he laughed and said that perhaps it was the safest thing to do."

JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S TRIBUTE TO COULDOCK

"Nothing could be more beautiful or more useful than the social, domestic, and professional life of my dear old friend, Charles W. Couldock. We have been known to each other for forty years.

"His big heart and slender purse were open at all times to those who had 'fallen by the wayside.' As father, husband, and friend he was true and affectionate. I have been by my late illness denied the privilege of seeing him, but my daughter, who was a constant visitor to his bedside, brought me the consoling intelligence that he was fully resigned and happy to the very last."

Buttermilk Bay received its name from the action of the tide, which, under certain conditions, churns its ripples into a white foam.

The Jefferson estate lay along the shore of this beautiful little body of water, at the beginning of Cape Cod, and upon it were built six cottages. Partly hidden from view by the pines and fine oaks, which grew to the water's edge, it was an ideal spot, and thither the different branches of the family of Joseph Jefferson returned year after year from their winter wanderings.

It was a large family,—twenty-six in all,—and it was Mr. Jefferson's wish that each branch should build a house near his own. For this purpose he gave to each of his five sons, his daughter, and his sister, Mrs. Cornelia Jackson, ("Auntie Con," as she was called), a num-

ber of acres of shore property on the east side of the bay. This was done with the understanding that they should build their own houses and spend their summers near the "big house" (as it was called by the family). There, during the summer months, we would frequently surprise him of an evening by appearing in a body, with our guests, all in costumes representing popular characters. Carl, his valet, being let into the secret, would manage to have Mr. Jefferson in the hall at a certain time, and then we would all troop in, Carl making the announcement of each character in his German dialect, which was amusing (though somewhat misleading), as he repeated aloud the name—whispered by each guest—of the character represented by them. "Madame Cleopatra — Queen of a Mile" (the Nile), "Teddyadore Roosevelt," "Sis Hopkins," "Happy Hooligan," and "Sunny Jim!"

We were so alone in our colony on the shore of the little bay that it permitted us to take delightful liberties with the conventionalities. On one occasion the writer sent the family an informal invitation to an afternoon porch party. Mr. Jefferson had just bought some beautiful Japanese robes, and each member of the family having been requested to dress in one of these,

my guests appeared strolling through the woods, like recent arrivals from the Orient. Mr. Jefferson remarked that it was a fortunate thing that no sightseers happened to be driving through the place just at that time, as they might have been somewhat surprised, if not startled. It was quite evident that the coachman and gardener were.

We had formed a weekly club among the members of the family. At the time of its organisation in the early spring, before all the male members of the family had returned to the Bay, there was but one man among us. As he remarked, upon being elected president, "It was nearly a 'hen' club," so thereafter it was always called the "Nearly." Every Saturday night we would meet at a different house, the form of entertainment varying with the ingenuity or talent of the entertainer. Sometimes it would be a musical evening, sometimes games, of which we were very fond, and into which Mr. Jefferson would enter with as much enthusiasm as the youngest member of the family; for all, old and young, were included in these evenings. At other times we would play cards. One evening Mr. Jefferson brought Mr. Sol Smith Russell with him to one of these meetings. Mr. Russell apologised for not knowing



Copyright, 1897, T. E. Marr

MR. AND MRS. JEFFERSON, CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN AND GUESTS AT CROW'S NEST

much about cards; Mr. Jefferson assured his friend that he knew as much about them as he did. When all had found their partners,—which was done through small duplicate bouquets of flowers,—one hand having been played, Mr. Russell disconcerted his partner by asking, as he shuffled the cards, "Let me see,—this is the game with a joker, isn't it?"

And we were playing whist!

The most popular evening, and one which Mr. Jefferson enjoyed most, was that given to pantomime plays, in which the principal scene from a well-known play was acted without a word being spoken. The audience would be allowed three guesses as to the name of the play, but, failing to name it in a certain time, was obliged to change places with the actors and give a scene in turn. Some of the "make-ups" and costumes for these plays were wonderful, as everything, scenery, properties, etc., had to be impromptu, and anything from a railroad train to a buffalo was necessarily improvised. It mattered little that the buffalo's hide was the bear-skin rug, the fairy's skirt a dainty lamp-shade, or the Persian costume a portion of drapery from the cosy corner. The cottage, rich in trophies from all parts of the country, knew no limit. "What am I? An Indian?" "Sure,"

and a chief's blanket and war bonnet would disappear from the hall fireplace.

"And I—a Japanese? Easy!" and down would come an embroidered Chinese wedding-gown which had ornamented the wall. No matter if the house did look as though a cyclone had swept through it when the guests departed; merry hearts and busy hands soon put things to rights again.

On one of these occasions the elder Mrs. John Drew and her granddaughter, Ethel Barrymore, were among the guests, and Mr. Jefferson had selected a scene from a play in which he impersonated a little child in a Dutch cap (made from a tea-table cover). There seemed to be trouble in the family in this play, and somebody was turned out of doors, at which the Dutch cap appeared to feel very badly, and one character (played by a man in a woman's costume, much too short even for Gretchen), wept and threw herself upon the floor. The electric lights were flashed on and off for lightning; the fire-irons were rattled loudly on the hearth for thunder, and then the portières were drawn.

The audience were asked to guess the play. Needless to say, it did not take three guesses for them to do so, even though they were not familiar with Joseph Jefferson in the character of little Meenie Van Winkle.

Mrs. Drew did not take part in the program save to plot against us in the selections of the scenes to be acted, she, like Mr. Jefferson, being able to go back so far in memory that we of this generation, not being familiar with the plays of the last, were kept busy guessing.

Mrs. Drew did not awe us a particle that evening, for she, who was always so stately, so dignified that she was called by all who knew her (even by the employees in her theatre in Philadelphia), "the Duchess," unbent upon this occasion and thoroughly enjoyed the fun.

On the Fourth of July there was always an elaborate celebration held at one of the boat-houses on the estate, the President and Mrs. Cleveland, with their friends, being among the guests. There would be fireworks, a band of music, dancing, and a supper on the porch. On one of these occasions, a large "set" piece of fireworks, the portrait of the President, failing to go off as it should, two of the men who were managing the display climbed upon the framework to give the thing a start; but just as they did so, the head decided to "go off" of its own accord, the preliminaries being a volley of firecrackers exploding and shooting in all directions. The two men dropped to the ground and fled for their lives, amid shouts of laughter.

The wife of the President afterward remarked that intelligence always told in the end.

The natives of Cape Cod used to attend these displays and would line the shores of Buttermilk Bay.

From former experiences, Mr. Jefferson's sister, Mrs. Jackson, had tied a rope for protection among the trees surrounding a small bed of lilies, which was dignified by the name of "Lily Park" (being about the size of a large dining-table). Having to return to her house in the dark, and forgetting all about the rope, she was the first to fall over it, and afterward declared, in relating her experience, that she "got lost in her own lily park!"

Mr. Jefferson's love of home and family was very great; he loved the retirement from public and social life those summer months afforded him. I remember his speaking of his embarrassment when at a large Christmas dinner given to him and Mrs. Jefferson, the doors leading into the drawing-room were thrown open, and there in the centre of the room stood a large Christmas tree brilliantly illuminated and hung with gifts varying from the beautiful to the ridiculous—and every one of them labelled "For Joseph Jefferson."



DINING ROOM AT CROW'S NEST

SHOWING OLD DUTCH PLATES IN CEILING, AND "THE RETURN OF THE FLOCK," BY MAUVE

CHAPTER III

THE COLLECTOR

No man is fit to live without a hobby,—if it be for pictures he is a happy man.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

AT home Joseph Jefferson was not the actor. A glance about stamped him as the collector who had gathered from all parts of the world the best examples of the arts. Oriental embroideries, old silver, tapestries, and wood carvings adorned his rooms and fine rugs covered the floors. His fondness for rich colouring was evident, and everywhere his love of the beautiful was displayed in his selection of these works of art.

It was among his pictures, however, that his friends found him a great entertainer. His sense of appreciation and his knowledge of art gave him a true and sincere pleasure in his paintings.

Mr. Jefferson's inspiration in art dated from the purchase of an early painting by Corot, which formed the basis of his first collection.

This picture was highly prized, and was hung among his later and more valuable works. Strange to say, it also encouraged him to build up a second collection after the first had been destroyed, and it will always remain a treasured object.

Together with an example of each of the great artists, Mauve, Israëls and Daubigny, this Corot had been saved. They had been loaned to an exhibition in New York and returned to Buzzards Bay the day before his first house was burned. Being still in their packing boxes, they were easily removed to a place of safety.

These few pictures, together with the "Return of the Flock," by Mauve, which was being exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago, laid the foundation of the second collection.

Mr. Jefferson's judgment of a picture, its merits and its value, was unusually good; he frequently sent abroad for a most valuable painting, judging it alone from a photograph, and he never made a mistake. He bought the "Return of the Flock," by Mauve, at a sale some years ago for two thousand five hundred dollars; this picture when recently sold with his collection, brought forty-two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars—the highest price ever paid for a Mauve.

Conscious that only through a most fortunate circumstance was this picture saved, Mr. Jefferson, in planning for a new house, remarked: "My new home shall be fireproof, and constructed especially to receive and protect my Mauve."

This picture was like a companion to Mr. Jefferson, and although he received many offers from private and professional buyers, he always refused to sell it. He wanted everybody to enjoy it, and even brought his old boatman into the house after the picture was hung to see it. Upon entering the dining-room, the painting faced one from the opposite end of the room, receiving light from a large landscape window on the left, and an overlight of electricity by night, the room being otherwise in darkness. As the old boatman, who was a native of Cape Cod, looked upon the picture, he thought that he discovered a familiar object in the background. "Ah! Look!" he exclaimed, "she is sailing before the wind!"

It would scarcely be possible for anyone to derive more pleasure from a work of art than the owner of the "Return of the Flock" did from his investment, for such it proved to be. One day he led the writer to the extreme left of the painting, and, pointing to the flock of

sheep, he inquired: "In which direction are they going?" the reply was, "They are going away from us toward the hill on the right." Mr. Jefferson laughed, and led the way across the room. "Now, which direction are they going?" he again asked, and chuckled with delight as, in surprise, I replied: "Why! they are going in the opposite direction!"

What most impressed one was the large number of pictures of rare and unusual interest which hung upon the walls of every room in his home, for after the destruction of his art gallery, Mr. Jefferson declared that he would never build another.

Although he had himself painted hundreds of pictures, few were hung in his house. The wall space was monopolised by the works of the great masters, and all of his paintings were hung with a view to producing the best effect. At one time a large canvas, by Mauve, "The Loggers," hung in the music-room. It was the great pleasure of the owner, in showing this picture to his friends, to take them into the adjoining room with the painting behind them. Then he would suddenly exclaim, "Now, turn around!" and at their expressions of pleasure he would say, "Yes, its strength and sobriety are wonderful; I became its owner after years of devotion to it."



By courtesy of the American Art Association, New York

THE RETURN OF THE FLOCK

BY ANTON MAUVE, 1828–1888

Formerly in the Jefferson collection

He would then relate how he first saw the picture in Boston through his friend, Mr. Charles A. Walker, who took him to the house of a mutual friend, who was then its owner. It made such an impression that every time Mr. Jefferson played an engagement in Boston he would visit the house, and he asked the owner if at any time the picture should be offered for sale he might be the fortunate purchaser. Not long after this request he became the owner of the painting.

In his fondness for the works of Mauve might be traced Mr. Jefferson's love for animals. He often spoke of one picture,—an old white horse,—as "an example of exalted sentiment and poetic rendering of a subject which, if treated in any other way by any other artist, would descend to the commonplace." This painting he named "The Pensioner."

Another painting by the same artist was called "The Old Dun Cow." "She's a kindly old cow," he would say; "you need never be afraid of *her* horns."

Seven fine examples by Mauve were destroyed in the fire. The second collection contained eleven examples, including what were considered the artist's two greatest efforts.

In the early part of his career Anton Mauve

worked much out of doors; he was a great student of nature, and began his career by making charcoal sketches of horses and cattle; later on these studies included sheep. After the artist's death Mr. Jefferson obtained a number of these studies from the widow of the painter through correspondence with her.

Mr. Jefferson's appreciation of the great master Israëls was shown in his almost reverence of his masterpiece, "The Madonna of the Cottage."

The tenderness and spirituality of this picture touched him so deeply that he never wanted his friends to get their first impression of the painting from the canvas itself. It was hung in the small library on the first floor of his house. A large mirror placed in one corner of the room reflected the picture so perfectly, that one standing in the doorway upon entering the room was met with the reflection, which had all the appearance of being real.

The tender mother was seen bending over the infant upon her lap, gently drying the little one after its bath; both figures being lighted by the glow of an open fire upon the hearth.

Mr. Jefferson bought this picture in 1892. He selected it with rare care out of many great works from Israëls' brush. It represented the

best period of the great artist's painting. The title is suggested by the picture of a Madonna dimly visible upon the wall in the dark background. After this picture came into his possession the owner corresponded with the artist upon its merits, and received from Mr. Israëls an autograph copy of his book, "Travels in Spain." Upon the fly-leaf of this book Mr. Jefferson has written the lines which are reproduced here in facsimile.

In January of 1895 Mr. Jefferson wrote a letter to his son informing him of the purchase of a most important work:

Jan. 15th, '95.

My Dear Charlie:—

I am glad to know that you are up again—be very careful, a relapse of the grip is worse than the first attack.

Mr. Roos, of Knoedler & Co., was here spending a few days with me. By his advice and, I may add, by my own inclination, I have bought the "Burgomaster's Wife," by Rembrandt. This great and rare work only costs me $—,000. He asked me not to mention the price except in my own family, so don't touch on that to anyone. With love,

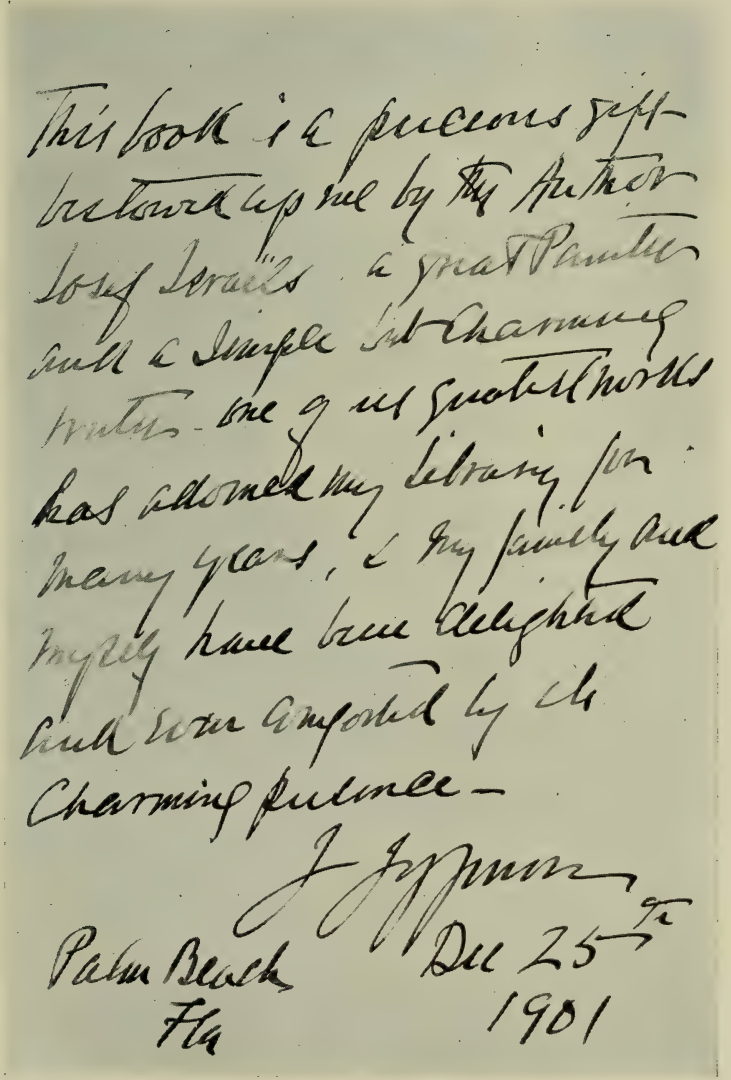
J. Jefferson.

Upon entering the hall at Crow's Nest, one came upon a picture of Sir Joshua Reynolds—a portrait of the artist himself, painted by himself in 1770, when forty-seven years of age.

He had just been elected president of the Royal Academy. Another portrait of himself, painted at a much later period, hung in the dining-room.

The dramatic profession was well represented in Mr. Jefferson's collection. In the reception room hung a portrait of Macready in the character of William Tell, by Henry Inman. On account of its dramatic pose, this painting had been named "Tragedy." The head, with hair disarranged, and flashing eyes, is slightly turned to the right. The neck is bare. A white tunic shows above a garment of darker colour and over the left shoulder is thrown a heavy fur robe.

A portrait of Calvé as Carmen hung in the main hall. This painting was by a young American artist in whom Mr. Jefferson had taken a great interest, even suggesting that he take the name of "Eugene," which name is signed to the picture of Calvé. The great prima donna was pleased to sit for her portrait on account of her friendship for Mr. Jefferson. She stands with her head thrown back over her shoulder, one hand upon her hip, the other raised to her neck. Deep red roses cluster low in her falling hair, and the soft fringes of her Spanish costume are most graceful.


This book is a precious gift-
bestowed upon me by the Author
Josef Israëls - a great Painter
and a simple but charming
writer - one of my greatest Works
has adorned my Library for
many years, & my family and
myself have been delighted
and been inspired by its
Charming patience -
J Jefferson
Palm Beach
Fla
Dec 25th
1901

FAC-SIMILE OF WRITING UPON THE FLY-LEAF OF A BOOK PRESENTED TO MR. JEFFERSON BY JOSEF ISRAËLS

Among the portraits which Mr. Jefferson prized was one of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, by Gainsborough, painted about the time he wrote The Rivals. When Mr. Jefferson revived Sheridan's comedy, he took the liberty of bringing the text up to date and writing a new "tag" (the lines ending the play), as some of the characters, as well as the lines of the comedy, were much out of date. Sheridan wrote the play when he was but twenty years of age. Mr. Jefferson's enjoyment of the wit and brilliancy of the dialogue was greatest in the lines spoken by David in the letter scene, where he says to Bob Acres, "If you don't want to disgrace your ancestors, you had better keep out of their company as long as you can."

A painting of Kemble, by Harlow, showed the youthful actor seated at a table in an attitude of repose; the book in front of him suggests that he has been reading up a new part in a play.

If Mr. Jefferson had a preference in paintings, it was for the Dutch school, but he also admired the English painters. In his collection were three examples of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which were often loaned to museums or exhibitions. His "Portrait of Canova," by Sir Thomas Lawrence, was also loaned several times at exhibitions in New York and elsewhere.

It gave Mr. Jefferson great pleasure to entertain artists, especially foreigners, in his home. A number of artists visited America, coming from Holland, in the summer of 1904, to view the fine paintings collected for the World's Fair at St. Louis.

Among them was Bernardus Johannes Blommers, who, with his wife and daughter, visited Mr. Jefferson at Buzzards Bay, May 29, 1904. The artist spoke our language exceedingly well, and was delighted with the fine collection of paintings in the home of his host, among which was an example of his own work, called "The Happy Family." At dinner Mr. Blommers was seated directly in front of this picture, which hung upon the opposite wall. When his eye rested upon the picture, he acknowledged the compliment by saying that the little act of courtesy was in keeping with what he had heard of Mr. Jefferson: "You vas always doing sometings what makes oders about you happy."

When the wife of the artist visited the room in which Israëls' "Madonna" was hung, she could not keep back the tears, and it was with difficulty she informed us (partly on account of being unfamiliar with the language) that she had seen the great artist paint the picture.

Miss Blommers spoke English exceedingly well, and a great friendship was formed between the granddaughters of Mr. Jefferson and the young girl, who was intensely interested in everything American, and when Miss Lauretta Jefferson danced the cake walk for her benefit, she was not satisfied until she had tried it, and perfected herself in the eccentricities of the dance to take back to her young friends in Holland. She also joined in our national game (generally played by the opposite sex) of baseball, which was played for her benefit, as she had never seen the game.

In 1894 Albert Neuhuys visited Mr. Jefferson and saw hanging in the hall his picture, "Feeding the Baby," which gave him great pleasure. He told its owner that he considered it one of his most successful efforts, and that he had painted it when he was at his best.

Even when he was quite ill, Mr. Jefferson could not refrain from buying pictures. A Jacob Simon and a Hendric Kever, "A Cup of Tea," were the last pictures he bought. These purchases were made in New York on his way South, where he hoped to find health. He had retired from the stage, said his farewell to his beloved public through the press, and hoped to find compensation in his pictures and other oc-

cupations for what he had given up the profession of a lifetime.

When asked by a friend why he wished to purchase additional works of art while he was so ill, his reply was:

"They give me so much pleasure; I consider it most fortunate that now that I have given up acting I still have left my love for painting and pictures."

These paintings were sent to Palm Beach, where he expected much enjoyment from them during the winter months while convalescing there.

His friend, Mr. Charles A. Walker, in writing of the collection owned by Mr. Jefferson, queries, "Has not the acquisition of these pictures been a potent factor in the delicate refinement and subtle quality expressed in Mr. Jefferson's stage career? Was not the spirit of Corot, Mauve, and Israëls echoed in the exquisite poetry of his art?

"To those who may become the fortunate owners of these paintings there will be this additional value: the feeling of affection and reverence that inspired the collection of this famous group, and the association of the great man's name with each and every work."



By courtesy of the American Art Association, New York

THE MADONNA OF THE COTTAGE

JOSEF ISRAËLS, 1824

Formerly in the Jefferson collection

CHAPTER IV

THE PAINTER

If in modest truth he suggests his work, omitting hard details and impertinent finish, the simple picture will lead us in our imagination to supply the artistic impossibilities of sound and movement.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

LEONARDO DA VINCI painted a picture so wonderful that it almost, if not quite, obscured his other magnificent achievements. Joseph Jefferson created a work of art so great in the dramatic world that it has come close to shutting out from the casual observer his talents in other lines. Had Mr. Jefferson given to the arts of painting, oratory, or literature the time he gave to the perfecting of the art of acting, there is no doubt that the world would be enriched to-day in these arts as he has enriched his chosen profession. Da Vinci's picture has fallen under the ban of the law of time and is no longer visible to the traveller; day by day it grows fainter and fainter. The soft colours, the lovely Christ head and form, slowly receding into the canvas, tell of the perishabil-

ity of all that is seen, and point to the truth spoken by the Principal in that picture, "It is the unseen things which are the real."

"Of Mr. Jefferson's talent in this line, it has been asked, 'How did he know how to paint since he never learned?' The old question the Jews asked about Jesus, and that the Baconians and Elizabethan syndicate ask about Shakespeare; nevertheless they had to confess that in each case the thing was done, and with the master mind, and the time may come when 'a Jefferson' will take its place among the treasures of the collector, not merely from the fame and charm of the actor, but because of intrinsic loveliness as an exposition of the mysteries of nature.

"Joseph Jefferson's art as a painter will not soon be forgotten; even when his personal memory has been somewhat dimmed by time we will walk through some art gallery and have pointed out to us a painting by his hand.

"His pictures sold at prices which were not carried on account of his fame as an actor beyond their intrinsic value."

Early in life young Jefferson discovered that he had a genuine talent for painting which came naturally to him, as his love for drawing and painting was inherited from his grandfather, who would frequently miss the contents of his paint box, and upon inquiring, "Joe, where is

my paint?" invariably he would receive the unsatisfactory reply, "Gone!"

"I know it's gone, sir; but where?"

With a roguish look the child would reply: "Him, hook 'em."

His grandfather prophesied that one day the boy would become a great artist, and throughout his life it remained his favourite non-professional pursuit. He took up the study of art as an avocation, and it has been said by one well acquainted with the history of the family: "Although the name of Jefferson is linked with the stage, it might have become equally prominent in the art galleries of the world; from Thomas Jefferson, who appeared at Drury Lane in 1746, a Yorkshire farmer, deserting the plough for the boards, to Joseph, one of his two sons, who came to Boston in 1797 and was engaged by Charles Stewart Powell, the first manager of the Boston Theatre, to his second son, Joseph, an actor, too, who inherited his father's talent for drawing, painting, and architecture, and who was the 'dean of the American stage,' the family name has come down linked with the pencil and the brush."

Mr. Jefferson's studio was in the top of the old Dutch windmill on his estate, but later he changed it to a large upper room in his barn, in which he also kept his fishing paraphernalia

—rods, reels, nets and baskets, bait boxes and rubber boots; also a cabinet containing a specimen of every kind of fly he had ever seen or heard of.

Mr. Jefferson had a studio "make-up" as characteristic as that of any part he ever played. An old quilted jacket, whose original colour had been crimson, was his delight. This jacket was so daubed and besmeared with paint that its use could not by any possibility be mistaken. His hair, which was still thick and dark at seventy-five, was worn, upon these studio occasions, in artistic and unruly abandonment. When at work upon a picture,—and he worked very rapidly, often covering and finishing a large canvas in two days,—he would become so absorbed in the adjustment of tones and values as to be utterly oblivious of the presence of any one in the room with him. His studio was simply a work-room—there was no attempt at decoration —but it was most interesting. A large easel stood by the north window. At his left hand was a tall metal revolving stand for tube colours, brushes, bottles, and rags; at his right a low stand for his palette, which was unusually large and made of metal. Canvas, pictures, and frames were stacked against the walls in profusion.



Copyright, T. E. Marr

THE ARTIST AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO

Mr. Jefferson's painting was what is called solid and direct, much of the work being done with his palette knife, or perhaps with his thumb, while he talked with his visitors. "All men are in some way equal," he would say; "artists meet on a level. A 'star' and his 'dresser,' if possessed of genius, may meet on equal ground."

To Mr. Jefferson, perception of art was a revelation. He did not have to struggle through years to achieve this knowledge, which brought him so much pleasure. He never had a lesson in painting, but those who knew him understood the open secret of his clear vision and his sweet interpretation of nature. In his remarks upon art, Mr. Jefferson would say:

"I see and feel something I want to paint,—then I paint what I see—my impressions. Fidelity to fact simply for fact's sake means nothing in painting, and it means nothing in acting. In painting, or in dramatic presentations, what is often intended for truth becomes exactly the opposite—truth to nature can be carried so far as to be untrue. If an illusion gives a natural sentiment better than a reality would, then it is a laudable act to deceive.

"Excellence in the drama, as in the art of painting, depends upon everything. The art

comes in, in being able to comprehend the whole —design it, colour it, and harmonise the several parts.

"Some of the greatest things in art are the results of accident," Mr. Jefferson would affirm, "but accident, the contingent result of the preparation which the artist makes, so that he may be able to take advantage of accident."

The press and the art critics had long desired an opportunity to study the pictures from the brush of the actor-painter, and to judge his method and style. This opportunity was given them by Mr. Charles Fisher, of Washington, in an exhibition of Mr. Jefferson's paintings, upon two occasions, October 29, 1899, and December 10, 1900. Of these pictures Mr. James Henry Moser said, in his criticism, published in the Washington *Times:* "These pictures show mastery of method. One grows tired of the apologetic observation, 'Remember this is not professional work, but the work of an amateur.' It is time to protest. This attitude towards Jefferson's paintings is manifestly unnecessary. This work is the recreation of a busy man, possessing the marvellous power of entering heart and soul into whatever he undertakes. The wonder of the critic acquainted with the accomplishments of this gentleman's eventful career is, 'Where did he ever find time?' and the ques-

tions as to where and how he ever perfected himself in this art of painting are simply unanswerable.

"The principles of painting or graphic art were the substrata upon which the many talents of Joseph Jefferson were founded; and that a picture by his hand, as a comprehensive whole, may be argued as the basis typical of all the varied phases of his life, the wellspring of all his diversified gifts being his inherent feeling for nature's truths. It was through the simplicity of his own art intuition that he touched and held the hearts of the people. They take one back to earlier times, revealing for one's enjoyment that serene spirit of England's best period of the beloved Barbizon's. The distinctive features of his work were force and dramatic quality, which long familiarity with theatrical scenery and scene-painting in his earlier days had given him. No class of painters know so well as the scene painters how to make the most of opportunity and material; and so this artist's work was in every sense strong, mature, and individual."

Mr. Jefferson's favourite scenes were old water-mills, cascades, and shady dells, and in his studio were perfect little models of old mills, water-wheels, and thatched cottages, the delight of his grandchildren, who looked upon them

as doll houses made for their especial enjoyment.

His paintings were said to have contained a great deal of the Constable feeling, and one at least, "The Mill Dam," was so highly prized by English critics who saw it that Mr. Jefferson was invited to send it to the Royal Academy.

The following criticism by William D. Bodwell appeared in the Boston *Sunday Globe,* September 9, 1900:

"We comprehend the artist's ability and range in the canvas called 'The Old Mill.' In this canvas there is a note so true that I claim for the painter a place second to none of the early idyllic artists.

"In this study of an old mill, deep in a forest glade, with its rotting wheel and water trickling over mossy rocks, is an imaginable richness of brown and green that may be found in such a scene on a grey day. It is something to be catholic enough in one's taste to realise that this art of Jefferson's is not only very beautiful, but very true as well.

"I will add by way of testimony that whatever else he is, actor, stage manager, speaker, art connoisseur, philosopher, or home maker, Joseph Jefferson is first, last, and always an artist and a painter."

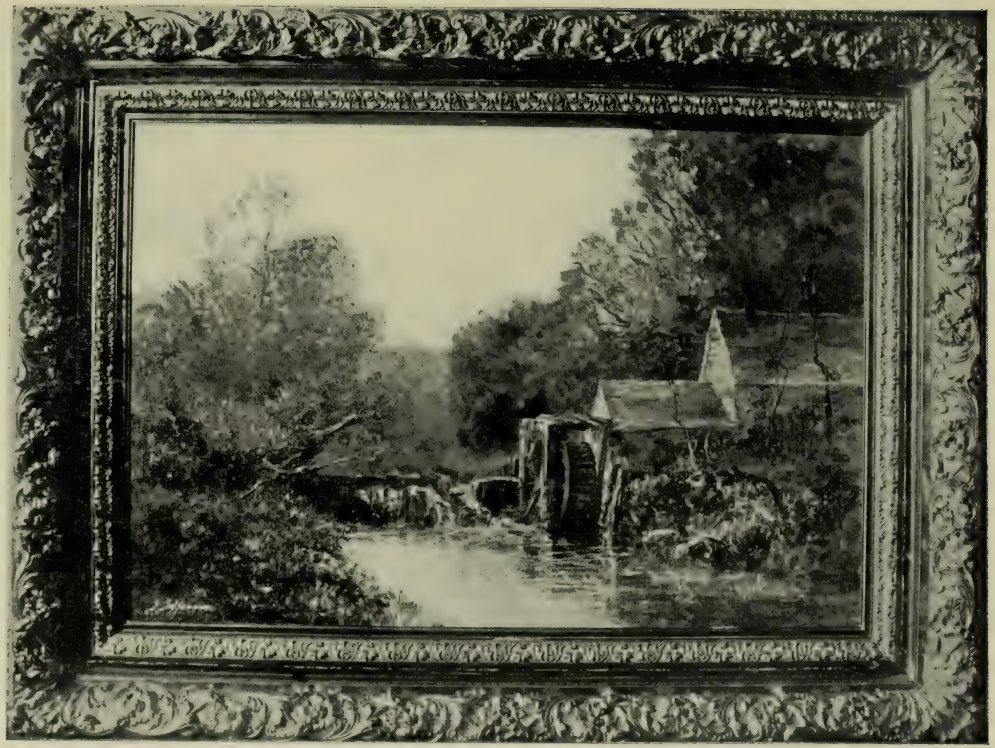


Photo by T. E. Marr

THE OLD MILL BY JOSEPH JEFFERSON

CHAPTER V

LOUISIANA

They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana.

LONGFELLOW.

MUCH has been written about Mr. Jefferson's home in Louisiana. That which remains to be said may be more or less familiar, but the motive of the writer is to preserve old memories.

Before the railroad was carried through, the trip from New Orleans to New Iberia had to be taken by boat down the Bijou Têche. This journey always appealed to Mr. Jefferson, satisfying all that was romantic, weird, and artistic in his nature. The narrow stream, the jungle and tropical growth upon the banks, the overhanging trees with long strands of soft grey moss—"the shadow of death," as it was called—and especially at night, accompanied by the weird songs of the negro boatmen, as they kept monotonous time to their labours, were most attractive. With regret, this trip down the "Têche" had to be abandoned by the law of progress to a modern-day coach over a very

new and uncertain railroad track, which either rose or sank according to the quality of the soil it rested upon, and which swayed from side to side.

Longfellow writes of this beautiful Têche country in his poem of "Evangeline":

On the banks of the Têche, ...
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana.

.

Then from a neighbouring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.

.

Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion.
Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green Opelousas.

The plantation home of Mr. Jefferson was named "Orange Island," but it was better known as "Jefferson's Island." It was only at certain seasons of the year that it became an island, on account of the marshy land which the water overflowed, cutting it off from the mainland.

Many exciting experiences are related of drives to and from the nearest town, New Iberia, in which only the heads and backs of the horses would be visible above the water.

Although the trip to Orange Island was, during the good weather, indescribably lovely, at other times, especially following a rainy season, it was most difficult, as the roads—such as they were—contained soft places called "holes," which were hard to avoid. The carriage would frequently become bogged, even when driven by one accustomed to travelling over the prairies at all seasons.

Mr. Edward B. Tilton describes a perilous but most amusing journey across the marshland:

"In December, 1886, I had the pleasure of visiting Mr. Jefferson at his plantation near New Iberia, and though many years have passed since then, the memory of it is as vivid now as in that year.

"New Iberia had built a theatre—the wish of the village was fulfilled—it had a real theatre, and what could be more in order than that it should be opened by the play which their dear neighbour had so prominent a hand in writing and staging, and which was under the management of two of his sons, Mr. Charlie and Tom? The Shadows of a Great City, a play that is living to-day, was to open the new theatre.

"I was a member of the company and had received an invitation to stop over night at Orange Island. We arrived in the town of New Iberia at about five o'clock Sunday afternoon, and were met by Mr. Jefferson's two sons, Tom and Joe, the latter mounted, but there was a carriage to carry Tom, Mr. Herman, and myself to the plantation, twelve miles away. The driver was a 'Cajin' named Joe Landre, who afforded us endless amusement on the journey. His English consisted of a native patois, in which he frequently used only the first syllable of a word; the result being exceedingly humorous, especially when it became profane, as he did at every hole or obstruction.

"We started through the mud. Such mud!—rich, creamy, black, oily ooze—it covered everything and everybody, it came up through the bottom of the carriage, and fell in showers



HOUSE AT JEFFERSON'S ISLAND, LOUISIANA

on the horses' backs. There are no stones in Louisiana, nothing but mud.

"Night settled down, the moon was bright and full—never have I seen so beautiful a sight—the wide stretch of prairie land crossed and re-crossed with bayous on which the moon shimmered, and twenty miles away, acres of burning salt marsh, which gave a weird and ghostly look to everything and magnified to such an extent that when a steer rose sullenly from the road to give us place, he seemed the size of a small mountain.

"There were bridges across the bayous, but Landre, our driver, scorned them. They were new—he had forded the streams from boyhood, and that was good enough for him. Consequently, the two horses strained through the mud and splashed across the bayous, never faster than a walk, and even that was hard work. Whenever it got too bad, young Joe would ride ahead and pick out the best way. We did make one exception and crossed a bridge; the result being conclusive proof of Landre's sagacity in avoiding them. Coming to a particularly bad place in the road, we declared the bridge to be the better way. Landre demurred; we insisted. Finally, with a crack of the whip, our driver started. Just as the horses

got to the bridge—*Slush*—into a hole we went —mired! It was then that Landre let loose his choicest Cajin French and broken English oaths.

"We all crawled out upon the tongue of the wagon between the horses and jumped on to the bridge. Landre carefully removed his shoes and stockings, and after hanging them, with an extra amount of labour, on the rail of the bridge, he waded into the mud. Securing a rope from the wagon, he unharnessed the horses and led them on to the bridge. Then, tying the rope to the tongue, he hitched the horses to it—and whizz!—our wagon was high and dry. All would have been well, but Landre, in his haste, handled the rope carelessly, and one end flew over and, striking his beloved shoes and stockings, knocked them off into the bayou.

"!!!—!!!—!—!!—!!!

"Off again; and now we reach the outer enclosure of the Jefferson plantation. Imagine, if you can, a fence or hedge seven miles around, and ten feet high, of rose bushes in full bloom, so thickly grown together that a dog could not get through any part of it. Mr. Joe left us here to ride forward to inform the family that we were coming. Two miles farther on we reached the inner enclosure (of the same

fragrant growth), three miles around. Inside of this was the Jefferson mansion and the houses of his sons. The outer enclosure was given over to hundreds of cattle.

"As we drove up to the steps the door opened, letting out a flood of warm light, and in the opening to welcome us stood Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson. The hallway, about twelve feet wide, carpeted and hung with skins, guns, heads, birds, fishing tackle, etc., opened into the dining-room directly at the back, in which was a large fireplace containing a five-foot log in full blaze. The rose-covered house, outlined by the distant miles of blazing marsh, the full moon, and those two smiling faces at the open door, made an impression which no number of years can efface.

"On going into the dining-room we saw the table with its white cloth, in the centre of which stood a huge pot of Boston baked beans with the steam rising from them, and at each plate a broiled quail and a bottle of beer. It was ten-thirty P.M. We had been five hours going twelve miles!

"In such close intimacy I recognised one of Mr. Jefferson's most charming traits—he was a fine listener. We were all young and our chatter had little to interest him, and yet he sat there

with his kindly eyes, a sweet smile on his lips, and just 'listened.' Every once in a while he made one of his quaint remarks. We had told him of the ride, and that we had a case of beer with us in the wagon, and that at every hole we got into we opened a bottle of it. He smiled and said: 'Then all *I* have to do is to look at the case to know in what condition the roads were.' When I spoke about shooting, a soft look came into those wonderful eyes. 'I don't shoot any more,' he said; 'I can't bear to see the birds die.'

"He told a story for which the 'show' coming to the new theatre under the management of the Jefferson boys was responsible.

"Landre, our driver, knew only of the theatre and actors by what he had heard in Mr. Jefferson's home. When the play was billed there, he went to Mr. Jefferson and something as follows occurred:

"Landre: 'Play comin' to theat'?' (theatre).

"Mr. Jefferson: 'Yes.'

"Landre: 'Yo ack?' (act).

"Mr. J.: 'No.'

"Landre (surprised, but struck with an idea): 'Ah! Mars' Char'e ack?'

"Mr. J.: 'No.'

"Landre (puzzled, but hopeful): 'Oh! Mars' Tom—he ack?'



Copyright, 1897, T. E. Marr

THE WAVE

BY JOSEPH JEFFERSON

"Mr. Jefferson being compelled to reply in the negative, Landre, in desperation, inquired: 'Den *who* de hell ack?'

"Mr. Jefferson also told the following story:

"'Most actors who have been before the public a number of years have had somebody much older than themselves say to them, "I remember seeing you when I was a child."

"'A very old man—toothless, deaf, and generally decrepit—once came to me and said, "Mr. Jefferson, I am so glad to meet you, sir; I remember seeing you play Rip when I was a boy in short pants." I looked at him and said, "I think, my dear sir, you have made a mistake, it must have been my son."'

"We rode in the saddle back to the town the next morning and gave the play. As only about one-third of the audience could understand English, it was a treat to watch them. The whole town turned out. It was 'Mr. Jefferson's boys' play,' and that was enough."

These were the early days long before the Southern Pacific Railroad extended a branch along the boundary lines of the plantation and built the small station called Bob Acres.

The house stood upon a hill about seventy feet high overlooking the salt marshes along Vermilion Bay, and gave a silver glimpse of the Gulf of Mexico. It was a great, hospitable

Southern home, one story high, with wide verandas surrounding it upon three sides.

A magnificent row of live oaks extended from the lawn almost to the lake at the back of the house. These trees were the pride of the whole country, being over a hundred years of age, and it was on account of their beauty that Mr. Jefferson had selected that site upon which to build his new house.

The plantation contained about nine thousand acres, and was bought by Mr. Jefferson in 1871. When originally purchased it contained only about two thousand acres, but land was added from time to time.

The old house upon the plantation was said to have been the former home of the pirate Lafitte, whose buried treasure had been spasmodically hunted for ever since he was supposed to have vacated the premises.

About three thousand acres of this land is being cultivated, the largest crops being rice and sugar.

It is a beautiful drive from town in the early summer, the road lying between a rose hedge, of the lovely Cherokee, whose dark glossy leaves form a wonderful background for its cream and gold petals. This hedge was Mr.

Jefferson's pet idea, and he not only superintended the planting of the vines, but did much of the work himself. It certainly rewarded him for his labour, being in its season a perfect riot of bloom, of a golden glow.

In an article published by the *Outlook,* some years ago, the "Spectator" gives a description of a visit paid to Mr. Jefferson:

"The morning after the arrival of his guest, Mr. Jefferson asked him what he would like to do best. 'Do you shoot?'

"No, the Spectator did not shoot.

"'You don't shoot! Why not?' To which the Spectator hesitatingly replied that he guessed it was because he didn't like to kill things.

"'Well, that's queer. Do you fish?'

"Yes, the Spectator confessed that he sometimes slew fish. But very little fishing was done, and the days largely were given over to reading aloud from the Autobiography upon which Mr. Jefferson was then at work, and to long walks through the woods where the Southern moss hung its curtains of grey over the live oaks.

"In the morning Mr. Jefferson would sit upon the piazza in a big wicker chair and read bits of the Autobiography. Occasionally he

would lay down the manuscript and tell a story, and the Spectator would say, 'Now, you must put that in.'

"'And do you really think that would interest the public?' And after some argument, in it would go.

"He was full of good stories. He could quote from Shakespeare as if he had played in every part—and indeed he had played in many.

.

"A year or more after the visit to the Louisiana plantation, the Spectator met Mr. Jefferson in New York. 'Do you remember what you said when you were down at Orange Island?' he asked.

"The Spectator could not recall anything of note that he had said. He remembered plenty of Mr. Jefferson's remarks.

"'You said you didn't like to kill things! It made such an impression on me that I've never been shooting since.'"

When salt was discovered upon his plantation, Mr. Jefferson gave the work of locating its depths and dimensions to a company which set its engineers to work surveying and boring for the salt mineral. This work required the

use of loose salt for the drills, and large quantities were carted over from a neighbouring mine for this purpose. The natives, observing this, started the report that there was no salt on Orange Island at all, and that Mr. Jefferson was being fooled, and those who had his interests most at heart so informed him, saying that the drilling or mining company were burying the salt first, and then digging it up again, to show the owner when he came around to where they were working. One day Mr. Jefferson asked one of the engineers if there was any salt on his land (he having at that time expended about ten thousand dollars upon machinery, labour, etc., etc.). The man looked at him with astonishment. "Have we not taken out cores of pure rock salt in quantities, Mr. Jefferson?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Mr. Jefferson, "yes, I know you have shown it to me, and it is very fine, but—*is there* any salt on my land?"

The engineer then explained the process—how the water necessary for drilling would eat the salt and enlarge the hole made by the drill, so that it would be useless, unless the water were made into brine as salt almost as the rock itself.

This explanation not only satisfied Mr. Jefferson, but afforded him much amusement at the expense of his Cajin friends.

At his home on the plantation Mr. Jefferson entertained many famous people, the hunting preserve being one of the finest in the country, consisting of three thousand acres, in which snipe and duck abound. During the latter years spent by Mr. Jefferson on his island home he lost all enthusiasm for the sport, and gave it up entirely, finding more real pleasure in creating upon canvas the wild things he loved so well.

In Louisiana the neighbours (so called, though far removed) of the actor knew him only as a good man, who helped them in many ways, and who also helped their wives by introducing the product of their looms, a cloth called "homespun," but they did not know how high he stood in the affection of the world.

The negroes on the place had an idea that Mr. Jefferson did something else when not farming on his plantation, and during the months that he was away; but they were not quite certain of the character or nature of this "something." One of Mr. Jefferson's sons had told the old coloured coachman that Mr. Jefferson "performed"—swallowed swords and rode

bareback. But the old man knew this could not be true, because he said he had seen him get on a horse. Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, who was his guest at one time, tells the story of an occasion upon which this old coachman embarrassed his master exceedingly. It was while driving across the lonely prairie on their way back from New Iberia one day that the old man, peering all around to make sure there were no other vehicles in sight, stopped his horse, turned square around in his seat facing Mr. Jefferson, and said, "Now, Marse Joe, we is all alone, on de prayrie—no one lookin'—fer de Lawd's sake, *cut up a bit.*"

Years ago—just how many it does not matter, for age and time are but open doors to eternity—the writer accompanied her husband upon a visit to his father's Southern home. It was their wedding trip, and previous to the arrival of the young couple, Mr. Jefferson had informed his two little grandchildren (who lived on the plantation all the year round) that the bride was coming to visit them. The little sisters had never seen a bride, and their wildest imagination could not convey to them what she would be like. They waited and counted the hours, in the meantime asking many questions, until the wonderful day should

arrive upon which they were to behold the unknown.

The great day came. The horses and carriage had been sent into town early, for the roads were still in bad condition on account of the rains.

Long before the faintest outline of a conveyance could be traced across the prairie, two little figures in fresh "homespun" and cloaked in "Red Riding Hoods" ventured down the road as far as a mother's watchful eye would permit (the front gate being two miles distant from the house) and stood waiting impatiently for the mud-bespattered horses,—when they finally came in view, to walk the remaining distance between the rose-covered enclosure and the house.

The youthful bride—much the worse for the twelve-mile ride from town—stepped from the carriage and embraced the little red figures, who followed close upon her every step. She was conscious of how they scanned her features, and listened with breathless interest to her every word. They even accompanied her to the rose-covered cottage, containing two rooms, one occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Jefferson (who had some superstition about living in the larger house).

The remaining room had been fitted up for the bride with loving thoughtfulness, and in the wardrobe was hanging a dainty sunbonnet, with which to protect her complexion against the climate—an article not included in the trousseau.

The close scrutiny of the little maids was becoming almost embarrassing when—with ill-concealed glee—their grandfather called them away.

It was some time before the new daughter-in-law learned that previous to her arrival, in answer to the question asked by the children of their grandfather, "What is a bride?" they had been told that she was a radiantly beautiful creature who always wore satin dresses, and that every time she spoke, pearls and diamonds fell from her lips!

It took the visitor some weeks to regain the confidence of the little sisters, but she succeeded in doing so.

This new member of the family was a city-bred girl, and the joys of that visit were wonderful. She had never beheld an orange grove in full blossom—the golden fruit ripening at the same time with the blooming wax-like blossoms. She had never heard the chorus of many thousand bees humming among the trees,

nor stood beneath their branches inhaling the fragrance of the cloud-like masses of white. She had never before seen a great alligator, sunning himself upon an old black log, half submerged, nor gloried in the wonders of live oaks a hundred years of age. It was all so new—and she was keenly alive to the beautiful in art and nature; and she was young—and a bride.

The day following the arrival of the new daughter-in-law, Mr. Jefferson brought a beautiful orange, and, placing it in her hand, said: "I want you to taste your first orange grown on the plantation—I raised that—it has not a seed in it—try it!"

She did. Appearances are ofttimes deceitful, and a fair exterior may conceal much bitterness.

It was his pet joke, but only to be played upon the tenderfoot. The native knows the difference too well.

I think the writer must have recognised a familiar look—the same she saw in Mr. Jefferson's eye on this occasion—years afterwards when visiting in California and invited to sample her first ripe olive; but remembering that look, the invitation was declined.

With the idea of true Southern hospitality, Mr. Jefferson's friends, when calling upon him, would, as a rule, come prepared to stop two or more days, bringing all their guests with them.



THE ROSE-COVERED COTTAGE

MR. AND MRS. JEFFERSON WITH THREE SONS

There was "method in the madness" of placing the front gate through the outer hedge two miles distant from the house; for with the aid of a powerful glass, part of the furniture of the wide porch surrounding the house, we would often detect the approach of one of these impromptu house parties, which allowed us plenty of time to array ourselves in our best gowns and to give due warning to old Aunt Jane, who in her domain in the kitchen was monarch of all she surveyed.

We were always prepared for large numbers of guests, and the larder fully stocked with game.

The Jefferson boys were expert shots and enjoyed the sport as much as their father, who at one time used to participate in the shooting. The gun room was the most popular one in the house.

"Passé" was the favourite hour for shooting, when the long lines of red and gold were left by the reflection of the sun across the horizon, after it had gone down, the darkening sky above, the black earth below. When the quail or duck rose from the ground, perfectly outlined against the brilliant background, a quick pull of the trigger, and the flashing report, seldom failed to arrest that upward flight, causing the bird to sink earthward. Then it was that the

dogs, intelligently trained, got in their work. No wonder the tender heart of Joseph Jefferson could not endure this sequel to the seductiveness of sport. Even the long tramp through the marsh by the glorious light of the setting sun, the weird shadows of the long strands of waving moss, the exciting leaps over numberless reptiles balled up together, even that sense of power so dear to and unresisted in man when the stock of the gun fits close to the shoulder, and the eye glances unerringly along the barrel, even this lost its charm when the man of tender heart, looking into the soft eye of the winged thing which had lost its freedom, realised the cost.

CHAPTER VI

HOHOKUS

It (America) has all dialects, all temperaments, all possible climaxes suggested, and all climates enjoyed, and above it all the great diapason of our national life, calling for its great exponents.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

THE oldest of the homes which Mr. Jefferson made for himself was at Hohokus, New Jersey. This house was built of stone and was very ancient. There were long avenues of magnificent fir trees leading to lawns and gardens, conservatories and a grapery. Great pride was taken in the fine camellias brought from the South and placed in a hothouse apart from the other flowers.

Blooming plants and flowers were placed about the halls and rooms, adding colour and fragrance to the general atmosphere.

In October of 1876, after his return from London, Mr. Jefferson appeared at Booth's Theatre in New York, under the management of Augustin Daly. He arranged with his manager to have every Saturday night free to spend at his home. Such a contract between manager and star, calling for performances on five nights

only and Saturday matinée of each week, was most unusual. It necessitated a change of bill, Mr. Daly being obliged to put on a melodrama of his own, Under the Gas Light, every Saturday night during Mr. Jefferson's engagement.

He would frequently return to his home after the performance during the week, although it was a long trip, necessitating the crossing of the Twenty-third Street Ferry, and it would be nearly two o'clock before he would retire, for there was always a hot supper awaiting him, and a chat with his wife over the events of the evening.

Mr. Jefferson was very fond of his place at Hohokus, which was in reality a large farm. He loved the retirement of those summer months, and he enjoyed the society of his children and their young friends. "Among the grave he could be a sage, among the young a child, in fact, among a group of people younger than himself he formed the centre of attraction by the sheer force of his entertaining qualities." He lived in this house a longer period than in any of his other homes. There his young children grew to manhood and womanhood. Two of his sons were married in this house, and a grandson born.

The home life was very simple—enlivened by birthday parties, picnics, and other amuse-



By courtesy of Burr McIntosh

JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S HOUSE AT HOHOKUS

AS IT WAS WHEN HE OCCUPIED IT

ments. One of the picnics will long be remembered by all of the neighbours who were invited to attend, as a terrific hail-storm came up, resulting in much damage, and the young people were obliged to find shelter as best they could.

It was on the Fourth of July about the year 1874. The young people were having the picnic at Mr. Jefferson's trout pond, a picturesque spot some distance from the house which Mr. Jefferson had beautified; the pond being divided by two rustic bridges. One side was stocked with trout, the other with black bass. His gardener lived in a cottage near by to protect the fishing privileges.

The big hail storm—one of the most severe ever known in that section of the country, and which broke several hundred panes of glass in the hothouses—completely demoralised the picnic, the guests being obliged to protect their heads with tin pans, and take refuge under the tables.

The married sons of Mr. Jefferson lived in cottages some distance from his house. It was not infrequent that the members of the families assembled of an evening at the home of their father, and all being fond of music, the entire score of one of the popular operas would be sung, each member assuming a part, the favour-

ites being Pinafore, or The Trial by Jury, Mr. Jefferson singing the part of the Judge in the latter—and he sung it well, showing a deep appreciation of Mr. Gilbert's humour in the lines:

When I, good friends, was called to the Bar
I'd an appetite fresh and hearty,
I was, as most young barristers are,
An impecunious party.
I'd a swallowtail coat of a beautiful blue,
And a brief which I bought of a booby;
I'd a couple of shirts, a collar or two,
And a ring that looked like a ruby.

In later years Mr. Jefferson's hearing became slightly affected and he could no longer enjoy music. It even became discordant to him. We tried to make up to him this loss in other ways.

At one time the young people of the neighbourhood had arranged to give "the Jeffersons" a surprise party, only the younger members of the family being in the secret. The plan was to meet at the home of the eldest son, Charlie (dressed in costume), and start from there, arriving at Mr. Joseph Jefferson's house in a body. Mrs. Charles Jefferson had purposely been sent over to the Jefferson home with her young baby early in the after-

noon and was to remain all night. She had managed to keep the family upstairs after dinner and so entertained them with the baby that the men about the place, assisted by the gardener, had been able to remove the furniture from the parlours and decorate the rooms without the family suspecting that there was anything unusual going on.

The surprise was complete when the young people arrived; among them Mr. Joseph Holland, who had been their guest for several days, and who had bade them good-bye and taken his departure several hours before. But instead of taking the train, Mr. Holland had been driven to the home of Mr. Charles Jefferson, and later in the evening returned with the merrymakers in the costume of a vivandière.

After the members of the family had recovered from their surprise, the "ball" was opened by a stately minuet, danced by eight of the guests in court costume, Mr. Jefferson's son Tom being one of the grand dames in powder, patches, and paint.

Mr. Jefferson was very fond of entertaining, and many noted men were at different times his guests at his country home. At one time he had invited Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Rapley of

Washington to visit him. Mr. Rapley accepted the invitation and sent Mr. Jefferson a telegram on Thursday of that week, saying Mrs. Rapley and himself would arrive on the following Saturday.

The station was about a mile and a half from the Jefferson place, and when Mr. and Mrs. Rapley arrived at Hohokus upon the day stated, they found no conveyance to meet them. Thinking the carriage might have been delayed, they waited in the little country station about half an hour; then, thinking that there might have been some mistake, Mr. Rapley made inquiries as to how he could best reach Mr. Jefferson's house, and finally succeeded in getting an old conveyance to take him there. As he seated Mrs. Rapley and was about to follow her into the wagon, the station master inquired of him:

"You goin' over to Mr. Joe Jefferson's?"

"That is where we expect to go," replied Mr. Rapley, looking dubiously at the wheels of the conveyance.

"Well, would you mind carrying him this?" The man handed Mr. Rapley a yellow envelope. "There ain't no one been over that way for a couple of days."

Upon his arrival at his friends' home, and after

Mr. Jefferson had greeted him with surprise and pleasure, Mr. Rapley handed the envelope to him, saying the station master had requested him to deliver it. Tearing it open, Mr. Jefferson burst out laughing. "No wonder you found nobody at the station to meet you," he said. "You have delivered your own telegram!"

No one could enjoy a joke better than Joseph Jefferson, nor laugh more heartily at another's. He also possessed the gift of compelling one to laugh. A rich vein of spontaneous humour ran through all he said and did. He could relate clearly and most forcibly his varied and interesting experiences with the calm, unprejudiced deductions of a philosopher, together with the delightful pleasantries of a natural humourist; he was most faithful to the things he loved, and particularly to his old stories. He would apologise to his family when repeating them, perhaps at the request of a guest at dinner, especially one which he said was so old that it was almost new. All stories required the personality of the one telling the story to give them their chief charm, but in this case especially the quaint humour of the actor came into play.

This story, which he enjoyed most and told ofttimes, was of a party travelling in an old-

fashioned omnibus, which had stopped at a wayside inn for dinner. Being warned that the 'bus was about to start, the travellers resumed their places; the driver mounted the box, gathered up the reins and snapped his whip, then turning his head and leaning down so as to be heard by the passengers, he inquired in a loud voice:

"All full inside?" to which a fat man, placing both hands upon his stomach, replied:

"I don't know about the rest of 'em, but *I* am!"

Mr. Jefferson was at his home in Hohokus during the election of November, 1884. He used to say that an actor should not vote, because he must have the sympathy of his audience, and a Democrat cannot sympathise with a Republican, nor vice versa, so the actor should be neither one nor the other, especially as his professional duties take him from city to city, and it is seldom that he remains a citizen of one place long enough to entitle him to a vote.

Mr. Jefferson, however, wished to vote for Mr. Cleveland at his first election, and two friends called at his home and drove him to the polls. When the slip was handed to him, he read the names upon it and then handed it



Photo by T. E. Marr

JOSEPH JEFFERSON

ON THE PORCH AT CROW'S NEST

back, saying that he wanted to vote for Mr. Cleveland.

After an explanation concerning the electors had been given, he cast his vote—"but, under protest," he said, "as I assure you I have not the acquaintance of any of these gentlemen," indicating the names of the electors upon the slips.

CHAPTER VII

AUTHOR AND ORATOR

And now I must end my life, not "with a bare bodkin," but with a harmless goose quill, and, however painful the suicide may be to me, it is a satisfaction to know that with the same blow I have put an end to the sufferings of my readers.

JEFFERSON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON was not only a self-made man, he was self-educated as well. His versatility was denoted by his acting, his skill with the brush, and by his use of the pen.

The publication of his Autobiography brought the actor before the public in a new light, and gave him a great literary audience.

The interesting story of his life was written in compliance with the request of many of his friends, and has justly been called a masterpiece. The volume is one of great interest, and bears witness to the fact that the writer was not a stranger to literary work.

At one time his publishers, desiring to more fully understand a statement made in the manuscript concerning a family name, but not wish-

ing to trouble Mr. Jefferson about the matter, wrote to one of his sons asking the information. He, however, being unable to give to the publishers that part of the family history, wrote to his father, receiving the following reply:

MY DEAR TOM:

Your grandmother's name was Cornelia.—Mine is *Joseph.* Your affectionate

FATHER.

Previous to the story of his life, Mr. Jefferson had written quite a number of poems and several articles upon the stage; these, together with a brief address, spiced by pleasant anecdotes, had for their feature the contrast between the actor and the orator (a sound venture in criticism of which he made the most). He also wrote a poem in reply to Ignatius Donnelly's cryptogram on the Shakespeare-Bacon argument. "Lord Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays, did he?" he used to say. "And he was ashamed to be known as a poet? Perhaps it was not fashionable to be known as a playwright in the days of good Queen Bess; but no one had need to hide his poetical light under a bushel—no, sir; you may depend upon it that if Shakespeare did not write his plays they were written by another fellow of the same name."

This idea he elaborated into a poem which he sent to Mr. Donnelly, the result being a merry correspondence between the two. Later Mr. Jefferson read the poem before the faculty of Yale University, and it has been added to the later editions of his Autobiography.

The criticisms of Mr. Jefferson's book were most complimentary. Mr. William Winter says: "Its characteristics are those of the writer, originality, simplicity, gentleness, and charm." Another remarks: "Few men have related the important events of their own lives in a more genial style, and few books are more readable. It is neither didactic nor egotistic."

The fact is that in this last respect there is a singular lack, as the author even fails to state —except through the medium of an old press notice—the year in which he was born (1829), and the only regret attached to the book is that he did not relate more about himself, and cover even a wider field of personal reminiscences.

The work is so human that one in reading it becomes conscious of a longing to know more of the writer whose modest nature, in relating events of other people and places, causes him, in many instances, to hide his own individuality.

In his introduction to his book, the author

quotes the Irishman who said: "No man should write his autobiography but himself."

Paddy might also have added to this wise reflection that he ought to write it while he is alive!

Mr. Jefferson's Autobiography is written with the humour one would expect from him, and is filled with the gentle spirit of raillery that marked his method on the stage. The anecdotes are droll, and the whole narrative terse and pointed to a degree. "As an example of writing it may be fairly described as brilliant." A fine description is given of the entrance to the harbour at Sydney.

"His account of the skeleton dance in Australia, as he saw it performed by the black natives of that land, and of his meeting with the haunted hermit in the woods, also of the play given in a Chinese theatre, are compositions that would impart to any book the interest of adventure and the zest of novelty.

"In one chapter there is a picture given of that ancient supper room, No. 2 Bullfinch Place, Boston. Miss Fisher's kitchen as it existed when old William Warren sat behind the platter of lobsters, at the head of the table, while the polished pewters reflected the light, and wit and 'guying' enlivened the brilliant throng."

Many a face was wreathed in smiles that will not again be seen until immortality is realised, and eternity an established fact of consciousness.

Some years ago Mr. Jefferson received a letter from one of the inmates of a State prison where he had delivered an address to the prisoners.

The letter said that the presence of Mr. Jefferson among them had taken the writer back to the time when he had been a young man, full of hope. He had been taken by a friend to see Mr. Jefferson act, and was so enthusiastic that his friend had told him of the Autobiography, in which he could find out all about the actor's life. He said he wanted that book more than he had ever wanted anything in his life, but he was very poor and had no way of earning the money. He lived in the country and was getting his education in town, riding twelve miles daily on horseback, but his desire for the book was so great that he gave up the horse and walked the distance, so he could have the money to buy Mr. Jefferson's Autobiography. Before he had read very far, his home was burned; and he had never finished the book. From that time he had started on the career which had landed him where he was, in State prison.

Needless to say, he received not only a letter



Copyright, 1901, T. E. Marr

MR. JEFFERSON

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ABOUT THE YEAR 1889, AT THE TIME HE WAS WRITING HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY

of hope and encouragement from Mr. Jefferson, but a copy of his Autobiography as well.

After the publication of his Autobiography, Mr. Jefferson was frequently called upon to lecture upon dramatic and pictorial art. His addresses were characterised by depth and clearness of insight, keenness of wit and happiness of expression.

He delivered a lecture before the Outlook Club of Montclair, New Jersey, which was the winter home of his son, Thomas, and his family. At dinner, his grandchildren were much interested in hearing him talk about the subject of his lecture for that evening. He told them that at the end of his talk he always invited his audience to ask questions and how much he enjoyed answering them. As he left the dining-room and walked with a slight limp into the library, his youngest granddaughter took his hand, and looking up into his face said: "Grandfather, *I* would like to ask you a question."

Mr. Jefferson was much pleased, and taking the little girl upon his knee, he seated himself. "Well, my dear, what is it?"

His granddaughter hesitated a moment, then looking down at the feet of her grandfather, she innocently asked:

"Do all lecturers have to wear tight patent leather shoes?"

This was a question, as Mr. Jefferson told his audience later in the evening, that had never been asked him before and one which he was unable to answer!

His favourite way of introducing himself and his subject to an audience after the generous reception with which they greeted him was to thank them and say:

"You know, a speaker as well as an actor likes applause—thank you!—He likes it for two reasons: the first is that it proves to him that he is appreciated; the second is—that it gives him a chance to think what he is going to say next!

"Apropos of this, I am reminded of an anecdote. Mr. Florence and I were giving our farewell in English comedy in New York. He said to me the morning of the last day, 'We shall more than likely be asked to say something to-night in reference to our departure. Would it not be better to prepare in the morning and not trust to the evening?' I thought it was a wise precaution, and we prepared our little extemporaneous wit. He was to make some remark as if it had just occurred to him, and I was to reply to it as if I had never heard it before. We were very nervous, as I always am

on such occasions, but we were well prepared. The ladies and gentlemen were willing to listen to what we had to say during the play; the curtain went down,—*but they did not call us out at all!* So you see the importance of preparation. Mr. Lowell said that the best after-dinner speeches he ever got off were those he made going home in the cab. As I do not want to make the best part of my address on my return to New York, I will refresh my memory by referring to a few notes, or headings.

"ORATORY AND ACTING

"In the beginning let me speak of oratory and acting. It is important. Many actors have wondered why they have not succeeded on the rostrum, and many orators have been surprised that they have failed on the stage. It is because the attributes of the two, while identical up to a certain point, after that separate. As for instance, the orator, like the actor, should have a good voice, clear articulation, graceful gesture, impressive manner, and, above all, personal magnetism. Here the attributes are identical, and, as I said before, here they separate. The orator must be impressive; it is most important that the actor should be impressionable. To speak more clearly, the orator impresses his

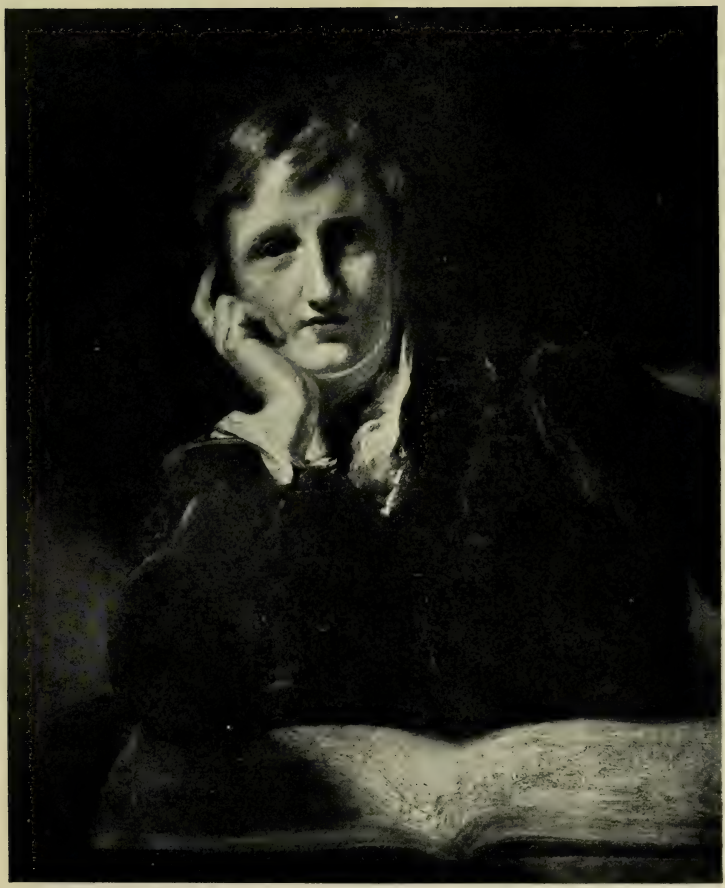
audience by what he says to it, whereas the actor is most effective when he shows how he is impressed by what is said to him. Take the scene where Othello rebukes Cassio. Cassio makes no reply; he stands dejected, head bowed, eyes on the ground, showing by his whole manner that he acknowledges the justice of the Moor's rebuke. There is no oratory here. The oratory is confined to Othello; Cassio shows how he is affected by what is said to him. Juliet shows by her ecstasy how she delights in the pleadings of Romeo's love. Here is no oratory. The same truth holds in all the arts. In painting the painter is the orator; he depicts groups of characters such as I see in the pictures about me. In battle scenes, and all scenes where the characters are affected by the surroundings, we see the dramatic part of painting. In music the solo singer represents the orator; the orchestra, in the rendering of the symphony, the actors. In literature the journalist and essayist are the orators, while the novelist who describes the different characters gives us the dramatic quality of literature. I do not disparage the art of oratory —do not think it—on the contrary, it is as great a gift as that of acting. It amazes me to see sometimes one man stand up and take complete possession of an audience by his impressive man-

ner. They often do not know what he is saying; sometimes the orator does not know himself; but he has that powerful magnetism. I do not disparage the art of oratory, I merely wish to draw the distinction between the two, and for this purpose. There are many here studying for their future professions. A few may go upon the stage, many will be lawyers, statesmen, preachers, and orators in the various callings of their life. So it will be to your advantage if those who are not impressionable will cease thinking of the stage, and those who are impressive embrace oratory. If you are both impressionable and impressive, you can embrace either. If you are impressive, dogmatic, I should say oratory; if you have warmth and are easily affected, perhaps to tears, by sentiment, and have a fair amount of wit and humour, then I should say the stage. These are merely suggestions, and you must take what I say with a certain amount of caution, for I am not quite sure that my remarks are correct.

"ART AND GENIUS

"I would now like to discuss a matter about which there are very many different opinions, —art and genius, where the one begins and where the other leaves off. It is a very difficult

matter to describe genius. Art is quite simple, but genius is one of those slippery gentlemen that as soon as you put your finger on him, he is gone. Genius is very apt to despise art, and when she does so, genius makes a very great mistake, for art is the hand-maid of genius. Genius produces, but art reproduces. Genius may dye the hues that resemble those of the rainbow; art fixes the colours that they may stand, and this is why art is so important in my profession—more so than in any other profession. We cannot repeat our art. The painter can alter his picture; the musician can rehearse his music and make such alterations as he thinks proper before it goes to the public; the same is true of the writer. But the actor cannot alter; the picture that he represents that night is gone from him forever; it is no satisfaction if he does it better on the next night. He cannot come out and say, 'Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, if you will allow me to act that over I will do it a great deal better.' Art enables us to produce and reproduce the effect over and over again. I do not believe that the actor can perform his part too often if he does not lose interest in it. But if, after continued repetitions, the old story fails to kindle the fire, he becomes dull and singsongy, reads in a monotonous tone, and ends by



By courtesy of the American Art Association, New York

PORTRAIT OF KEMBLE

GEORGE HENRY HARLOW, 1787–1819

Formerly in the Jefferson collection

wearying the audience and himself too. To illustrate this, Mr. Macready, the celebrated actor, complained to Mrs. Warner, a noted actress, that one of his great speeches failed. When he spoke it years ago, it went with a round of applause. 'Last night it had no effect. Is it the fault of the audience? Is it an old story with them?' 'No,' was her answer, 'it is an old story with *you.*' The character has been accused of a theft by his son. In defence he urges that his enemy was in his power, and he might have put his knife to his throat. A purse was lying on the table. Was it an easy thing to drop the knife and be content with petty plunder? 'When you spoke that speech ten years ago,' Mrs. Warner went on, 'you spoke it like a man in the presence of his son, accused of theft. You hardly knew what to say; you hesitated; you cast about for words; you stood abashed and acted like an honest man who was for the first time accused of theft. You make that speech now as if you had been accustomed to steal all your life, and always had an excuse ready.'

"TRAGEDY AND COMEDY

"Now, as between tragedy and comedy. There is in England a picture of Garrick be-

tween tragedy and comedy. Garrick was asked which he considered the more difficult. 'Ah, sir, whether I am ill or well, dull or in high spirits, I am always equal to tragedy, but comedy is a serious business.' He meant that comedy requires a certain amount of earnestness and depth that is not usually given to it. Farce is not comedy. In true comedy, if a man is placed in a difficult position, he must take it seriously, however humorous it appears to the audience. Dogberry, for instance, when he hears that the lady Hero was slandered, exclaims, 'Flat burglary as ever was committed.' He saw nothing peculiar about the word *burglary,* and the actor must be as serious and as earnest as Hamlet when he speaks to the skull. The two clowns, the grave-diggers, are ignorant men; but they think that they are wonderful philosophers. If the actors show by their manner that they understand the humour of the play, they spoil everything. (Mr. Jefferson gave part of the scene between the grave-diggers.)

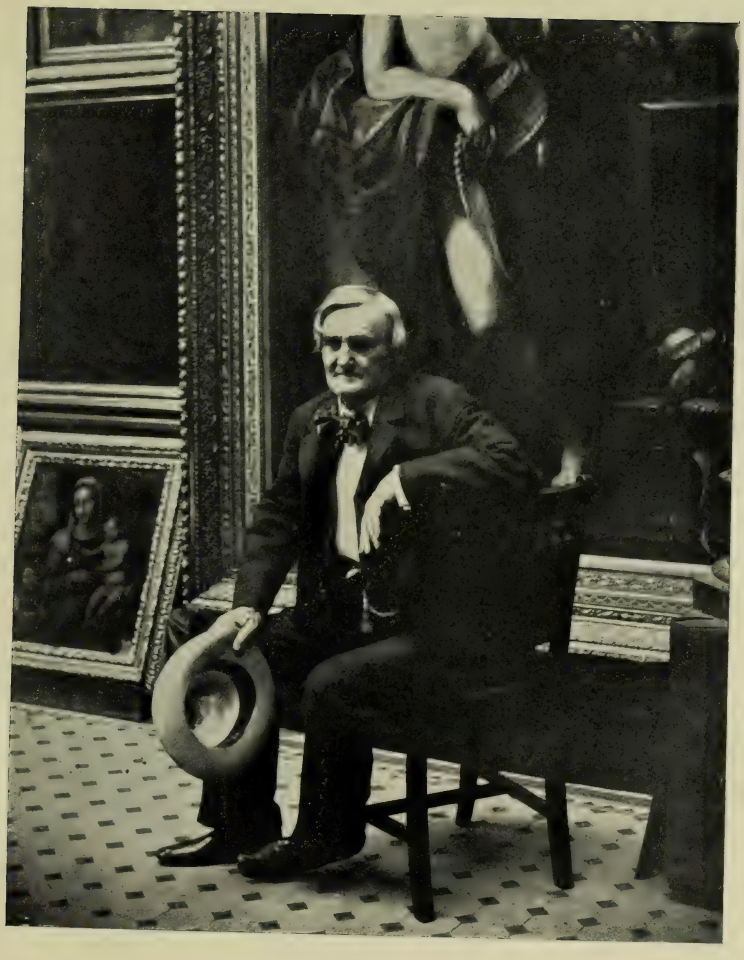
"I am very much complimented by this audience, not only within the hall, but outside as well. It cannot be much comfort to them, but it is certainly very flattering to me. It reminds me of an anecdote. It is that of a preacher. I

am reminded of it by the situation of the gentlemen in the doorways and halls. The church was so arranged that the gallery in the back of the church came forward for some distance, and the large portion of the people under it could not hear what was said at all. They of course did not derive much Christian benefit from that, so this preacher, after one of his great perorations, would step down and shout out some of the important points of the sermon. They were in a position like these gentlemen outside the door. On one occasion, after a tremendous effort, when he had been warning them, 'If you don't repent you will all be damned,' he stooped down, pointed under the gallery, and cried out: 'You, there, under the gallery, you will all be damned.'

"THE 'STARRING' SYSTEM

"I have been asked whether I did not consider the starring system a very great injury both to the public and to the stage. There was a time when I considered it the most pernicious that could be put upon the public. Since then I have altered my opinion. If we go far enough back, we shall find that Shakespeare invented the star system. The principal characters in his plays are undoubtedly stars—Hamlet, Shylock, Mac-

beth, Richard, etc. How about Romeo and Juliet? They were two, but their interests were so identical that they were a double star; they shone with but a single ray. We can go farther back. Thespis was a star; he was the only one of the company. Shakespeare intended to illustrate the passions by all of his plays—in Othello, jealousy; in Macbeth, fate; in Coriolanus, the autocrat; in Shylock, revenge, etc. In Romeo and Juliet he intended to illustrate the passion of love, and he could not do that with one. Of Romeo and Juliet there is a story told, and it illustrates the philosophy of the dramatic art and the wonderful flexibility of Shakespeare's characters, that they can be conceived and executed upon entirely different lines, according to the conception of different actors. David Garrick and Barrie were playing Romeo in London, and one seemed to have as much power with audiences as the other, though the men were entirely different. Garrick was small in stature and insignificant, while Barrie was an imposing man, tall, with splendid physique and a most beautiful voice. London was divided as to which was the best Romeo. Mrs. Seward, who was playing Juliet for both, was consulted. This was a very difficult question for the lady to answer. 'The gentlemen



THE COLLECTOR

play the part so differently and yet so magnificently that it is very difficult for me to decide. I will show you the effect that they have on me, and you can draw your own conclusions. In the balcony scene when Garrick is making love to me as Romeo, he is so eager and so ardent that I am afraid every minute that he will leap up to me; and when I act with Barrie he is so fascinating that I have to control myself for fear that I will jump down to him.'"

Becoming delightfully reminiscent, Mr. Jefferson told of the odd tasks demanded of the old stock companies in their day, when they had to support the different stars. "For example," he said, "one week I handled a stock company in the support of Booth in Shakespearean tragedy, and the following week I led the same company in a comic opera. I don't know just where I led them—but I led them."

On the whole, Mr. Jefferson thought that the abolition of the old stock company was better for the public, as it gave more time and opportunity for the selection of plays and their preparation, also for the supporting company, which is now carefully chosen with the idea of the fitness of each member for a certain part.

Mr. Jefferson, as was his custom, invited his audience to ask questions. The first one caused

him to smile, for he said it was the one most frequently asked. It concerned the morality of the stage and the modern problem play. His reply to the question was:

"If you did not go to see such plays the management could not afford to put them on the stage."

In response to other questions, the speaker talked about the position of the actor. "His difficulty is that he must at the same time please three orders of the public intelligence. He can neither be too refined for one class, too crude for another, nor too unconventional for a third."

"How does the personnel of the stage compare with that of forty years ago, Mr. Jefferson?" was asked by a young man in the audience.

"I may be old-fashioned in my notions about realism on the stage," was the reply, made with a smile and the well-known twinkle of the eye, "but I must protest against the tendency to make me appear antiquated, as such a question certainly does. I can only say that human nature is much the same in all periods, and I must admit that I do not see any great change in the class of people who seek the stage for a livelihood. Of course as the people who were on the stage forty years ago are nearly all departed, I

think it but right that we should give them 'a shade the best of it,' if a specific answer to the question is insisted upon; but I know of no reason for doing so, unless it be that they are not here to defend themselves."

"Is the tendency to realism in dramatic productions following the French school of realistic romance, to be considered a movement in the right direction?" was asked. Mr. Jefferson replied: "Personally I do not care for realism upon the stage. I feel that it should and probably will die out. I believe it to be only a fad, which, like all other fads, must have its run. My opinion is that of all things, plays which border on the poetic, or plays of the immortal Shakespeare, should have nothing of realism in them.

"A good actor or actress has no need of the assistance of these stage tricks. They affect the poetry of lines and the poetry of action and situation.

"Dramas of the really grand class are always realistic, and any attempt at mechanical realism is sure to injure them more or less, at least in my opinion. I do not believe that the introduction of cabbage and potatoes in the banquet scene in Macbeth would make the play one bit more interesting than it is without them."

Mr. Jefferson would often close his lectures with an anecdote, one of his favourites being the story of a letter which he had received after playing Rip in an Indiana town. The writer said that he had seen the play and had been so pleased and elevated by the performance that he felt himself under a great obligation to Mr. Jefferson. He said that the only way he could repay him was to ask him to kindly accept, as a present, one of his new patented spring beds, with the hope that he would enjoy sleeping upon it as much as he—the inventor—had enjoyed his performance of Rip.

After the laughter which greeted this story, told in the well-known Jeffersonian way, had subsided, the speaker would quietly add:

"I forgot to say that my correspondent's name was *Dunk,* and that there was a postscript to his letter, asking that if I liked the bed, would I kindly mention the fact in the third act of Rip, when I awakened from my long sleep, by saying that I was sure I would have enjoyed my nap much better had I slept on one of 'Dunk's patent beds.'"

Sometimes Mr. Jefferson would tell of some of his experiences in connection with the production of Rip Van Winkle.

"I was playing once in Salt Lake City. In those days I did not travel with my own company, and I had to take the company that I found there. They were all Mormons. In the scene where Rip comes into the mountains, at the rehearsal the Mormon demon was not instructed to nod the second time. In the evening when I said, 'You are another fellow?' he nodded his head properly, but when I said to him, 'You are that other chap's brother?' much to my astonishment he replied:

"'Naw, he ain't me broder!'"

Mr. Jefferson continued:

"Once I was playing a special matinée performance at one of the big benefits for charity, which included an act from every attraction in town that week. My act—the farce Lend Me Five Shillings—followed immediately after the act from a problem play, and the ladies and gentlemen of my supporting company stood waiting upon the stage. I had not left my dressing-room, where I sat ready to be called. Presently I saw my company leave the stage, and I stepped to the door to ask where they were going. The leading lady replied that they had been standing in the wings watching the play (which I believe was Sapho), when the star

had sent word requesting them to leave, as she did not care to have them witness the performance.

"'Dear me,' I said, 'is it as bad as that?'"

As a speaker in clubs and colleges, Joseph Jefferson was well known. Upon one occasion he delivered a lecture before the students of Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, at the close of which he left the building to take his carriage. It stood at the door, but instead of horses he found the young men of the university had withdrawn them and taken their places, and with laughter and college yells he was drawn back to the hotel at which he was stopping. The carriage was filled with flowers, and as Mr. Jefferson stood up, the boys gave him a rousing cheer, to which the lecturer responded: "Young gentlemen, I thank you—and believe me when I tell you that never before have I felt so much like a prima donna!"

Yale gave to Joseph Jefferson an LL.D. Harvard also conferred the degree upon him.

These honours, though unexpected, gave him a pleasure quite apart from vanity, as he regarded them as the just recognition of his profession.

His first lecture was given at Yale College in



Photo by Thos. Jefferson

MR. GOLIGHTLY IN "LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS"

THE PART IN WHICH MR. JEFFERSON LAST APPEARED

April, 1892, upon which occasion he was introduced by his friend, Professor Weir. At the close of his discourse, Mr. Jefferson said:

"It has been proposed that I should have some questions asked me, and that I should answer them. It has also been understood that I was not to know them beforehand, and I do not. Even if you do not believe me, you will have confidence in him who is one of your own college. What are the questions, Mr. Weir?"

"What do you think of the German criticism of Shakespeare, that comedy and tragedy should not both be prominent characteristics in one play?"

"Samuel Weller says, when asked how to spell his name, that it depends on the taste and fancy of the speller. It depends on the audience. If part of the audience is philosophical, I have no doubt that the humour in tragedy might disturb them; but that is not true with others. Shakespeare was the greatest dramatic master. The Germans naturally believe in their Schiller and Goethe; yet we cannot go aside from Shakespeare, and he seldom departs from putting some kind of humour into his tragedy. I think Macbeth and Lear may possibly form the two exceptions; possibly, Richard III; yet even in

him there is a certain grimness which may well be called humour."

"To what extent may an actor lose himself in his part while manifesting strong emotion?"

"That question has been discussed before, and I am fairly well prepared to answer it. One of the first actors on the English stage has said that you should feel emotion up to the point of shedding real tears. Another famous actor on the French stage says you should not feel it at all; that by becoming too emotional you disturb the balance of your art. Here are two who differ entirely. Each has to decide for himself. Mr. Irving could not advise the French master, nor the French master Mr. Irving. For my own part, I prefer to have a cool head and a warm heart. Shakespeare seems to analyse it more clearly than anyone else. In Hamlet's advice to the players, he counsels them that there should be emotion, but he also counsels that it should not run away with them."

"What reasons are there for teaching dramatic art in a university?"

"I naturally think that the best place to teach it is upon the stage. But I do not see why the cardinal principles of acting—and they are only four or five—should not be taught in the university, as well as the art of painting or the art

of literature or the art of sculpture. The primary branches connected with the stage might very easily be taught. The university is not the only place. The student who studies for the stage cannot act in the university. He must go on the stage to learn his profession. The members of my profession think it is absurd to study acting off the stage; I do not agree entirely with that."

"What is the best kind of play for college students to practise upon in their first ventures upon the stage?"

"The best plays are the old English comedies, because naturally the students in a university will be sufficiently educated to appreciate the fine writing of these plays—those of Sheridan, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, etc. By appreciating them, you can render them better than those who cannot appreciate them. If you were to begin to play, say farce comedy for your own amusement and the amusement of the audience, that would not be study, it would be a case of clap-trap. That I should think would be a very dangerous thing for students to begin on. They can indulge in that after a few years, when they become old and respectable. In their studies they would better confine themselves to those plays that have good literary merit."

"What is the tendency of realism or idealism in the actor, and to what do these tend in their extremes?"

"I do not object to realism in realistic plays, but I object to too much realism in plays that are upon a higher plane. When they reach the plane of poetry I think that we must be very guarded in our realism. Mr. Irving has, I think, done very wisely in introducing much realism into Shakespeare's plays. You not only get the plays, but the characters as they looked in their day. If I were going to produce a nautical drama, I would have real canvas for sails; the tar should be as sticky as possible. But in a poetical play, I should be very wary how far I went. To refer to my own play, Rip Van Winkle, if you will allow me, in the second act the whole manner of the man is changed. In the first act he can sit on the table and swagger about, and everything is as real as you like. From the moment he meets with the ghosts in the Catskills, all common-place action must cease. It is then a fairy tale; you are in the realms of poetry and cannot treat the subject in a realistic manner. If Rip woke up with a yawn, it would kill the effect of the play; the yawn is the result of one night's slumber; this is a twenty-years' sleep."



By courtesy of the American Art Association, New York

FEEDING THE BABY

BY ALBERT NEUHUYS

Formerly in the Jefferson collection

"What would you consider the chief distinction between a good amateur and a good professional actor?"

"A good professional after he has made a point would never cast his eyes on the stage; an amateur surely will."

"The desire is expressed that you touch upon your art in Rip Van Winkle."

"It is difficult to explain, because at times I can scarcely thoroughly understand it myself, but when I first played it, it was full of detail and with much more realism in it than it has now. I found that both my art improved and the effect of the character increased when I commenced to find out what to leave out and what to put in it. The greatest effects are produced when you learn to curtail all the unimportant details. A gentleman comes upon the stage in one of our modern plays, smokes a cigar, knocks the ashes off, leans up against the mantel, rests his head in his hand, etc. This is all very well, but is it worth doing? It is not worth doing. It is those details that an audience rejects. They do not know why, but it is because in a play a lifetime is to be expressed in two or three hours, and there is not time enough to be ten minutes in knocking the ashes off a cigarette. The best effects in my own acting have come

from simplicity in cutting out unimportant details and leaving the character of the incidents as simple and clear and unconfused as possible. It is a good thing for an actor to take the audience into his confidence—not to act to them, but for them. Let them fill up the interval. We should not thrust vulgar details upon them, such as a real dog in Rip Van Winkle—realism with a tail to wag at the wrong time. One will say, 'Yes, but that is not the kind of dog that I expected to see.' Schneider is the kind of dog that each likes best. If you allow your audience to help you with your art, suggest it to them so that they shall fill it out to the best of their ability—and they cannot go beyond that, even if you give the details—and they find themselves partly playing your part. The simplicity of the art—the less that is done after the salient parts are expressed, the better the audience enjoy it."

Mr. William Winter, who was present upon this occasion, sent a despatch to the New York *Tribune* containing his criticism of the lecture, which appeared the following morning. He says in part:

"Jefferson, in his discourse on acting, made it evident that if he were to leave the stage he would still have at his command the influences

of the Lyceum. He spoke for more than an hour, in a fluent and sparkling strain of clear comment on the art that he represents, always wise and often humorous, giving evidence of the versatility of his mind, while affording conclusive illustration of the importance of his profession.

"The manner of his discourse can be but fairly noted in descriptive words. His instinct as to effect, guides and sustains him equally as a speaker and an actor.

"His distinction between oratory and acting was incisively made, and every auditor must have appreciated the subtle discrimination as to the relative value of tragedy and comedy viewed with regard to the question of difficulty. How much may be achieved by a glance or an inflection of the voice was no less potently shown than deftly urged."

Loud cheers greeted Mr. Jefferson at McCauley's Theatre in Louisville one Sunday afternoon when he lectured for the newsboys of that city. At the close of the lecture one little urchin was heard to inquire of another: "Who was that feller what talked to us, anyhow?"

"Why, don't you know?" was the reply. "That's the feller what went to sleep and never opened his peepers for twenty years."

The *Courier-Journal* of April 9th, 1900, gave the following report of the occasion:

"Mr. Jefferson never appeared as Rip Van Winkle or Bob Acres before a more intensely enthusiastic audience than that which heard him lecture at McCauley's Theatre yesterday afternoon for the benefit of the Newsboys' Home. He donated his time to the home, but the cheers and waving of handkerchiefs which greeted him when he walked upon the stage were doubtless more appreciated by him than a box filled with shining dollars as the result of the production of one of his plays. Yet he was to receive still greater marks of enthusiasm.

"Mr. Jefferson was in a happy frame of mind and he delighted the big audience with numerous stories of his career as an actor. They were full of humour and carried with them the same brilliancy which characterises the great comedian in his plays. Notwithstanding the difference between such an occasion and a performance of Rip Van Winkle or The Rivals, Mr. Jefferson could not get away from his stage manner, and when he stood before the audience his posture and manner were precisely those of Rip. The only apparent difference was that he was not made up as Rip. And yet the people would not have had it otherwise.

"By two o'clock the lower floor of the theatre was filled and all the front seats in the balcony were taken. The upper and lower boxes were occupied by friends of the Newsboys' Home.

"The Newsboys' Band, led by Superintendent Clarence Martin, marched down the centre aisle and took the first row of seats in the parquet.

"The May Music Festival chorus occupied the stage and sang under the direction of Prof. Osbourne McConathy. Miss Flora Marguerite Bertelle sang a solo and was heartily applauded. Sitting side by side on the stage were Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Henry Watterson, the Rev. Dr. E. L. Powell, and Dr. A. Moses.

"The opening remarks were made by Dr. Powell, who defended the giving of the lecture against those who had taken exception to it because it fell on Sunday. He spoke beautifully and eloquently with his characteristic clearness of enunciation, and was, a number of times, applauded warmly for the broad, Christian view he took of the occasion. He said:

"'A good cause, good company, a good day —and having withal the presence of genius wearing the simple garment of loving service— surely we should be satisfied and happy. The cause appeals to every man who has a heart; the company here assembled speaks for itself;

the lecturer is loved for his character and admired for his art, which in his hands has never brought the blush of shame to the brow of innocence or kindled the lurid glow of passion in any human soul; the day is holy unto him only who brings to it the loving heart and the helping hand.

> If we sit down at set of sun,
> And count the things that we have done,
> And counting find
> One self-denying act, one word
> That eased the heart of him who heard,
> One glance most kind
> That fell like sunshine where it went,
> Then we may count that day well spent.

"'Are not these lines as true of Sunday as of Monday? The intellectual acceptance of the fact of the resurrection of Jesus on this day does not make it holy. It is the influence of this fact on our lives that determines the character of the day. If the empty tomb shall awaken within us love, gratitude, hope, and under such inspiration bid us say to buried souls—buried beneath the burdens and sorrows of this world—"For you there is resurrection and a new life; here is our hand and heart in helping you to realise it," then Sunday for us is baptised with the sacredness of heaven; otherwise there is no fire on the



By courtesy of the American Art Association, New York

THE HORSEMAN

JEAN BAPTISTE COROT, 1796-1874

FORMERLY IN THE JEFFERSON COLLECTION

altar and there is no worshipper in the temple. After all, in its last analysis, it is our thoughts and deeds which make any day holy or secular, bright with God's glory or black with the void from which He has disappeared. The lines of Shelley are as true of days and seasons as of the world of nature, concerning which he sings:

> I may not hope from outward forms to win
> The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.
> O Lady! we receive but what we give,
> And in our life above does nature live;
> Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud.

"'It seems to me that we are clothing this day with the wedding garment of beauty in the thought and interest we are seeking to express toward those who most surely need our practical sympathy and affection. Is not this a "divine service" to which Mr. Jefferson is contributing, and in which all of us are sharing? Shall we denominate certain religious functions "divine service" and consign the ministry of active love in its thousand forms to the realm of the secular? Is it religious to read in the church, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not," and secular in another building to reach out a helping hand to make that invitation good? Not so have I studied the Christianity of that

Christ who says: "Whoso receiveth one such little one in my name receiveth me"—anywhere, everywhere; any day, every day.

"'We are honouring to-day, besides, the memory of a good man—the founder of the Newsboys' Home. It is his monument—better and more glorious far than any marble shaft which love might rear above his grave. If he is with us in spirit to-day, I know that we have his benediction. But these "opening remarks" must no longer delay the appearance of those whom you are eager to hear. That a great actor should turn aside for a moment to honour the needy child is to consecrate his genius to a holy cause. "Literature to-day," it has been said, "is working for the once despised and unbefriended classes," and "Books that have no enthusiasm for humanity are speedily sent to the garret." Likewise, the noblest use to which the highest gifts can be dedicated is that of service to the least and poorest child whom God has sent into this world of mystery and glory. No man is so great that he cannot be made greater by simple kindness to the most unnoticed waif of the street and gutter. The distinguished lecturer, who has already made the world so much happier because he has lived in it, is weaving to-day in his garland of fame, the fair-

est and sweetest flower of all—that of service to the "child in our midst." Loving the world, loving little children—for him there is stealing on apace

> An old age serene and bright,
> And calm as is a Lapland night!

"At the conclusion of Dr. Powell's address, Mr. Henry Watterson arose and introduced Mr. Jefferson, his friend of a lifetime, as follows:

"'Next after an audience such as this, there are two things in life that have always gotten away with me; one of them a little boy, and the other of them a little girl. I am inclined to think that the little boys have had somewhat the better of it in this regard; perhaps—though I say this in confidence, relying upon your discretion—it has been the girls of a larger growth who have brought up the average and squared the account. Be this as it may, the little boy in a dilemma, the little boy in distress, touches me with an appealing force which I have never had any power to resist.

"'I would not be the man I hope I am if my sympathy at all times and under all circumstances did not go out to the newsboys. I have myself sold newspapers in the streets. I have

carried a newspaper route. I know all about it. The institution which we have come here at once to celebrate and to foster is presided over by the patriarch and gentleman who for thirty-two years has been my honoured professional comrade and deeply-loved personal friend. And there appears with me on this stage—our first and only public appearance together—a still older friend, also deeply loved and honoured, in the person of Mr. Joseph Jefferson. When I did not know, respect and admire Mr. Jefferson, the memory of men still living runneth not to the contrary; and I am given the inexpressible happiness of presenting him to you, not as the delightful Acres, nor as the pathetic Caleb, not as the sprightly Mr. Golightly, nor as even dear old Rip Van Winkle, but as plain "Joe Jefferson," a name that has a place in every heart and is consecrated in the annals of all that is gracious and noble in the English-speaking drama.

"'He wrote me the other day that we should step out before you "disguised as gentlemen." But whatever the disguise, he at least will bring you that charity that covereth a multitude of sins, and gentle words and pure thoughts; for we mean on this, the day of the Lord, to do what we conscientiously believe to be the service of



Copyright by Sarony

BOB ACRES (SECOND ACT)

IN SHERIDAN'S COMEDY "THE RIVALS"

the Lord. Friends and neighbours, I will detain you no further. Allow me, and in his own proper person, to introduce Mr. Joseph Jefferson.'

"Mr. Watterson's closing sentence was a signal to the audience, and the big gathering rose as one person and cheered the 'grand old man of the stage' as he started from his seat. They not only cheered, but they clapped their hands and waved their handkerchiefs as he came nearer to the footlights. Mr. Jefferson bowed repeatedly and the kindly expression on his face showed that he was deeply grateful for such a tribute. But the people were not yet through, and continued to applaud and wave their hats and handkerchiefs until the actor stopped and looked wonderingly at the audience.

"Mr. Jefferson was dressed with characteristic plainness but elegance, a flowing black Prince Albert coat, light trousers, a vest buttoned only partially to the top, with a loose, soft tie.

"After the applause had died away, Mr. Jefferson assumed a position which reminded one of Rip Van Winkle as pictured in the story books after he had come from one of his hunting trips and was entertaining a crowd of his comrades at the inn. With one foot six or eight

inches back of the other and with his right hand in his trousers pocket, Mr. Jefferson bowed to the audience and began to talk with that easy fluency which has delighted audiences for nearly half a century. He said that he was free to confess that it was a hard trial for him to listen to all the nice things that had been said about him, but that he had managed to sit through it all without saying a word. He said it was the first time in his life that he had seen a clergyman, a journalist, and an actor speak from the same platform.

"'I am nothing if not an actor,' said Mr. Jefferson, 'so I shall talk on my profession. I know something about that—not as much as I would like to—but if I know anything else I am not aware of it. When you have seen me before I was doubtless surrounded by a fine stock company and picturesque scenery. But I want to say (turning to the chorus) I am being supported by the finest company this afternoon I have ever seen.'

"Mr. Jefferson said the word 'art' as applied to acting meant to produce and reproduce a play and always make it appear that it was the first time the actor had ever played the piece. He said that an author could rewrite his book, a painter could repaint his picture, but the actor,

after having produced a play one night, could not change the impression which the play had made on the audience who has seen it on that particular night.

"THE STAR

"'When I was playing in a Western city,' said Mr. Jefferson, 'a man with the most ferocious pair of eye-glasses I ever saw came down the middle aisle of the theatre and said to me: "Mr. Jefferson, I think this starring system is pernicious."

"'I told him that I once thought the same way, but somehow or other a change has come over me. Said I, "When I was a stock actor, I looked upon a star as a conspirator, but now that I myself am a star, I look upon all stock actors as conspirators."'

"Before going further, Mr. Jefferson drew a check from his pocket, and said it had been sent to him with the request that it be given to the Newsboys' Home. He said it was such a liberal contribution that he thought it was no more than proper that he give the donor's name. The check was for $100, made payable to Joseph Jefferson, and was signed by Mr. J. B. Speed. Mr. Jefferson said that the Newsboys' Home was a deserving institution, and that the news-

boys should feel that every opportunity was within their grasp with such loyal friends at their side.

"Continuing, Mr. Jefferson said: 'I once went by request to Catskill, N. Y., the scene of the story of Rip Van Winkle, to produce the play. Some people in that vicinity believe that the story of Rip Van Winkle is true. Before the performance and while I was eating my supper at the hotel, I overheard the coloured waiter telling a commercial traveller sitting near by, about Rip. He said: "Yes, sah; Rip slept for twenty yeahs. Dat's so, sah. He slept so long dat dere is a hole in de rock whar his head rested, sah."

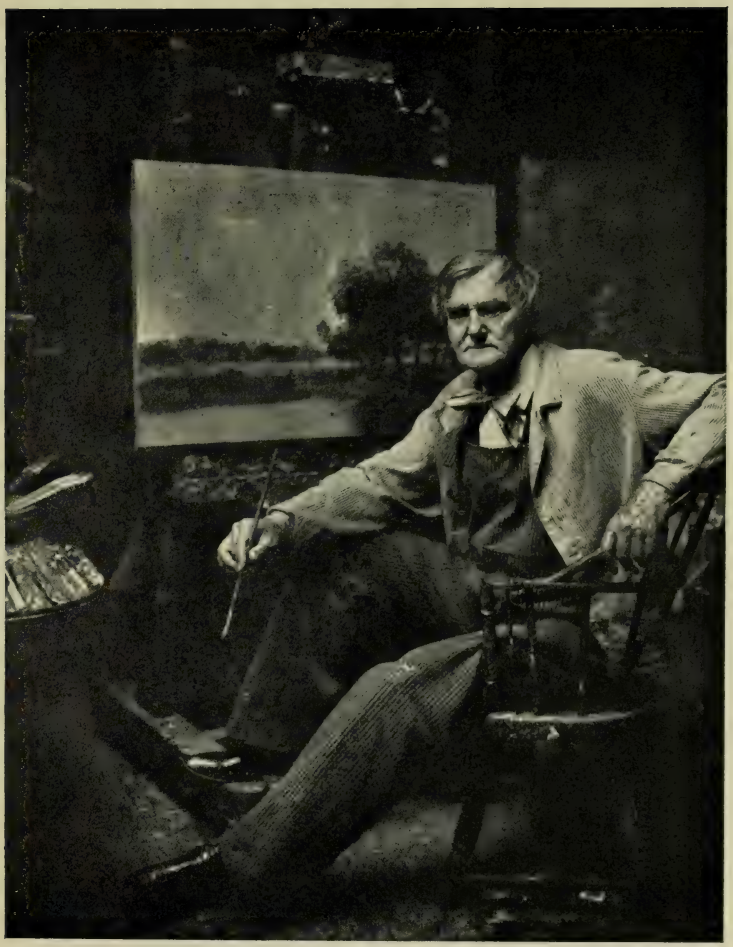
"'"How do you know that story is true?" asked the drummer.

"'The waiter pointed at me and said: "Dat's Rip hisse'f."

"'But I couldn't remember of ever having worn a hole in the stone.

"'After the performance I was invited to a reception given in my honour at the Rip Van Winkle Club. In introducing me, the president of the club was greatly embarrassed over something, and said:

"'"Ladies and gentlemen, I—I—I—wish to —to introduce to you Mr.—Mr.—Mr. Washington Irving."'



Copyright, 1905, by Burr McIntosh

THE PAINTER AND HIS WORK

"Mr. Jefferson finished by thanking the audience and declaring his best wishes for the Newsboys' Home.

"The Music Festival chorus then sang a beautiful selection in engaging style, after which Rabbi Moses arose and thanked Mr. Jefferson on behalf of the audience for the great pleasure he had given. He talked with much feeling and in a happy strain, as follows:

"RABBI MOSES' TALK

"'In the name of all the men and women present, I beg to tender to Mr. Jefferson our heartfelt thanks for his delightful talk. It was rich in humour, truly Jeffersonian humour, abounding in interesting and instructive thoughts and shedding light on the art of which he is a past-master. We will mark this occasion in the volume of our memory. We have hitherto admired him as an actor and loved him as a writer; henceforth we will admire him as a man. We have taken up his personality into our consciousness and have become the richer by it. I have read his Autobiography with profit and pleasure. It took hold of me for a whole week so that I neglected to prepare my weekly sermon. When I appeared in the pulpit on the following Sabbath I scattered Jeffersonian reminiscences about me simply because my head was just full

of them. My audience was delighted, and assured me that it was the best thing they had heard in a long time.

"'I believe that his Autobiography will form a permanent part of American literature. What are cold letters compared to the living man? Here is the man who has lived and experienced all he has recounted to us. What he has said on this occasion are utterances of his inmost self. All his struggles and triumphs and the experiences of his pilgrim's progress seem to be legibly written in the lineaments of his face. May God bless our America with men and artists like Joseph Jefferson. May we have actors who, like him, dignify their art by the dignity of their character. May America become rich in artists who, like him, will in their acting show the nobility and the truth of our humanity, and in their acts will be types of noblest American manhood and patriotism.'"

CHAPTER VIII

THE ACTOR

I always respected my art, and I can do no better perhaps than to ask all men and women on and off the stage to respect it also, for it is human nature aiming at the best.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON stood almost alone among the dramatic stars in having been able to confine himself to one character for forty years, and never suffer in the slightest degree from a lack of public interest. He used to say that for many years he had watched himself closely, lest there should appear any sign of deterioration in his acting. He would frequently ask one of his sons, Charles or Thomas, to watch him, from the front of the house, and report to him any falling off in the quality of his acting, or any perfunctory character which he might unconsciously give to it.

Many thought that it was to this constant watchfulness that Mr. Jefferson owed the distinction of being an actor who, although probably having played one part longer than any

of his contemporaries, could draw more money at the end of his career than he did even in his palmiest days.

It has been said that "his eminence as an actor was the result of long, close, and severe labour; even in the acme of his fame he still endeavoured to excel. Unlike the celebrated English poet, he did not leap into success, but gained all his laurels by slow, unremitting effort. He once said of himself that he believed he was indebted for his position among actors quite as much to the hard, ceaseless work and constant application which he had practised so many years, as to any gifts bestowed upon him by nature."

Mr. Jefferson once wrote: "The art of acting must be commenced at the foundation or the superstructure can scarcely stand; the actor, to become thorough and successful, must put out of sight his own individuality and become identified with the character he is attempting to represent."

This was the standard adopted from the first by Jefferson and to which he strictly adhered; his dramatic career extended throughout seventy-one years.

Mr. McKee Rankin relates how he first met Mr. Jefferson about forty-nine years ago, when

playing "utility business" at the Rochester Theatre, under the name of Hanley.

Mr. Jefferson was then starring in Our American Cousin (Laura Keene was starring in this play in Washington the night President Lincoln was assassinated at Ford's Theatre).

"I have always recalled with pride," said Mr. Rankin, "how Mr. Jefferson laid his hand approvingly upon my shoulder the first time I acted with him, and said: 'Mr. Hanley, you have the making of a good actor. Let me give you a little advice. Never indulge in or pay any attention to greenroom gossip, and do not take the critics too seriously.'

"With Mr. Charles Walcott, father of the present actor, I was present at Mr. Jefferson's first production of Rip, in New York, in the late sixties, and honestly—Walcott and I wept genuine tears over the performance. After this engagement, Mr. Jefferson went on the road, and coined money everywhere with the play."

Says Mr. Wilton Lackaye, who was with Mr. Jefferson one season, playing the part of Sir Lucius O'Trigger in The Rivals:

"Mr. Jefferson was a fine man to be associated with. He was very simple in his tastes, and frank, kindly, and democratic in his manner towards the members of his company at all

times. He had very decided ideas in regard to the matter of elaborate stage settings, always maintaining that there is a happy medium between the Elizabethan custom of simply placing a placard upon the stage inscribed, 'This is Rome,' and the modern extravagant way of staging even the classical tragedies,—the production of which in these days often costs a fortune in scenery and costumes.

"When I was with Mr. Jefferson, practically all he carried, in the line of stage properties, was an antique sofa used in the letter scene of The Rivals, where Bob is supposed to be prostrated by fright, and upon which he throws himself at the end of the act.

"I remember one day we were looking out of the window of our special car, in which we always travelled, when the theatrical transfer wagon drove up to the station, bringing our lonely sofa from the theatre. As the piece of furniture was carelessly bumped from the wagon to the station platform, Mr. Jefferson remarked, 'I am afraid we shall have to have a new production.' Not understanding what he meant, I asked if he intended engaging a new company. He laughed and explained that the sofa was looking rather shabby.

"It was a fact that, with the exception of

table covers, portières, and a rug, that sofa constituted our entire production of The Rivals, everything else necessary in the way of scenery and furnishings being supplied by the local theatres."

In speaking of Mr. Jefferson's success as an actor in England, Mr. John Maguire, who knew Mr. Jefferson in Australia in the early sixties, says:

"Owing to his disappointment in San Francisco, Mr. Jefferson concluded to sail to the Antipodes, and that voyage surely was fateful to him in its results, for since then the illustrious actor was above and beyond any comparative criticism. Australia glowed with a young and lusty intellectuality regarding the drama, untrammelled by moss-grown conditions of the prejudice of a decayed senility, and gave immediate response to the then young American, Joseph Jefferson, and in him recognised with all their enthusiasm the beauty of his art and those talents that so conspicuously shone forth in the performances of the wide range of characters he then essayed. His success in London was emphasised in a greater degree, if that were possible, than that already achieved in Australia. It was then that America greeted the return of the wanderer, proud of the victory of an Ameri-

can actor in an American play in foreign lands. This fame added to the glory of his country, both at home and abroad; his public and private life furnished an example dazzling in the magnitude of its grandeur, and he will forever be a theme of pride to every one in that profession he so eminently adorned."

Although Mr. Jefferson had included the play of Rip Van Winkle in his repertoire in Australia, it was never a success—until the revision of the play by Boucicault. The story of how the great actor became inspired with the dramatic possibilities of Washington Irving's story is well known. The old barn in Pennsylvania is a more or less familiar picture in the public mind, but the fact is not so well known that the play had been acted for years. As early as 1829, at the Walnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, is recorded the Kerr version of Rip Van Winkle. It was produced in New York for the first time in 1830 by the elder Hackett. An old playbill of the Park Theatre, in New York, announces a performance of Rip Van Winkle in 1831 as an afterpiece, "altered by Mr. Hackett from a piece written and produced in London, and founded upon Washington Irving's well-known tale of the same name."

Other versions were given by John H. Hew-



Copyright by Sarony

JOSEPH JEFFERSON

AFTER HIS RETURN TO AMERICA

itt in Baltimore, in 1833, and Flynn, who appeared to be the original performer of the part, also played at the Richmond Hill Theatre, in New York, in 1833.

Charles Burke, Mr. Jefferson's half-brother, played the part at the New National Theatre (or the New Chatham) on January 7, 1850. This version held closely to the lines of Irving's legend. When the vagabond returns from the mountains after the twenty years' sleep, Gretchen, his wife, is dead.

In speaking of the art of his half-brother, Mr. Jefferson would say, "He was to acting what Mendelssohn was to music—he did not have to work for his effects as I do—whatever he did came naturally. It was not talent that informed the art of Charles Burke—it was genius!"

Mr. Jefferson originally produced the new version of Rip Van Winkle at the Adelphi Theatre in London. The story of his persuading Dion Boucicault to rewrite the play is related in his Autobiography:

"The play was finished in due time and a day was set for reading it to the company. The time arrived and I hurried to the theatre with some anxiety. . . . I, of course, had expected both Boucicault, the author, and Webster, the man-

ager, to meet and assist me at the reading, but when I got to the theatre I found letters from both saying that they could not attend. . . . Among the actors present at the reading was Paul Bedford. . . . When I came to the entrance of Nick Vedder in the opening scene, 'Ah, that's me, my lad, that's me!' said he. He chuckled over the humour of the play, and at times he wiped the tears from his eyes, as the pathos of the language moved him. 'I say, my lad,' said he, 'I'm told there is twenty years to elapse between the third and fourth acts?' 'Yes,' I replied. 'Well, I am not alive then, am I?' 'No, Mr. Bedford,' said I, 'you are cut off in the flower of your youth.'

"Mr. Billington, who was to act in the play and who was considered an authority in such matters, said, 'There's a hundred nights in that play; am I right, Paul?' To which Paul Bedford replied, quoting from his old character of Jack Gong, 'I believe you, my boy,' and then, taking me by the hand, he said with marked solemnity, 'My transatlantic kid, I welcome you to the classic precincts of the royal Adelphi.'"

The most important dramatic event of his life occurred upon the evening of September the fifth, 1865, when Mr. Jefferson made his

first appearance before a London audience, and was received with a most cordial welcome. The play was entirely new to the English public, and it was at once a pronounced success and ran for one hundred and seventy nights. The part of Gretchen was played by Mrs. John Billington, who happily still lives to tell the story of this event, and of others of equal importance in which she had taken part.

In January of last year (1908), London celebrated the eighty-fourth birthday of Mrs. Billington, who began her professional career at an unusually early age. Her recollections manifestly covered a vast and highly interesting area. To her, Macready was something more than the mere shadow of a name, while with many of the literary giants of the early Victorian period she enjoyed more than a passing acquaintance.

With a view to asking her to furnish some particulars of the first performance in England of Rip Van Winkle, a reporter of *The Daily Telegraph* called upon the old actress at her little house in Abbey-road, and found her not unwilling to respond to his request.

"It was," she said, "at a dinner at the Crystal Palace that I first heard of the projected production. Benjamin Webster, Mrs. Stirling and

myself were seated together, and the former invited us to say what we thought of the idea. In those days an American actor was regarded in somewhat the same light as a Cherokee Indian or an aboriginal savage would be at this moment. What we thought of Webster's suggestion was, I fear, only too clearly reflected in our features. Nevertheless, Webster stuck to his guns, and, naturally, I was curious to know whether there was anything for me in the piece. The answer was that only two women figured therein, and that I was suited to neither character. 'Then I shall go off with Toole,' I said. But to this step Dion Boucicault, who had rewritten the play for Jefferson, was wholly opposed. He always wanted me to appear in his productions—in 1860 I created the part of Mrs. Cregan in The Colleen Bawn, which proved such a phenomenal success—and it was settled that I should be allotted the rôle of Gretchen in Rip Van Winkle. Jefferson has himself told the story of the bitter feud then existing between Boucicault and Benjamin Webster, and the enormous difficulties he had to overcome in order to carry matters through to a prosperous issue. So pronounced was their enmity that when one appeared on the stage the other might be counted on to leave it. Somehow

or other Jefferson contrived to keep the peace, and to proceed with the necessary preparations. For Benjamin Webster I had the deepest admiration and kindest feelings. He was a fine old fellow; a better actor never trod the boards. But his temper was quick, and, when ruffled, his flow of 'choice Italian' was inexhaustible. It was his custom to allow someone else to rehearse a piece with the certainty that in course of time everything done by his stage manager would be elaborately undone by himself. Later he would come down to the theatre in a peerless white waistcoat, stride across the stage with a curt nod to the company, and take his seat in front of the footlights. Nevertheless, he knew his business thoroughly, and it would be well for the modern stage if it could boast more 'producers' possessing the resource and the inventive powers of Benjamin Webster.

"Rip was an instant and emphatic success. We had five or six curtain calls after the first act, and thenceforward everything went as upon wheels. I said to Jefferson: 'It will run a hundred nights,' and he answered in his genial way, 'I'll wager you a new silk dress to a new silk hat that it doesn't.' There," said Mrs. Billington, pointing triumphantly to a framed photograph on the wall, "is the portrait of myself in

the silk dress which he afterward presented to me.

"We remained nine months at the Adelphi, and then went on to Manchester. During our stay in that city Jefferson produced a new play called A Parish Clerk, by Dion Boucicault. It was quite a delightful little drama, which, in my opinion—and also I think in Jefferson's—failed chiefly because of the mistaken idea of how the leading part should be played. Long afterward at Brighton I happened to mention the piece to our dear friend Henry Irving, to whom, at his own request, I briefly outlined the plot. So immensely struck was he with the possibilities contained in it that he at once took steps to secure a copy of the manuscript. But Jefferson had carried it with him to America. And to this day nothing has ever been seen or heard of it."

Speaking of the salaries paid to the actors in those days—over forty years ago—Mrs. Billington continued:

"At that time I was playing leading parts in the country with Phelps. I was offered one pound a week to understudy Madame Celeste at the Adelphi, but as I was getting £4 in the provinces I refused. Later I took 30*s.* and was fairly well pleased to get such a sum, for it









JOSEPH JEFFERSON AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE, LONDON, IN 1865

MRS. BILLINGTON AS GRETCHEN, MISS BUCKSTON AS MEENIE

meant a three-years' engagement and regular payment for fifty-two weeks in every twelve months. I was at the Adelphi with Webster for sixteen weeks, and my weekly salary never exceeded £5, but I daresay there are many actresses and actors to-day who would gladly exchange their £25 or £30 a week with the possibility of only earning that sum six or eight weeks in the year for the certainty of £260 per annum.

"In those days we did not rely upon the 'star' system. I suppose Jefferson was really the first of the kind, although possibly Mr. and Mrs. Wigan may be spoken of in this connection."

Another vital recollection of Mrs. Billington was that of the last night of the old Adelphi Theatre. A supper was given on the stage, after the performance—the invited company including some of the most brilliant men of the day.

"I found myself listening to the conversation of such distinguished guests as Thackeray, Dickens, Albert Smith, Wilkie Collins, John Leech, Oxenford, and Mark Lemon," said Mrs. Billington. "Even now it gives me a thrill of delight to recall that wonderful scene. Talking of Oxenford, I am reminded of an old custom which

seems to have fallen into disuse. Frequently during rehearsals conducted by Webster, the famous critic of the *Times* would drop in, and after watching the proceedings for a little while he would give the manager the benefit of his advice. Nowadays the most a critic does is to come to a dress rehearsal, or, to use the latest phrase, 'repetition générale,' and rarely on such occasions is he tempted to express his views—to the manager, at any rate. I cannot say that the old plan had much to recommend it, for if the producer declined to act upon the advice proffered him, he might with tolerable certainty rely on having the circumstance brought up against him later. On the other hand, it might well happen that a timely word of warning served to avert some serious danger hitherto unsuspected by the manager or the author of the piece."

In a chat which was published in the New York *Herald,* Mr. Jefferson, in speaking of his London success, remarked to the reporter:

"'We actors like the second round of applause—to be patted upon the back around the supper table in a good company of fellow-Bohemians after the play. There was poor dear Artemus Ward, such a delightful fellow, such superb company. When we came to London I said to

him: "Browne" (you know his name was Browne), "beware of the stage door and the men waiting to carry you off to supper at Evans'. It's not so much that they'll put you under the table, as under the ground." And they did.

"'I always had a cab at the door when I was playing at the Adelphi and got in and put up the window and went home, no matter who was out after me.'

"At the Adelphi! That brought back the very precious picture of Jefferson at thirty-five, playing Rip Van Winkle. When he frolicked with the children and danced with the lassies, when he listened humbly to his shrewish wife; when he, in a word, unfolded that exquisite personality to London and charmed it utterly.

"'And you saw that—then?'

"Jefferson smiled and drooped his head.

"'And Paul Bedford and Billington and Mrs. Billington.'

"'You're very kind to recall all that. Old Paul Bedford was very kind to me. They all were in fact. And James L. Toole, who was the comedian of the house; he was particularly kind. I noted that, for I was on his ground, as it were. Every night at the theatre, when I came out dressed for the part, old Paul Bed-

ford's basso profundo always met me with the same greeting, and it always amused me:

"'"And how is my young transatlantic kid?"'

"Jefferson laughed at the mere recollection, for at thirty-five he was wise with the wisdom of twenty-five years of work on the stage. Transatlantic surely—but a kid!

"Then the veteran, with rare unction, dropped into a delightful chat about actors and acting. He told of Dion Boucicault and the stage magician he was, and how he had remade the Rip play, which was first made by or for Yates, and then was remade by Hackett, and again refurbished and played by Burke—Jefferson's half-brother—and lastly fixed in crystal by the wonderful Dion. It was Jefferson himself who conceived the weird second act as it is now played. In the old version the ghosts danced and sang a chorus ordaining him to sleep.

"'You know, it is the only second act of a play in which one actor does the entire talking. Rip talks and the others—the ghosts—only nod their heads and play bowls. It's more mysterious; gives something to the imagination. That's a nice question—how much you must leave to the imagination of the audience. It is, of course, mostly the playwright's business, but if it is



Copyright by Sarony

CALEB PLUMMER

IN "THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH"

badly done the actor suffers for it. Just before Rip was brought out at the Adelphi I went with Boucicault to that theatre one night to see Ben Webster, who was a very good actor. He was playing the part of a miser, and in the third act he opened a safe in the wall of his house, took out some papers, examined them and put them back. There was a very strained moment of hushed attention through the house, but presently a small voice rang clear from the gallery: "Wot's in 'em, Guv'nor?"

"'The house laughed, you may depend upon it, and Webster was very angry, but Boucicault said it was bad art on the part of the author to leave that small boy in the gallery in doubt as to the contents of the papers. Boucicault believed in quick action on the stage. I remember once he was reading a play, and he said, "This is altogether too slow; here are two characters left together for two inches."'"

London has not forgotten Joseph Jefferson. The suggestion of a memorial benefit in his honour was recently discussed. The London *Daily Telegram,* in speaking of this, says: "Let not the fact be disguised that the metropolis, so far as two generations are concerned, is ignorant of the stage and the great actor who made his coup more than forty years ago. As Jefferson

was a man of varied powers, it is a pity that he was allowed to be a 'one-part' actor on this side. Nobody would suppose he would draw money in the two short farces put on for him, some thirty years since, at the Haymarket. Dion Boucicault wrote him a play which Manchester was alone privileged to see. As Jefferson came of English stock, a memorial performance would create much interest of an academic kind. But the movement is made somewhat late in the day."

Mr. Jefferson's own opinion of an English audience was that it was as loyal to an old favourite as the nation was to its Queen.

Mr. Henry Watterson, writing from Berlin, said:

"The English newspapers accompany the news of Mr. Jefferson's death with but sparing estimates of his eminence and his genius, though his success in London, where he was well known, had been unequivocal. Indeed, himself, along with Edwin Booth and Mary Anderson, may be said to complete the list of those Americans who have attained any real recognition in the British metropolis. The *Times* speaks of him as 'an able, if not a great, actor.' If Joseph Jefferson was not a 'great actor,' I should like some competent person to tell

me what actor of our time could be so described.

"Two or three of the journals of Paris refer to him as 'the American Coquelin.' It were better to say that Coquelin is the French Jefferson. I never saw Frédéric Lemaître. But, him apart, I have seen all the eccentric comedians, the character actors, of the last fifty years, and, in spell-power, in precision and deftness of touch, in acute, penetrating, all-embracing and all-embodying intelligence and grasp, I should place Joseph Jefferson easily at their head."

Mr. Jefferson used to say that it was the fault of the American public that he did not retire from the stage. As long as they honoured him by such large audiences, they showed him that they still wanted him. He never played a farewell engagement. Upon several occasions the managers of the different theatres in which he acted announced it as his last appearance in their advance newspaper notices, but Mr. Jefferson highly disapproved of this and had it stopped.

He exposed it publicly and informed his son of the fact by a letter:

ROCHESTER, Dec. 6th, '94.

MY DEAR CHARLIE:

You will see by reading the enclosed slips that I ex-

posed to the audience the trick of the manager in ———, who took the liberty of announcing my farewell engagement (the cars are in motion, so that you will find it hard to read my writing). 'The Brownies,' I see, are announced in Buffalo. If you don't stop the Pirates they will do you up all over the country.

See that Mr. McKee and Miss Bijou Fernandez get the enclosed letters; one contains a check for $50 for the Russell Fund, the other one for $25 for the children's Christmas Festival.

Or house last night $1,670. Telegrams to Tom (of) advance (sales):

1st day's sale in Detroit.....$1,100.
1st day's sale in Columbus..... 1,250.

Our reception along the road is quite an ovation.

Your loving father,
J. JEFFERSON.

Joseph Jefferson's first performance of Rip, as stated, took place at the Adelphi Theatre, London, September 5, 1865. His last performance of the part was given at a matinée in Paterson, N. J., May 2, 1904.

His last appearance upon any stage was made Saturday evening of the same date when he appeared in the characters of Caleb Plummer in the dramatisation of Dickens' story The Cricket on the Hearth, and as Mr. Golightly in the farce Lend Me Five Shillings.

At this last performance, after the second act of The Cricket, in compliance with the

Saturday Matinee.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON IN
Rip Van Winkle.

CAST.

Act 1.

Rip Van Winkle	Joseph Jefferson
Derrick Von Beekman	John Jack
Cockles, his nephew	W. W. Jefferson
Nick Vedder	Percy Plunkett
Jacob Stine	Charles Duval
Clausen	D. Jones
Little Heindrich	Ipha Yenair
Little Meenie	Dolly Oweise
Gretchen	Ffolliott Paget

Act II.

Rip Van Winkle	Joseph Jefferson
Gretchen	Ffolliott Paget
Little Heindrich	Ipha Yenair
Little Meenie	Dolly Oweise

Act III.

Rip Van Winkle	Joseph Jefferson
Dwarf	Dudley McCann
Heindrich Hudson	Robert Brown

Acts IV and V.

Rip Van Winkle	Joseph Jefferson
Derrick Von Beekman	John Jack
Cockles, his nephew	W. W. Jefferson
Heindrich Vedder, Nick Vedder's Son	Joseph Jefferson, Jr
Seth	Harry Odlin
Gretchen	Ffoliott Paget
Meenie	Blanche Bender
Katchen	Meta Greene

SYNOPSIS.

Act I—Village of Falling Water.
Act II—Rip's Home.
Act III—Catskill Mountains.
Act IV—Village of Falling Water. (An elapse of 20 years)
Act V—Derrick Von Beekman's Home.

Intermission of two minutes between Acts IV and V.

MUSICAL PROGRAM.

Overture—"Rip Van Winkle"	
Medley—"Old Folks at Home"	
Spring Song	Mendelssohn
Paraphrase—"Lorely"	Nesvabda

LAST APPEARANCE OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON
AS RIP VAN WINKLE

PATERSON, NEW JERSEY, SATURDAY MATINEE, MAY 2, 1904

Saturday Evening

JOSEPH JEFFERSON IN CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

CAST.

Cableb Plummer, the toy maker	Joseph Jefferson
Tackleton, the merchant	Percy Plunkett
John Perrybingle the carrier	Jefferson Winter
Edward Plummer, the stranger	W. W. Jefferson
Dot	Blanche Bender
Bertha	Frances Pemberton
Tilly	Ada Gillman
May Fielding	Jessie Sweet
Mrs. Fielding	Mattie Gee

LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS.

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

CAST.

Mr. Golightly	Joseph Jefferson
Captain Phobbs	John Jack
Mooreland	Joseph Jefferson, Jr
Captain Spruce	Guy Coombs
Sam	William Jefferson
Mrs. Major Phobbs	Ffolliott Paget
Mrs. Captain Phobbs	Frances Pemberton

MUSICAL PROGRAM.

Prelude—"Polonaise Militaire"	Chopin
Overture—"Stradella"	Flotow
Waltz—"Prince of Pilsen"	Luders
Operatic Selection—"Babette"	Victor Herbert
Exit March—"Billet Doux"	Neilsen

LAST APPEARANCE OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON

PATERSON, NEW JERSEY, SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 2, 1904

enthusiasm of the audience, Mr. Jefferson responded to their numerous curtain calls and finally made a speech. Removing the torn and brimless hat worn in the part of Caleb Plummer, he shuffled, in his tattered shoes, to the centre of the stage, and in his quaint, old-fashioned way thanked the audience for the honour bestowed. It was the actor's last speech.

Mr. Jefferson had been invited to a supper at the Hamilton Club, given after the performance by Mr. R. H. Sterrett. This invitation he was obliged to decline, wishing to return to New York on the 11:01 train. On this account the waits between the acts were shortened, and before the curtain fairly touched the stage the actor had removed his white tie and, jumping from his position in the centre of the stage, he hurried to the dressing-room, at the same time taking off the curly blond wig worn in the part of Golightly in the farce.

He brushed his hair, which was still dark, bringing it forward above his ears, as was his custom, while Carl, his valet, at the same time replaced his evening coat for the one ordinarily worn when travelling; and in a shorter space of time than would be deemed possible to the uninitiated, the actor was in a carriage and on his way to the railroad station, arriving there just

in time to see the red light on the rear platform of his train disappear around a curve on its way to New York.

It always amused Joseph Jefferson to see a belated passenger miss a train. On his travels about the country he would often sit at the window of his private car and sympathise aloud with the would-be traveller.

"Too bad! Dear! dear! If you'd only been a moment sooner! I'm so sorry! I know just how you feel!" and he would shake with laughter. Therefore, it was not strange that upon his unexpected appearance at the Hamilton Club, where his son and daughter-in-law, with Mr. Sterrett, were about to partake of partridge and cooling beverages, he should be greeted with a laugh—in which he himself joined good-naturedly, saying:

"It's all right. I'll admit it's on me this time."

At the request of Mr. Sterrett he wrote out the order for his supper, apologising for his dissipation, saying that it was the only one he ever allowed himself at that time of night. The order, which he passed to the waiter, read:

"One bowl of oatmeal,

"One glass of milk."

The actor was conducted on a short tour

through the beautiful rooms of the club house, greeted by " Glad to meet you " from every one, and was soon on his way to New York. In memory of the occasion the club has hung in its library an autographic picture of the great actor, of which the members are very proud, especially as it was one of the last he ever signed.

Mr. Jefferson's only farewell to his beloved public was made to them through the pages of the New York *Herald* while on his way South, where he hoped to regain his health. Seated in his easy chair at the hotel, he evoked memories of the past and talked of his successes and his work for dramatic art, and then he sent a last tender message to the world he loved and which loved him:*

" ' Don't leave me, boys!'

" The ghosts of Hendrik Hudson's crew are gliding dimly away in the moonlight from the high peak of the Kaatskills, leaving Rip Van Winkle to his long sleep, and the plaintive appeal, so human in its homely turn of tone and phrase, goes to the heart as the curtain winds down.

" In somewhat that way we all think of Joseph Jefferson when we hear that the last curtain has fallen on his stage career and he has ' retired.'

* Copyright by New York *Herald.*

"'Don't leave me, boys!'

"He will wake up, we know (in ten minutes, say), and we will all make believe that his sleep has lasted twenty years, and then we, who delighted in him as the tender-hearted good-for-nothing of the village of Falling Waters, will take on a new affection for the pathetic figure in white beard and marvellous rags who is soon to ask, till he makes our eyes smart for tears:

"'Are we so soon forgot when we are gone?'

"Of course, he only thinks he is forgotten, for presently little Meenie recognises him for her father and his long-tried wife gives him occasion to rouse his old spirit of fun. His ancient enemy is given a retributive 'glass of water and a cold potato,' and all is family joy.

"Stripped of the haunting stage illusion, the fact is different. The 'boys' are not leaving him, but he is leaving the 'boys.'

"He is sitting in his easy chair and greets one warmly. It is the same bright-eyed, clear-voiced Joseph Jefferson, for all his threescore and fifteen years. Thin and a trifle weak, as a man may be who has had a tussle with a trying malady, and who is pulling himself together, he sits up bravely.

"It is not Shakespeare or Ibsen or even George Bernard Shaw that he has been reading. Alas

for the high proprieties of a retiring veteran of the stage, it is a catalogue of fishing tackle that he has laid gently (almost furtively) aside to shake hands.

"There are fishing rods and fishing rods about the room, and other signs of an approaching communion with nature on its mildly sportive side. I should not be surprised if what looked like a bundle of stage spears were really hoe handles and pruning implements.

"It was not plain whether he was proud of all this obvious preparation for the open air and sunshine of the South and Southern waters. His artist sense must have told him that it would have been far more appropriate to be found laying away the wig of old Rip or fondling the big pistol of Bob Acres, but there he was like a schoolboy getting ready to go fishing—and there was no help for it.

"PLAY OF THE MASTER'S FACE

"Master of smiles and tears, long had he angled for the hearts of the people and great had been his taking, and we were to chat over it all with the westering sun lighting up the keen lines of his kindly face, the quick expression coming and going, the eyebrows lifting and the corners of the mouth twitching with comic

intent. Anon the fine lip lines were to grow tense and the eyes show forth the sincerity of a serious soul. It was all very sweet and satisfying.

"'I'm going South, you know. I'll start for Washington next week, and then go down to St. Augustine. I'll have plenty to do. I'm feeling stronger every day. I go out and walk, and I take a drive. Oh, I was very weak, but that's all over.

"'I'll do a lot of gardening in Florida. I know something about it, too, I can tell you'; this with an irresistible twinkle. 'Do you know, I raise all our fruits and vegetables. And then,' looking with the same shy look as at first toward his fishing tackle, 'I am a fair fisherman. And I have a paint box—and brushes . . . now that I'm not going to act any more.'

"So Jefferson sketched out the sunny side of life that will occupy him when he is out of his easy chair in Florida.

"'You will not lose your interest in the stage, though?'

"'Oh, no, no, no! I was born with it, have breathed it, lived it, loved it and must keep on loving it when I can no longer live it. My interest in the stage, in the drama, is a passion. I have always been a reader of all pertaining to



JOSEPH JEFFERSON

AS RIP VAN WINKLE, (FIRST ACT)

the theatre—as well as other things—and I shall not let that habit lapse.

"'I have not gone much to the theatre of late, except as a player. I cannot hear very well, and it is a torture when you can see but can't hear what they're saying. I don't suppose I shall go much to the play.

"'Yes, it's a privation, but we learn to live without things and to find compensation—an actor learns that lesson early. Actors have many things nowadays that would have been unimaginable luxuries fifty years ago. Still they are not always happy.'

"Jefferson's eyes twinkled as he patted the arms of his chair.

"'It always amuses me when some actor, beside whom perhaps I have slept on the hay in a barn in the long ago, breaks out into complaints about his Pullman sleeping coach and the shortcomings of the coloured porter in the matter of the polish on his patent leathers.

"'I think, on the whole, we were lighter hearted then. Responsibilities did not dog our heels—if the farmer's mongrels sometimes did assail us.'

"ACTOR'S WORK IN THE OLD DAYS

"'If you please, we went from town to town in carts sitting on our trunks—when we could

get them safely away from heartless landlords. Yes, sometimes we carried scenery in the same way—provided the local managers and the authorities allowed us to take it away. Why, we often walked from one town to another—and not for exercise, I assure you.'

"Fun? Jefferson was manifestly enjoying himself. How we always live in our youth, for, lo, this quarter century past has not Jefferson been a lord of ease, of parlour cars, of 'palatial' hotels, of country houses, of estates and of obese bank accounts that mocked at 'bad seasons'—although good friend and comrade all the time?

"'Shall you write memoirs or anything of that kind, Mr. Jefferson?'

"'No, I don't think so,' he replied. 'You know I wrote my autobiography. I have no intention of adding to it. I am not a very good writer, but people read it probably because they take some interest in what I've been doing.

"'Of the stage as I leave it, and the stage as I found it—the difference?' Now the old actor was very serious. 'A mighty development, a wonderful diffusion. I do not say that the individual acting is better, or perhaps as good; but productions are so much grander; effects are so much finer and so much more certain. All stage machinery, lighting, accessories,

are so much improved. Perhaps these things have, in a way, lessened the demand upon the actor. The actor, perforce, loomed larger in the past. It was the necessity of the case. We can, however, surely say that the advance of the actor has not been as great as the advance of his physical surroundings. The great names of the past seem a little lonely.'

"'And the drama itself?'

"'A man said to me, "Why can't we have another Shakespeare, another Sheridan?" and I said to him, "Nature is economical. She gives us a Shakespeare and we have him, and then she breaks the mould; there is no necessity for a second." We don't need a new Shakespeare, but we shall have other brands and stamps of genius to fit the times. I am frankly optimistic on this point.

"'Don't let us look back always with the same old regret. For the young world the new fashion. You know the "palmy days" will always be just about forty years back to the end of time.'

"BOUNDLESS DRAMATIC FUTURE

"'Think of fitting this country with one type of drama! Impossible! It will develop many modifications and types of its own, and has a

great dramatic future. Just think of it—all our American millions speaking one language, no boundary lines, no custom-houses between its sections. It is peopled by the nations of the earth. It has all dialects, all temperaments, all temperatures, all possible climaxes suggested and all possible climates enjoyed, and above it all the grand diapason of our national life calling for its great exponents.'

"The veteran's enthusiasm was aroused by his own picture.

"'Don't fear for our future, either in plays or in players, but don't expect the great in either to be repeated in the same way as of old. I look for much, but not immediately, of the highest quality along the line of the older standards.

"'It is a chromo-lithographic age. A man has to learn so much to be fairly abreast of his time that he would be as old as Methusaleh before he would have time to think of being a Shakespeare. After he has read all the English and foreign classics and kept up with the reviews and magazines and tried to get hold of the names in the Russo-Japanese war, what time would he have to be a Sheridan? Then everybody writes, and that means diffusion. Quality must suffer in the face of such a quantity. It is



Copyright by Sarony

"FIGHTING" BOB (THIRD ACT)

"40 YARDS—IF YOU LOVE ME!—NO? WELL THEN—39?"

chromo-lithographic and not divinely pictorial.'

"'Is the tendency, however, toward refinement?'

"'Yes, on the whole. Our stage is decent. I am no milksop of the drama. I do not object to problem plays if the problem is vital and the expression of it not offensive to decent ears. I hold of the play as I do of the player, that it should be always above its audience—a little above it, not too high, for then the audience can only see into the "flies," if I may use a stage phrase for extreme and fruitless looking up. In the same way the actor has a stern responsibility to his hearers. He is under bonds to respect them and their wives and children as he would have his own respected. He must not inflict coarseness upon those "in front" any more than he would tolerate it in his own parlour.

"WHEN WOMEN WORE MASKS TO PLAYS

"'What a dreadful thing it must have been in the time of Charles II. to see the great ladies of the court going to the theatres masked! Not, I am sorry to say, that they were ashamed to look on and listen to the indecent plays of the day, but that they were ashamed to be recognised while enjoying them. I am glad no such

stricture can be passed on the theatre—the American theatre—in our time.'

"'You do not believe, then, that the drama is "declining"?'

"'We must not belittle the present day because it is not the Homeric age. Just look at the work of Gilbert and Sullivan and how they recreated comic opera, giving us beautiful music wedded to a vein of satire of the highest excellence. I hear now of a young man, George Ade, who is said to be doing very good things with the true ring in them.

"'I have no doubt when Thespis, the first actor, was going around with his cart that they were talking even then of the decline of the drama—whenever he drove for a time down hill. There are ups and downs, years of "lean kine" and of "fat kine," but the great art goes on, larger than any who are interpreting it.

"'When the Beggars' Opera, in which every man is a thief and every woman a wanton, was drawing audiences of kings while the tragedy houses were empty, great was the outcry of the legitimate actors. Colley Cibber saw the death of the nobler drama in the vogue of the French dancing girls; but Garrick arose, and after him came the Kembles and Mrs. Siddons,

and after them rose Edmund Kean, and after him Macready and Phelps and Charles Kean.

"'Look at our own time. Edwin Forrest is almost of our time, and surely Edwin Booth was, and so on.'

"'You pick out the great names, Mr. Jefferson.'

"'Well,' he laughed with the dry chuckle, 'we remember the picnics and forget the toothaches. Art is very long and memory short. You remember what Mrs. Siddons said of Juliet, "No woman could act it until she was too old to look it." Don't be too exacting.'

"'It needs a pretty strong constitution, then, to survive to be a great actor or actress.'

"Mr. Jefferson smiled, twinkled, sighed, and was silent. He must be tempted again.

"'You have been pretty vigorous, Mr. Jefferson?'

"'On the contrary,' he said, with sudden animation, 'I have always been delicate,' and then he went on to tell how delicate he had been —for sixty-odd years of constant stage work, rain or shine, cold or hot. It is one of the delights of men and women of inexhaustible health to tell how poorly they have been all the time.

"'Yes, as a boy I was very delicate. Nobody thought I could last. I always had to be care-

ful of myself. Fifty years ago I was refused an insurance policy. My family history was bad. Consumption in the family, and the top of this lung was affected.'

"MEMORIES OF EDWIN BOOTH

"The face of Edwin Booth flitted before the mind's eye somehow, and Jefferson smiled gently and said:

"'His Hamlet, his Ruy Blas, his anything—it all came very easy to Booth. The beauty of his face, the expressive eyes, the grace of form and rich voice had won three-quarters of the battle before he said a word. I was very fond of Booth.'

"It was a pathetic moment and recalled to me the bleak day eleven years ago in the Little Church Around the Corner at the funeral of Edwin Booth when 'Joe' Jefferson was chief mourner. The last time I had seen them alive together was at the great Lester Wallack benefit at the Metropolitan Opera House, where stars and leading men were glad to play as supers. Then Booth was Hamlet and Jefferson was the Gravedigger. It seemed, as the coffin was borne away, Jefferson, bowed with grief, following it, that the day was closing swiftly for both the actors—the Lord Hamlet



By courtesy of the American Art Association, New York

PORTRAIT OF MACREADY AS WILLIAM TELL

HENRY INMAN, 1802–1846

Formerly in the Jefferson collection

and the Gravedigger. Yet here was the Gravedigger eleven years after, as jolly as a sandboy, and saying 'Argal' with the same quizzical smile. Then the talk turned to less sombre things.

"We were talking about 'building up' parts. I asked him about Our American Cousin, in which he created the part of Asa Trenchard, and in which the elder Sothern found the part of Lord Dundreary and afterward built it up so that it became the entire play. He liked Sothern, and who did not?

"'Yes, and Sothern refused the part; didn't want to play it. I had to beg him to try it. He did it reluctantly, and at the first performance was more inclined to "guy" the part than play it. So once when a lady called on him to come to her he arose and advanced with a funny little burlesque skip, like this.'

"To my amazement the veteran was on his feet, his eyes twinkling, giving an actual lightfoot imitation of the Dundreary skip, which, like the farmer's shot at Concord, went 'round the world.' Jefferson turned round and went on:

"'Sothern was pretty smart, and he said to himself, "Hello! this is going," and he skipped into fame after that. The story that he found the skip by accidentally stumbling is not true.

It was, I believe, true, however, about the sneeze. One night he actually was going to sneeze and trying as we all do if we can to keep it back. The audience perceived it—got on, as one might say—thought it was a wonderfully funny thing and laughed immoderately.

"ACTORS DO NOT LIKE ORIGINALITY

"'It is a curious fact that the actors were all against the part and against Sothern's conception of it, but that's the way with actors. They don't like originality in actors, while the public loves it. That, I suppose, is because actors are followers of conventions, knights of the beaten track, and resent the free lances who would strike across the fields. They are a good deal like M. Diafoirus in Molière's Malade Imaginaire—they wouldn't have anybody get well if he didn't cure himself "according to regular forms laid down and prescribed."

"'Yes, the public likes a good piece of acting off the beaten track. It likes new types. You know Mose, the New York Fireman. What a hit it was for years! Well, it was a little coarse in fibre, and actors didn't like it; but the public flocked to it. I played Rip so long because the public always wanted it.

"'You know I had played Rip before you saw

it in London, though not in the present version. I never changed it after the Adelphi engagement. I had built up the character before that. The only change in the play since then was a little shortening of it—about twenty minutes. I did that as I saw that audiences were growing less patient with whatever did not advance the main story of the play. I shortened the "waits" between acts, too; that is a good thing always. Nobody ever missed what was cut out.

"'It was different when I made the revival of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's The Rivals. There I cut out the sentimental lovers and the coachman and so on, and even had the ends of scenes joined together with new lines. I was scored heavily in some quarters for this "sacrilege"—that's about the nature of the crime, I think—but I came across something in Doran's "Annals of the Stage" that reassured me. Some time later, after I had given a talk to the students at Harvard, one of the professors got up and asked me how I excused myself for mutilating a masterpiece as I had done. I said in reply: "Sir, if you had asked me that question a year ago I should have been covered with confusion, but now I offer Richard Brinsley Sheridan himself in my defence. You must know, sir, as every schoolboy does, that Sheridan took

Vanbrugh's play, The Relapse, or Virtue in Danger, and remodelled it into A Trip to Scarborough, saying in his preface when it was published that when good plays became obsolete in form it was a good work to refit them to the age and save their beauties and good points from oblivion."'

"'Was the professor satisfied?'

"'Well, he wasn't very vigorous about sacrilege after that.'

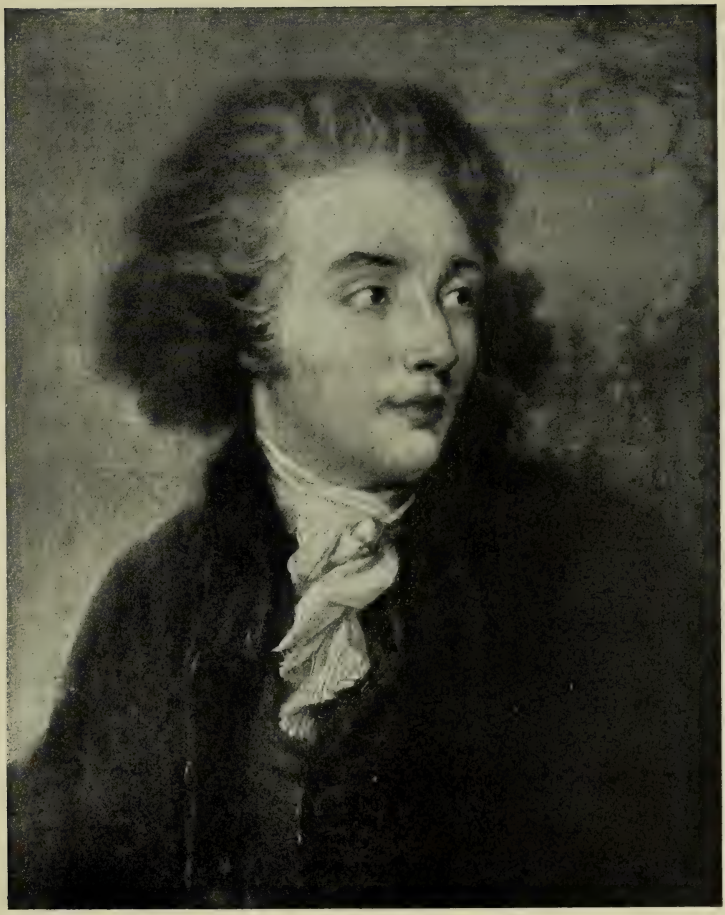
"CHARACTERS THAT HE LIKES

"'Which of your many scores of parts did you like best after Rip?'

"'After Rip?' said the comedian, with a sort of inflection implying a 'good way' after. "'Well, of course, Bob—Bob Acres in The Rivals. I liked that, and then Caleb—Caleb Plummer.' A tender smile played upon the old man's face as he thought of Caleb Plummer. It would have done the ghost of Charles Dickens good to have seen that smile. 'And after Caleb, I liked Doctor Pangloss . . . "three hundred pounds a year,"' and he smiled again —another kind of smile.

"'What do you consider the best company you ever played with?'

"'Do you mean regular company or on special



By courtesy of the American Art Association, New York

PORTRAIT OF RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R. A. 1727–1788

Formerly in the Jefferson collection

occasions? Regular? Oh, by long odds the company at Laura Keene's in '56 and around that time. It worked together so splendidly, and the material was so good all the way through —George Jordan, Charles Wheatleigh, Edward A. Sothern, Charles Couldock, J. H. Stoddart, Laura Keene, Mary Wells, Sara Stevens, Charlotte Thompson, and others, all good—and myself.'

"In talks of this kind there comes an inevitable moment when the greater depths of being must be sounded. We skirt them and avoid them as long as we can. At last we talk lower and look into each other's eyes.

"'You have decided, then, Mr. Jefferson, to retire permanently from your profession?'

"'Yes. I have quite decided not to act again professionally.'

"'Well, that would not bar you, I suppose, from appearing sometimes in the great cause of charity?'

"'That, of course, might happen; yes, that might happen. The man who has styled himself a star and gathered enough golden rays to light him to the end should not refuse his services to help those of his craft who are declining in the dark—those, for instance, who are thrown upon the charity of the actors' fund at the close

of their working days. No emolument is received under such circumstances by the player, and so it cannot be called a professional appearance.

"'From the stage, therefore, I have retired permanently.'

"There was a pause of several seconds, as if a prayer were being said in the heart, while far off bells were slowly sounding—'And the greatest of these is Charity.'

"'And what have you to say of your art as a whole?'

"'I don't know that I can talk largely about it just now. For myself, I have always been a reverent student of Art. She must be served with care and constancy, for she is jealous and will not be slighted, and if she is she takes a dreadful revenge. She must not be deserted, or she repays deserters with oblivion. I always respected my art, and I can do no better, perhaps, than to ask all men and women on and off the stage to respect it, for it is human nature aiming at the best.

"HIS MESSAGE TO THE WORLD

"'I am seventy-five, you know, and so, no doubt, am entitled to be old—and I have been a little weak of late, I'll admit that—but, isn't

it funny, I feel as young as a boy? I was warned, you know, not to tire myself talking to you, and I would not do anything to displease the nurse or the dear ones about me, but I enjoy all this—just a little bit excited or warmed up, but it's all right.

"'I'm leaving the limelight to go into the sunshine and I leave a blessing behind me and pray for a blessing before me. It has been dear to me—this life of illuminated emotion—and it has been so magnificently repaid. If I could send an eloquent message to the world I would, but somehow words fail me when I try to say it. I have been doubly repaid by the sympathetic presence of the people when I was playing, and the affection that seems to follow me, like the sunshine streaming after a man going down the forest trail that leads over the hills to the lands of morning. No, I can't put it in words.'

"Then a gleam of humour broke across the wistful face, and he said:

"'Perhaps it's a good thing to quit the stage before the people have a chance to change their minds about me.

"'I belonged to the stage from birth. My son Tom is the fifth of the line of acting Jeffersons from the first, who played with Garrick. He's playing Rip. I saw him play it, and he

does it well—the pathetic parts particularly. I have had fourteen children, and seven are living, so I am every way blessed. I have grandchildren and great-grandchildren. But I leave my wider family behind me—those who came to see me at the theatre—and I have a smile and a warm thought for them all.

"'I should like to send them a tenderer message—better expressed, anyway. Perhaps you can do it better for me. Something chokes a little here when I think I am going to say it—God bless them all!'

"Say it better, indeed!"

CHAPTER IX

THE MAN

Above the person, frail, imperfect and human, towers the noble *individual* whose Ego is the Deity.

CAROL NORTON.

IT has been said that a man is perhaps better known by his valet than by anyone else in the world. One who served Mr. Jefferson faithfully in that capacity, both in this country and abroad—Mr. Sam Phillips, of Cincinnati—gives his recollections of years of friendship and privileged intimacy with his employer.

"Mr. Jefferson was always surprising those who knew him with noble deeds. I am able to recall many acts of kindness. He was such a lovable and whole-souled gentleman that we all adored him, and yet in spite of his gentleness one could not help recognising the master in every look, action, smile or gesture. We who were with him so constantly could not help but love him, and how happy we were to know that we had won and retained his esteem.

"One of my earliest recollections of his kindness to others is of a Mr. ——, of Philadelphia, to whom Mr. Jefferson would send me weekly

with financial assistance, for this poor gentleman was crippled with rheumatism. He and his little family knew no want during Mr. Jefferson's lifetime.

"Then there was an old actress in Baltimore, weak and infirm; she could act no longer. His bounty kept the wolf from her door, and every season when Mr. Jefferson played an engagement in Baltimore, the dear old lady would call at the stage door of the theatre to show her gratitude and say, 'God bless you, Mr. Jefferson.'

"In the spring of 1874 we were travelling from Lexington to Louisville, Kentucky. I was seated beside Mr. Jefferson, receiving some instructions, when the conductor began an argument with the man in front of us, who looked like a farmer, and who had with him two little girls, shabbily dressed. The conductor had objected to the amount handed him for their fares, and asked for an additional sum. We heard the man reply, 'I have given you the last cent I have in the world.'

"Mr. Jefferson called the conductor, handed him the fares, and asked the man his story. The farmer told him that he had owned a nice piece of property and was doing well, when his wife's eyesight began to fail and she became helpless. Everything he owned went to pay doctors' bills,

and he was now using his last dollar to take his two little girls to see their mother, perhaps for the last time.

"Mr. Jefferson, not wanting to humiliate the man, made him a proposition. 'Suppose, my friend, I should loan you forty dollars. Would you try to pay me back some time?'

"The man's eyes filled with tears, as he replied, 'I certainly would try hard, sir.' Then turning to me, Mr. Jefferson said, 'Sam, give the gentleman forty dollars.'

"While we were in England in the year 1876, Mr. Jefferson, who had run up to Scotland for his wife's health, had been informed of the serious illness of a once popular burlesque actress and also of her financial troubles. He wrote to me from Scotland about it and told me to call and do whatever was necessary, using my own judgment as to conditions, etc., and to continue the help as long as it was needed; but I was too late—the poor lady had passed on. However, I discovered in her husband an old roommate, with whom I had travelled with Mr. Edwin Forrest. Finding him in needy circumstances, I gave him the sum named by Mr. Jefferson, informing my employer later of what I had done, and receiving his hearty approval."

Mr. Sam Phillips left Mr. Jefferson's em-

ploy with many regrets. Having a wife and family, he felt it his duty to settle down and give up travelling. Some ten years after, in 1890, he received a letter from Mr. Jefferson, who was then playing at the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia, asking a favour. Mr. Jefferson had heard of another old actress, unable to work and in distress, and he wanted Sam to hunt her up and arrange for her to receive a certain sum each week from him, which she did for many years. In 1898 this old lady got into trouble with the United States government, through signing the pension papers of her brother's widow, who had married the second time, and the unfortunate woman was confined in jail. Sam wrote to Mr. Jefferson about her trouble and received the following reply from Buzzards Bay:

My Dear Sam:

I am glad you wrote me about poor Mrs. A. I am quite sure that the old lady has not been guilty of any intentional wrong, and we must try and get her out of jail, or she will die of sorrow. I would like you to employ a lawyer to see what can be done in securing her release. Charge all to me and send her her allowance just the same.

With regards to yourself and family, I am

Ever your friend,

J. Jefferson.



Copyright, 1897, T. E. Marr

MR. SOL SMITH RUSSELL, MR. JEFFERSON AND GRANDSONS

In speaking of Mr. Jefferson on his plantation in Louisiana, Sam says that he was much impressed with the generous manner in which he treated the coloured as well as the white help on the place; and how it would often cause the owners of the other plantations to remonstrate with him for giving the coloured people white bread and milk, and also for being so friendly with his labourers—such a thing being most unusual at that time.

"How good-naturedly did he appease their wrath and turn aside their anger. I have seen him sitting on a log and chatting with 'Boston,' one of his men, and the coloured 'gentleman' was almighty proud of the honour conferred upon him."

Sam would be sent ahead, during the days of stock companies, to rehearse for the star. In 1871 he was sent to Galveston. He began the rehearsals of Rip at the Greenwald Opera House. After rehearsing Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, and getting the company perfect in the "business" of the piece, the stage manager informed him that the actors had struck and that he would have to begin rehearsals again with a new company. This was on Saturday, and Mr. Jefferson was to open the following Monday.

Upon investigation it was found that a member of the company, a Mr. St. Clair from New York, had incurred the displeasure of the stage manager and had been discharged. The actors loyally stood by their brother artist and refused to play unless he was reinstated in the cast.

What Sam called a "patchwork" company was offered him to support Mr. Jefferson, but he indignantly refused to rehearse them, saying that he would place the matter before Mr. Jefferson. Upon his arrival from his plantation the following day, Mr. Jefferson agreed with Sam that they must have the regular company or none. The offending actor was reinstated, and all thanked Mr. Jefferson for standing up for their rights.

The actor always found Mr. Jefferson to be a just and generous friend. Upon one occasion, wishing to show him their appreciation of this, the members of a company travelling, in 1877, through the English provinces, thought they would like to make him a present of a loving-cup. They decided to give a banquet, invite the press, make speeches, and formally present the cup.

Sam Phillips was consulted, and knowing Mr. Jefferson's modest nature, which always shrank from any unnecessary demonstration,

prevailed upon the company to abandon the idea, and, instead, to purchase and present to the star a complete painter's outfit. This was agreed upon, the purchase made, and at night placed, unknown to him, in his dressing-room at the theatre. Sam describes the scene:

"About fifteen minutes after his entering, the entire company assembled outside the door. We pushed it gently open. There he sat, his expressive face all aglow with pleasure, trying one tube of colour and then another, just like a boy with a new pair of red top boots!"

In complete contrast to the memories of Mr. Phillips, and bringing out a different side of Mr. Jefferson's nature, are those of Mr. Carl Kettler, who entered Mr. Jefferson's service in 1897, and remained in his employ until his beloved master passed away, in 1905.

Carl always declared that it was his timely help in an hour of need that first recommended his services to Mr. Jefferson. His own story of the first meeting with the man he afterward served so long and faithfully, is most interesting.

"It was in Springfield, Mass., the opening night of the all-star cast of The Rivals. I was then in the service of Mr. Nat Goodwin, who shared the same dressing-room with Mr. Jefferson upon that occasion. I was asked to as-

sist in dressing the Bob Acres wig, and while I was doing so, Mr. Jefferson came into the room and admired my work.

"Everybody was greatly excited over the first performance, and more or less nervous. When Mr. Jefferson was partly dressed and was starting to make up his face, he suddenly discovered that he had forgotten to get shaved before coming to the theatre. I came to his rescue by informing him that shaving was part of my business, and he gratefully accepted my services. Afterwards I felt that I had certainly made a hit with him.

"While travelling in the private car, when we arrived at the different cities at which the company were to play, the ladies and gentlemen would all leave the car to go driving or walking, with the exception of Mr. Jefferson, who preferred to remain, and as soon as he was alone he would start in painting. I watched him with much interest, and when he had finished, I would assist him in cleaning his palette and brushes. He was very grateful and seemed to appreciate my services so much that his son, Mr. Charlie, offered me a position when I should have left Mr. Goodwin.

"One year later I saw Mr. Jefferson in New Orleans, and reminded him of the position he

had offered me. I was duly accepted and joined him in Boston in October. During my first month, in my anxiety to please I overdid everything, and Mr. Jefferson seemed almost to resent the personal attention I felt it my duty to give him. By degrees, however, he got used to my little attentions and accepted them. Through his kindness to me I got so that I was constantly on the watch and tried to make his very thoughts my study, in order to anticipate his wants before he had time to express them.

"At the end of the fall tour, he was so used to my attentions that he offered to take me South with him.

"On our way to Florida we stopped over at St. Augustine, and spent the time in fishing until the hotels at Palm Beach should be opened.

"My troubles began after we left St. Augustine. Mr. Jefferson being an ardent fisherman, it was my duty to charter boats, and hunt up men to catch bait—for in the early part of the season at Palm Beach, men were very scarce. Finally, I made up my mind to buy a cast net and catch my own bait. I arose each morning at daybreak, and after considerable hard practice I became so successful that I surprised even the native fishermen. One cloudy morning my employer came down to my shack, which

was also Mr. Jefferson's studio, fitted up with fishing tackle and canvas, and told me he would not go out fishing that day unless it cleared. After he had gone, I remembered I had no bait, and I immediately set about catching some, when all at once Mr. Jefferson returned on his tricycle. He was much surprised to see me casting for bait, and his presence made me so nervous and excited that instead of catching the mullets, I drove them out into deep water and had to get into a rowboat and go after them. I found that casting a net from a rowboat was a far different proposition from casting from the dock. I had never tried it before, and my worthy friends the fishermen began to snicker at my attempts. From where he was standing on the wharf, Mr. Jefferson pointed out a small school of mullets. I stood up in the boat and made a dive at them with the net; the boat moved backward and I went forward, landing with the net in the water.

"When I came to the surface, I heard the howls of the fishermen—but the look on Mr. Jefferson's face I shall never forget, and although I could have swallowed the lake through mortification, I had to laugh myself. I don't think that in all the years I was with Mr. Jefferson I ever saw that look again. I am of the firm opinion that he wanted to laugh at my mis-



UNDER A BURNING SKY

FISHING PARTY ON LAKE WORTH

fortune, but in a twinkling he realised the danger that I was in, and suppressed it. I noticed that afterwards he would never enter a boat with me without several life-preservers on board.

"My next misfortune in that boat happened one morning when I had taken him out on the lake to paint a picturesque point on the opposite shore. I had arranged his easel, palette, and brushes, and we started to drift down Lake Worth. I was so interested in watching the rapid strokes of Mr. Jefferson's brush, that I did not notice a half-submerged log in the water, and we ran into it. The sudden jolt sent Mr. Jefferson forward right into the freshly painted canvas, and in order to save himself he put his whole hand into the palette. When I finally backed the boat off of the log, I went to his assistance, for, bless his good-natured soul! he never said a word, but *how* he looked! That settled painting scenery from rowboats.

"Mr. Tom Jefferson was the practical joker of the family, but sometimes his father could equal him, for Mr. Jefferson was always an excellent companion to his children, as well as a kind and considerate father. Upon one occasion, after our spring tour, Mr. Charlie and Mr. Tom arranged for their father to accom-

pany them on a fishing trip to Mt. Pocono. I went with them, and on the first night Mr. Jefferson went to my room and doubled up my bed sheet, to the great joy of his son Tom, who later in the evening most considerately offered to show me to my room and carefully took the lamp away before I was ready to retire. I thought I never would get into that bed!

"At Buzzards Bay I first had the honour of meeting Mr. Jefferson's friend, the Honourable Grover Cleveland. I shall never forget the awe I felt when fishing alone in a rowboat with the President of the United States! He was most considerate, and seemed to possess the faculty of making one feel at once perfectly at ease.

"Once when we were fly fishing in Sandwich with the ex-President, I quite unconsciously threw a pebble into the water, which Mr. Jefferson mistook for a trout jumping for his fly. I have to confess I was about to repeat the act, just to enjoy the excitement, when Mr. Tom caught me in the act. I would not have had Mr. Jefferson know of my deception for all the world, and I had no idea that he had ever been told about it, until I saw the fact published in Mr. Wilson's book.

"I had never realised what a popular man

Mr. Jefferson was until I went with him to Green Acre, where he gave a lecture on Art and the Drama. After the lecture the ladies formed in line and went upon the platform to shake hands with Mr. Jefferson, and I actually saw some of them go back to the end of the line to shake his hand again. When our summer season was over at Buzzards Bay, we went on a ten weeks' tour, and when the tour was over, Mr. Jefferson and myself went to Florida alone, stopping at Ormonde, where I chartered a launch going up to the Indian river, which was a most delightful trip. When we reached Fort Pearce, Mr. Jefferson made up his mind to stay there until the hotels in Palm Beach opened. Shortly after our arrival at Fort Pearce a friend sent his launch from Miami and placed it at Mr. Jefferson's disposal. One day after coming home from catching bait, I was surprised to see Mr. Jefferson endeavouring to arise from his chair, but not able to do so. In fixing his fish lines he invariably used cobbler's wax, and unfortunately he had sat down upon some. Well, we had great fun, and I finally released him only after cutting away part of his overalls.

"As soon as the hotels opened in Palm Beach, we left Fort Pearce, to the great joy of Mr.

Jefferson, who was very anxious to get at the red snapper and bluefish in the inlet. My employer had enjoyed the launch so much that he had a beautiful one built, which he named after his wife, 'Toney.' After that we took several long excursions, and on one of these trips we went to Stewart to meet Mr. Cleveland. While on our way up there, Captain Jarvis ran his launch on to a sand bank, causing the breaking of the painter of one of our rowboats; I picked up an anchor and started to jump into another boat, when the captain gave the launch a jerk, and overboard I went, anchor in my hand. Coming to the surface, I saw Mr. Jefferson running around the launch shouting for life-savers and crying: 'Wait, Carl! wait! I will throw you a life-saver!' But not being of the waiting kind, I made for the rowboat. When finally I got back to the launch I received my usual reprimand on overdoing things.

"On one of these occasions, while the fish were not biting as freely as they might have done, Captain Clowe in his droll way suggested a little 'real bait' in the form of a whiskey sour. There was one reverend gentleman in the crowd who objected, and the Captain suggested a little milk, giving me the wink. I made a very light milk punch, and I shall never forget the expression on the reverend gentleman's face when he

took the first swallow of that punch. He smacked his lips and drank the whole, then looked up at the Captain, and said: 'My, what a cow!'"

Mr. Jefferson once made the request of Laurence Hutton that some time he would write about him in a "kindly way" after he was gone. Mr. Hutton wrote the following article for *Harper's Weekly* at the time Mr. Jefferson was dangerously ill in New York:

"The man who has amused and entertained millions of his fellow beings, who has made half the English-speaking world laugh and cry; who has given his fellow men many a moment of happy forgetfulness of care and of trial—has, surely, done as much for humanity as has the man who helped a blade of grass to grow where never was a blade before.

"Jefferson made me happy in more ways than one. In his art he touched and moved and pleased me. And his good will and friendship I dearly prized. I remember one occasion when, unwittingly and quite unconsciously, he made me very happy indeed. It was at a board meeting of The Players, early in the existence of that organisation. Booth presided; Jefferson, Barrett, and Harry Edwards were present —there were giants in those days! Some unimportant motion was made, seconded—seconded,

I think, by Jefferson himself—and was about to be put to vote without discussion, when I interrupted. I explained that I had been occupied, as secretary, with the recording of the previous motion and other minutes, and that I would like to say a word or two upon the subject; giving my plain, simple, matter-of-fact, practical reasons, as an officer of the club, why the matter, in the best interests of the club, should not, at that time, be determined or settled. Jefferson, after a moment of hesitation, said: 'I think Laurence is right!' Booth saw the expression of my face, and cried: 'Look at the boy!'—our gatherings were always very informal—'Look at the boy! he is blushing like a girl!' And I *was* blushing like a girl, with pleasure, at the epithet. Jefferson, without thinking of it, had called me by my first name, and for the first time! It was a small matter to him. Never realising it, perhaps, he had thought of me as 'Laurence,' and had so, in public, spoken of and to me! He was always to me 'Mr. Jefferson.' To him I am glad to think that I always remained simply 'Laurence.' Other men nearer my own age and my own size, have 'thee'd' and 'thou'd' me, and I have never been afraid to 'thou' and 'thee' them, as a matter of course. But it seems to me that, as a man of my

years and of my mental stature, I received, in a social way, my patent of nobility when I was called familiarly by my first name by the man who was not only the dean of his own guild, but a deacon of mine!

"Jefferson had no little humour. It was happy and quaint. And it came trippingly from his brain and his tongue; often as a surprise, even to himself. In the spring of 1898 we spent one long, busy evening together at The Players', attempting to label the vast collection of theatrical portraits which that institution contains. As Jefferson said, our own generation knows that Miss Rehan is not Miss Terry, and even that Macready is not Forrest; but how will the generations to come be able to distinguish John Drew from John Gilbert, for instance; Henry Irving from Henry Placide; Charlotte Cushman from Adelaide Neilson; or Joseph Jefferson, as Dr. Pangloss, in The Heir at Law, from Joseph Cowell, as Crack, in The Turnpike Gate, if they are not all carefully docketed?

"He was familiar with the older names and faces, Mr. Duff and Mrs. Darley. I, of course, recognised the younger, Miss Annie Robe and Miss Mina Gale; and everything was accomplished to our entire satisfaction, until we came

to the portrait of the Father of his Country, in the place of honour in the library. 'I don't suppose there is any use of putting a tag on *him,*' said Jefferson. And then I told him the story of the painting. Booth had bought it years ago, to help an impoverished Virginia family, who had to part with it, and who contended—which the credulous Booth half believed—that it was done from life by some forgotten local and contemporary artist. I explained how Booth had apologised for it, as out of place in a gallery supposed to be devoted to players exclusively, when Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich had eased the mind of the founder, by saying that 'Washington was, at all events, our "leading man."' The remark as a standard piece of Attic scintillation had lived in the club, and had been repeated and enjoyed for eight or more years. But Jefferson capped it in an instant; and with that droll twinkle of the eye which we all knew and all remember, he added, 'And he was in the first piece.'

"I had always regretted that I did not set down in my tablets the words of wisdom, wit, and applied common sense which fell from Jefferson's lips from the very beginning of my pleasant social association with him, at The Players' and elsewhere. I have preserved only



Theo. Baur, 1892

Photo T. E. Marr

BRONZE PANEL UNDER MANTEL IN RECEPTION ROOM

DR. PANGLOSS

RIP VAN WINKLE

BOB ACRES

Exhibited at World's Fair, Chicago

a little of his table-talk; but that, in a scattering way, is perhaps worth recording here.

"In reply to the query of an earnest young Thespian at The Players' one night, as to whether the actor should predominate his part, or the part should predominate the actor, he said that their profession was like none of the others; that everything depended upon the spirit of the moment. The actor could not scratch out, or rewrite, as the author could; he could not wipe out and paint over, as the artist of the brush. He must make his point at once, and stand or fall with it; adding, that upon the stage, it seemed to him, 'an ounce of effect was worth a pound of correctness.'

"Speaking of Salvini and his acting, he told us that a certain Boston manager, who had engaged the famous Italian's services for a season, wanted to know if he was to be put down on the bills as *Mons.* or *Sig.*

"A domestic player, not standing very high in the profession, was informed by the same manager that he could not receive an engagement at that house at any price. By wire—collect on delivery—flashed back the immediate reply, 'I accept the terms!'

"Jefferson, speaking of the continuous performances and the variety shows of the present

time, compared with the legitimate plays of his younger days—the nightly change of bills, before matinées were invented—said that the existing form differed from the Shakespearean representations of the past in more ways than one. 'Shakespeare,' he concluded, 'was not for a day, but for all time,' while Mr. Tony Pastor and his fellow managers are not for a time, but for all day! A prosaic purist spoiled the pith of the pun, adding nothing to the gaiety of the occasion, or to his own popularity in the assemblage, by correcting the quotation, and informing the protagonist that the line reads, 'not for *an age*.'

"Jefferson used to say that the most gratifying compliment he ever received was paid to him by a negro waiter at Catskill. He had gone there to open the new theatre with Rip Van Winkle, and he was the guest of the town. (The story of the negro waiter is told by Mr. Jefferson in his lecture for the Newsboys' Home in Louisville, Ky.)

"The occasion was a very interesting one to him, and it was considered very important by the inhabitants. Many preparations were made, and little else had been talked about for days. For the first time the actor was to play the familiar part upon the very spot where its scenes were laid, and, naturally, he felt the un-

usual influences of the fact. After the performance was over, the streets were illuminated in his honour, the horses were taken from his carriage, and he was dragged back to his hotel by a band of enthusiastic young men.

"Jefferson was the only person to succeed Booth as president of The Players'. He stood absolutely alone in America on the eminence which the giants of his profession had erected for themselves; and no one came as high as his knees! He became, *then,* the dean of his guild, and he was in every respect worthy of the high office. He was one of the gentlest, sweetest, cleanest characters I ever knew. He never did a mean or selfish thing. He never said an unwise or an unkind word.

"He came of a theatrical family. His father and grandfather and great-grandfather were players—and always good players and good men—before him. He honoured his name and his work, and he was an honour to both. He never assumed or asserted himself. He was shy in the presence of strangers, and he trembled like a young and inexperienced, self-respecting girl when thrown into a prominent position outside of his immediate work as an actor.

"He was a man concerning whose private life there has never been a shadow of slanderous insinuation. He was strictly temperate in his

habits. A little claret and water was the strongest liquor he ever drank, and 'Here's your good health, and your family's!' and 'Dis von vont gount,' were not in his phrase book off the stage. On one occasion of Booth's birthday, a party of his most intimate friends met at The Players', Jefferson among them, and surprised the tragedian by a little supper in the dining-room after the play. It chanced that among the desserts were ices in the form of various fruits and flowers, and that an ice-cream potato was put upon Jefferson's plate. Whether it was by accident or not I never heard. But with one voice we exclaimed, to his great amusement, 'Give him a cold potato and let him go!'

"Jefferson liked to tell the following story upon himself. He was, of course, well known personally to thousands of men whom he did not know. He was constantly meeting strangers who always remembered him, and the fact that they had met him, but whom he did not always remember. He was very sensitive upon this subject, and was greatly distressed when he forgot a face or a name which he ought not to have forgotten. One day, coming down in the elevator from the top story of the Mills building in Wall street, New York, he noticed a stout, compact little man who entered the car at the



RECEPTION ROOM AT CROW'S NEST

SHOWING BRONZE PANEL UNDER THE MANTEL

next floor, who looked at him for a moment, evidently waiting for recognition, and then held out his hand and said: 'How do you do, Mr. Jefferson!' The actor, of course, responded in his usual cordial, hearty way, and replied: 'Why, why, why! How do you do? When did you come to town, and how long are you going to be here?'

"The stranger said: 'But I *live* here, Mr. Jefferson, and you don't know who I am!'

"'Well,' the protagonist confessed, 'I know your face perfectly, of course, but I can't place you. I see many faces, and I'm apt to get confused in my study of physiognomy.' The little stout, compact stranger smiled as he turned his cigar over in his mouth, and said, 'I'm General Grant!'

"Jefferson always declared that he got out at the next landing and walked down three flights of stairs to the street, for fear he would make himself additionally conspicuous by asking the gentleman if he had ever been in Washington, or if he was a veteran of the late war!

"Jefferson, speaking of the labours to him of letter-writing, said that he was so accustomed to applause on the instant he made a point on the stage, that he could not bear to make a point, even in a formal note, and feel that he could

never know whether it fell flat or 'took the house.' And he added that he knew nothing so pathetic as my writing an article which was not to see the light of print for a year. He sincerely pitied a man who didn't 'get a hand for a twelvemonth!'

"In setting down these words about Jefferson I am only fulfilling his spoken wish. 'In the natural course of events, Laurence,' he remarked to me once, 'you'll have something to say about me after I'm gone; and I know you will say it in a kindly way. I only ask that you will not make my death-mask, to hang with the rest of them in that Chamber of Horrors of yours uptown! There are certain things about myself as an actor, that I want said, which I can't say, and which can't be said by anybody *yet!* Will you say them for me when the time comes? I'll write them down and send them to you.' He did write them down—quite voluminously, he told me—and he sent them; but, alas! they never reached my hand. It was afterwards discovered that a hotel bellboy—who was in the habit of doing such things—had stolen and destroyed the document, appropriated the stamps, and had sold the signature to a collector of autographs.

"I never knew what the paper contained.

He promised to rewrite it, but he never did. And those who love him, and the theatre-going world at large, are so much the poorer.

"I hope that what I *have* said of Jefferson here has been said in 'a kindly way,' and as he would have wished it said."

Mr. William Winter was one of Joseph Jefferson's oldest and closest friends. He thus speaks of the man as he knew him:

"Some leaders of mankind prevail by what they do. Jefferson prevailed by what he was—incarnate goodness, without insipidity; tender humanity, without effusive weakness; exuberant humour, that was never gross; nimble wit, that was never unkind; and piquant eccentricity, that was equally sweet and droll. The spiritual cogency of his life, accordingly, the authority of his character and the illuminative and final explanation of his amazing artistic career can be designated by the single word, charm. He was not distinctively an intellectual power, as, for example, Henry Irving is—but in the realm of emotion his power was supreme. He spoke to the heart. He did not dominate by force. He made no effort to command. He allured by spontaneous sweetness, and he subdued by unstudied grace. He had an abundance of worldly wisdom, but his best conscience, in the manage-

ment of worldly affairs, was to dwell away from the world, to avoid wrongs that he could not redress, and to ignore complications of circumstance that he was unable to adjust. He could not have managed society. He could not have led the way in any conflict. Endued with perfect morality, he yet had no moral enthusiasm. The moment after he had seen the serious side of anything he saw the comic side of it. Resolute in will, he yet had no aggressive impulse. He shrunk from all strife. His province, as he understood it, was to dispense humour and kindness. His vocation was the ministry of beauty. Mirth was his herald; happiness attended him, and love followed after. He had, as all men have, who amount to anything, trials, responsibilities, and cares, and these he bore with dutiful constancy and in silence; but, mentally and spiritually, in his abstract and artistic life, he lived as the rose lives—tranquil and sufficient in itself, heedlessly yielding its fragrance, and pleasing all eyes with its perfection of colour and bloom."

Among the numerous high tributes paid Mr. Jefferson by the press at the time of his death was the following from the New York *Evening Telegram:*

"JOSEPH JEFFERSON

"It is a great thing to be a great actor, but it is a finer thing to be a great man. We call him the dean of the American stage, but that is not the right word. There is not in the human tongue a word to tell the grandeur and genius that made Joe Jefferson the idol of the age.

"We think of him as the kindest, gentlest, manliest man of all America. He was big enough to bear a nickname. Those who loved him called him Joe; and those who did not love him did not know him. He died without fear or without a struggle, and yet, he had no religion but that of doing good.

"He was a perfectly honest man and did not kneel to any god. He knew the royal dominion of the thinker's brain, and in his heart was no trace of fear or hate.

"Joseph Jefferson belonged to the great immortals, the educated men of which the world has produced so few. He was an all-round man. He possessed intellect and emotion in the right degree. He had a mind that could see and a heart that could feel. He could act, paint, fish, write, plant, dig, pity, enjoy, and love, and, above all, he knew how to be a friend.

"He was the prince of actors, the only be-

gotten, the pet and pride of Thalia. On the stage his manner had the ease of genius, his method the perfection of law.

"He knew the midnights of failure and the noondays of success, and he had indulged in the fond illusions of hope that so often strand and wreck the noblest and the best. He felt the laughter of the sad—he saw the tears and heard the cries of the happy and the blessed. He had learned in youth that humour is the best of medicines next to air, sunshine, and rain, and he was ever master of its fancies, darts, and scorns. Nor did he value less the power of imagination, the mother of all art, and of it he said: 'Imagination has given us the highest dramatic compositions, and enters into the best form of acting.' Jefferson was a great actor because he was a great man.

"He was generous with his wealth, but he was not, like many famous men, generous to the point of indiscretion. . . .

"He always came to the assistance of the weak, the homeless, and the outcast. He bestowed favours on all those who worked with him and made his success possible; he paid liberally, and with them all he shared the glory of every triumph.

"If anyone wants to know why Joseph Jef-

ferson made a splendid success of his life, let him read the dead actor's own reasons:

"'The surest way to fall is to imitate some one else. You must be yourself.

"'Never try to gauge the intelligence of your audience by the price of seats.

"'Always keep the promise you make to the public. Always do the thing you can do the best.

"'Never allow vulgarity or impurity to tarnish a performance.'

.

"The man who wrote these words is dead, and to his memory all Americans pay the tribute of their love and tears.

"They loved him living and they love him dead. Farewell, good man and great—Farewell! Farewell!"

CHAPTER X

FRIENDS

He could act, paint, fish, write, plant, dig, pity, enjoy, and love, and, above all, he knew how to be a friend.

The Evening Telegram.

FRIENDSHIP has been called a miracle, a culture, and a choice. The friends of Joseph Jefferson brought to him that which he consciously or unconsciously was himself, and perhaps to him was granted the respect of more distinguished, able, and thinking men than to many others of his time. Henry Ward Beecher was an ardent admirer of the man as well as the actor, and seldom lost an opportunity of seeing Mr. Jefferson during any one of his Brooklyn engagements.

Robert Collyer in 1868 wrote a tribute to the art of Joseph Jefferson, in which he said: "Never do I remember such nature in any Christian pulpit it was ever my privilege to sit under,—so simple, so true, so beautiful, so moral."

Some years ago a friend, remarking upon his popularity at a village celebration which they

were both attending near their summer home, said to him humorously:

"*I* don't seem to be in it at all, Joe!" and yet, this friend was a very popular man himself, being, at that time, the President of the United States.

It always pleased Grover Cleveland when they appeared together in public to see the affection manifested towards his friend, for whom his own love was tender and strong, like the great man himself. Congeniality of tastes in many things led to a warm friendship between these two men.

At his last nomination the ex-President had invited Mr. Jefferson, his sons, Governor Russell of Massachusetts, and some others to hear the returns read in his home, Grey Gables, where the news from the convention in Chicago was being received over a private wire.

Just before midnight, at a time when the excitement seemed greatest, ex-President Cleveland suddenly sprang up, exclaiming, "There! I do believe I forgot to dry my fishing line!" and hurriedly left the room. Towards daylight, when there remained no doubt as to his nomination for a second term, and he had received the congratulations of all present save one, Mr. Cleveland turned to look for Mr. Jefferson. He

was standing before the great landscape window (a feature of the new dining-room which had been added to the old building), his hands folded behind his back, gazing intently upon the reflection of the rising sun flushing every cloud with colour and repeated in the waters of Buzzards Bay; forgetful of all save that beautiful picture. Mr. Cleveland crossed the room to where he stood and spoke to him. "Joe, aren't you going to congratulate me?" Mr. Jefferson started, turned to him, and grasping his hand warmly, said, "Oh, I do—believe me, I do! but —good God!" turning again to the beautiful scene, his face reflecting its glow—"if I could paint like *that*"—his hand sweeping the horizon—"you could be Emperor of the world and I wouldn't exchange places with you!"

A neighbour of Mr. Jefferson, one day driving along a country road between Sandwich and the little town of Bourne, near Buzzards Bay, came upon two disconsolate fishermen standing in the roadside near a stone wall, with their rods in their hands. The smaller of the two men appeared to be angry, his companion quietly amused. The gentleman driving was hailed by the angry man:

"Say, Benedict, who owns this land?" pointing with his rod to the other side of the stone



By courtesy of C. M. Bell, Washington

Grover Cleveland 1893

wall. He was told the name of the owner and asked what the matter was.

"Matter!" repeated the angry man in a loud voice; "we've been *put off*—that's what's the matter!"

The large frame of his companion shook with laughter as he disjointed his rod and replaced it in the case.

"Did you catch any fish?" was asked.

"Fish? No!" was the reply. "They wouldn't give us a chance! Why, it's worth a premium to get at that stream, the underbrush is so thick—and then not to be allowed to cast a fly!—Who owns the damn land anyhow?" Again he was told the owner's name.

"I'll fish that stream if I have to buy every acre it runs through." And he did. The whole farm was purchased, and later a dam was built, forming a good-sized pond, which was stocked with trout and black bass, and many a fine day's sport enjoyed upon pond and stream by Joseph Jefferson and his friend, ex-President Cleveland.

The very man who had so conscientiously fulfilled his duty in protecting the fishing privileges was reinstalled by the new owner, rent free, with a piece of land fenced off for his garden—and there he remained as long as he lived.

The sorrow of the ex-President for the loss of his friend of many years was publicly expressed at the time of Mr. Jefferson's death in the following tribute:

It is difficult for me to speak of Mr. Jefferson. He was so closely my friend; his delightful traits were so made manifest to me in confidential intimacy, and my love for him was so great, that his death causes me to feel like a mourner whose sorrow should be silent.

All know my friend's professional supremacy and his conscientious service in professional work; many know how jealously he defended dramatic art, and how completely he illustrated the importance of its cleanliness; many knew how free he was from hatred, malice and uncharitableness, but fewer knew how harmonious his qualities of heart, and mind, and conscience blended in the creation of an honest, upright, sincere and God-fearing man.

I believe that in death he has reached a world where the mercy of God abounds, and I know that in the world of men the sadness of his loss will be felt the most by those who knew him best.

In the codicil to Mr. Jefferson's will appear the following items:

"My fishing and sporting tackle to be divided between my five sons.

"To my friend, Honourable Grover Cleveland, my best Kentucky reel."

The history of the famous German silver reel has never been given until now. The reel was

first the property of Dr. Preston Brown Scott, of Louisville, Kentucky, a man well known and well beloved in the whole community. Dr. Scott was descended from old Kentucky and Virginia families, and was one of the most prominent physicians in the South. He was an ardent admirer of both Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Cleveland. The reel was bequeathed by Dr. Scott to his son, Rumsey Wing Scott, of Washington, D. C., who married the eldest daughter of Thomas Jefferson. It was made by Meek of Kentucky, and was especially designed for tarpon, and with it Dr. Scott caught one of these magnificent fish in Florida, weighing one hundred and fifty pounds.

When Mr. Jefferson played his last engagement in Washington, Mr. Scott presented the reel to him in his dressing-room at the New National Theatre, between the acts of Rip. When Mr. Jefferson saw the reel, he took it from Mr. Scott's hand, saying, "Young man, what right have you to such a magnificent fishing reel? Where did you get it?" When its possession and its history was explained, and after the actor had examined it carefully, and listened to its singing click, his face beamed, and he humorously said:

"I'll send you the first whale I catch 'mit

der north pole.' Thank you, Rumsey—there is nothing in the world I would rather have, and I shall always prize it most highly."

When Mr. Cleveland received the reel after Mr. Jefferson had passed away, he wrote the following letter to Mr. Charles Jefferson:

PRINCETON, June 15, 1905.

DEAR CHARLEY:

I received a day or two ago the Kentucky reel, which under the will of your father you sent to me.

I hope I need not say how much I value this possession, made sacred by delightful companionship and tender memories. Nothing could be given me from your father's estate that would have been so near to the association in which I most love to recall him.

What you say of the closeness of the relations between your father and you, I have abundant reason for knowing, and it must be a delight to you to be able to remember nothing but the pleasant things in those relations.

Please give my love to Mrs. Jefferson, in which Mrs. Cleveland joins, and believe me,

Yours faithfully,

GROVER CLEVELAND

C. B. Jefferson, Esq.,
Buzzards Bay.

Two years before Mr. Cleveland died, the writer, at the request of her son-in-law, Mr. Scott, wrote to the ex-President, requesting that

Princeton June 15. 1905

Dear Charley

I received a day or two ago the Kentucky rock, which under the will of your father you sent to me. I hope I need not say how much I value this possession, made sacred by delightful comradeship and tender memories. Nothing could have been given me from your father's estate that would have been

to recur to the association in which I must
love to recall him.

With you say of the closeness of the relation between your father and you I have abundant reason for knowing; and it must be a delight to you to be able to remember nothing ~~existing~~ but pleasant things in that relation.

Please give my love to Mrs Jefferson, in which Mrs Cleveland joins, and believe me

Yours faithfully
Grover Cleveland

C. B. Jefferson Esq
Buzzards Bay Mass

if ever the fishing reel bequeathed him by his friend, left his family, it might come back to the Scott family, for her grandson, Thomas Preston Scott. To this request Mr. Cleveland sent the following reply:

TAMWORTH, N. H.,
Aug. 26th, 1906.

MY DEAR MRS. JEFFERSON:

I have received your letter of the 20th inst., but I hardly know what to say in reply.

Of course I intend to keep the reel Mr. Jefferson gave me, as long as I live. It is obviously impossible for me now to determine how it should be disposed of after my death. Many things may transpire before that time, that will naturally have an important bearing on that question.

I do not suppose you expect me to commit myself *absolutely* at this time. I am willing to say, however, that in no event will the request made in your letter, that the reel shall pass to your daughter, Mrs. Scott, be overlooked.

Please give my love to Tom and the girls, and believe me,

Yours very lovingly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

Mrs. Thomas Jefferson,
Buzzards Bay, Mass.

Appreciating how Mrs. Cleveland might feel about parting with the cherished possession,

having sons of her own, I wrote to the wife of the ex-President after his death begging her to keep the reel if she had any feeling whatever about parting with it. To this I received the following reply:

WESTLAND,

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR MRS. JEFFERSON:

.

I am long about the Kentucky reel, but I find it very hard to promise it away from my boys.

I feel sure that Mr. Jefferson expected they would have it. You have been so good as to beg me not to consider it if I have any hesitation. Your grandson will have many mementoes of Mr. Jefferson. I think Mr. Cleveland's agreement to you was that it should go back to your family *if* it left ours. I am willing to abide by that as far as is in my power.

With best wishes,

Very sincerely,

FRANCES F. CLEVELAND.

12 Dec., '08.

Mrs. Thos. Jefferson.

Between Miss Helen Keller and Joseph Jefferson there existed a mutual admiration which was both touching and unique.

One day when Miss Keller was his guest at dinner, he had placed a water-lily upon her plate, to hear what she would say. When her hand touched the lily, she raised it to her face,

inhaling its delicate fragrance and exclaiming: "Beautiful child of the water!"

After dinner, when we had driven her to the station and while waiting for the train, her teacher and friend, Miss Sullivan, placing Miss Keller's hand upon her lips, said, "Helen, there is a horse going by and its head is covered with leaves. What do you suppose that is for?"

Miss Keller immediately answered: "Why, to keep the flies off, of course!" And she could neither see nor hear, and at one time could not articulate!

When I wrote to Miss Keller of my intention to preserve what I could of the memories of Mr. Jefferson, and asked her for a word expressing her remembrance of him, I received the following letter from her:

My Dear Mrs. Jefferson:

I thank you for knowing that I should be glad to have an opportunity to express my affection for Mr. Jefferson. The lapse of time does not make him grow less dear to me. He was indeed a great actor, and I was proud to know his greatness directly. I should have had much to remember with delight if the play had been only spelled out in my hand as he acted it. But I possess also the memory of a happy visit when I followed his movements and attitudes, and touched his face as he acted a part from Rip Van Winkle or The Rivals.

My dearest recollections of Mr. Jefferson are those of a good friend, a man with a great lovable soul. I love to think of his unfailing kindness to every one, his enthusiasm, the courage with which he renounced when it was necessary and was not embittered. I remember the day that I saw him at a meeting in New York. He said he felt deeply interested in the good cause which had called forth the meeting. I was sad because he could not hear any of the speeches, while my teacher could tell me everything. There he sat near me serene and happy, with a joke or a good story or a word of sympathy ready for any one who spoke with him.

I hope it will not be long before his biography is published. I want to know more about his noble life.

Thanking you for your pleasant words, I am,

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) HELEN KELLER.

Wrentham, Massachusetts,
November third.

Mr. Jefferson was so delighted with Miss Keller's book, "The Optimist," that he sent many copies of it to his friends, saying that everybody should read it. "It is classic," he would exclaim with enthusiasm. "Had it been written by one of our standard authors, it would inspire the world to do likewise—not to write a book—but to *be* likewise. Such joyousness! and from one who to the mortal sense is in darkness!" and his eyes would fill with tears. He would read extracts from the book to his



Gilbert Studio, Philadelphia

HELEN KELLER AND JOSEPH JEFFERSON

"IF YOU WERE DEAF AND BLIND, AND COULD HOLD MR. JEFFERSON'S HAND, YOU WOULD SEE IN IT A FACE AND HEAR A KIND VOICE UNLIKE ANY OTHER YOU HAVE KNOWN."

family and frequently quote from it to his friends.

Mr. Jefferson sent a copy of "The Optimist" to his friend, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, who was resting a few weeks at West Palm Beach. The gift was acknowledged by a short poem, entitled "Two Optimists":

To send fit thanks, I would I had the art,
For this small book that holds a mighty heart,
Enshrining, as it does, brave Helen's creed,
In thought, in word, in many a loving deed,—

.

If seeing, in fine, this world as through a prism
Of lovely colours is true optimism,
Then Joseph is true optimist no less,
And heaven sent both, this troubled world to bless.

I was with Mr. Jefferson when the letter containing the poem was handed to him and read by him. He shook his head, saying, "No—no, he is mistaken, I am not an optimist. I too often let things sadden me."

I told him that this was common to all, as optimism did not mean infallibility, and that I agreed with Mr. Gilder. This seemed to please him—he was so childlike in his nature that it took very little to please him.

Miss Keller used to say that she never felt the real charm of Joseph Jefferson until she had

been to see (?) him play Rip, of which she said: "The pathos and beauty were most delightful."

She went to his dressing-room immediately after the play, and passed her hands over the old tatters of the actor's costume. She ran her fingers through the long white hair of his wig and beard and touched his face; she said she wanted "to feel" how he looked after sleeping for twenty years.

"He gave his coat a hitch, and in an instant I was in the village of Falling Waters and Schneider was rubbing his shaggy head against my knee."

Mr. Jefferson once acted the letter scene from The Rivals for Miss Keller's benefit. "I followed all the drollery of his blunders in a way that would have been otherwise impossible," she wrote to a friend, "and felt the waverings of poor Bob until his courage 'oozed out at his finger ends.'"

The mutual friend, Miss Caroline Derby, of Boston, who introduced Mr. Jefferson to Miss Helen Keller, has sent me an account of their first meeting. She writes: "Thank you so much for letting me have a share in this work. I could never forget the past, it grows dearer to me every year.

"I well remember Helen Keller's meeting with Mr. Jefferson. I had the pleasure of introducing them. It happened in this way: My aunt and I were spending the summer at a hotel near the Jeffersons at Buzzards Bay, and Mr. Jefferson had often expressed a wish to know Helen. So we invited Helen and her teacher, Miss Sullivan (now Mrs. John Macy), to spend a night with us, and in the evening, after tea, we strolled up to 'Crow's Nest.' Mr. Jefferson met us on the lawn, and I remember I said to my aunt and Miss Sullivan, 'Now, you two keep away! I want to have the pleasure of introducing these two dear people to each other!' So I put Helen's hand in Mr. Jefferson's and with the manual alphabet spelled in the other hand, 'This is Mr. Jefferson.' She looked up with her bright smile, and said very distinctly, in her modulated voice, 'How do you do, Mr. Rip Van Winkle!' I remember how amused and pleased dear Mr. Jefferson was. We then went into the house, where he showed her many things, among others a small statue of Rip, which she felt of with much delight. This was the beginning of a long friendship between them. Helen wrote once: 'If you were deaf and blind, and could hold Mr. Jefferson's hand, you would see in it a face and hear a kind voice

unlike any other you have known.' He, on his part, seemed to regard her with a mixture of awe and reverence. He felt that she, through her very restrictions, was more clearly enabled to come in touch with the unseen world around us, and that she might sometime reveal to us many of its secrets.

"The last time I saw dear Mr. Jefferson myself, was when he came around to my house one evening in Boston, to thank me for the little book on 'Optimism' which I had sent him. I told him I knew he would enjoy it, and I remember how he held my hand and said with almost awe in his voice, 'Oh, my child, it's wonderful!' I am glad to think that I should have been the one to have the pleasure and the privilege of introducing these two kindred spirits, and it will always be one of the happiest memories of my life.

"I have never forgotten another little incident of Mr. Jefferson, the substance of which he afterward embodied in his exquisite little poem on 'Immortality.' One day when we were visiting at 'Crow's Nest,' one of his sons, then a small boy, came running in, in great excitement, wanting us all to come and see a wonderful chrysalis that one of his caterpillars had made. It was a beautiful thing, the shape and colour

of a robin's egg, with a delicate gold beading around the top. I remember Mr. Jefferson's looking at it, and then showing us the pictures of the ugly worm that made it, and the beautiful butterfly it would afterwards become. He said:

"'Imagine that atheist caterpillar going along some morning and meeting another caterpillar, and the other caterpillar says to him, "Friend, is there any other life after this one?" "No," says our first caterpillar, "this is all." Just think,' said Mr. Jefferson, 'neither of them realises the wonderful creature it is to become some day!' Of course, I cannot recall the words verbatim, but the spirit of the words was what made such a deep impression.

"Dear Mr. Jefferson! I think if I were asked to characterise in one word what his life meant to me, I should say, Reverence. He reverenced everything that the hand of God made. One always felt that to him every spot was holy ground. His trustful, loving nature could tolerate no sense of fear in the universe. The old crude ideas of a jealous God were utterly alien to him. I remember once, when he was speaking of how such ideas outraged the sense of the divine relationship between the eternal Father and His child, what a beautiful tribute one of his sons unconsciously paid him when he said,

'You never taught us to be afraid of *you*, father.'

"His whole nature was love through and through—the love 'that thinketh no evil'—and the memory of it is like a benediction, to one

> Who cherishes his friendship
> As a treasure laid up in heaven.

"Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson!—what memories these names will ever revive! The great actor of tragedy and the actor of comedy had known each other in boyhood. There had always existed between them a close friendship. Mr. Jefferson had played under Mr. Booth's management, and Mr. Booth had chosen his first wife out of the Jefferson family, of which she was an adopted member.

"During one of his visits at 'Crow's Nest,' the home of his friend, Mr. Booth, in speaking of his own life, said there seemed to be so little in it compared with the activity of Mr. Jefferson's life, in which there were so few idle moments. When not painting in his studio, he was planting in his garden—when not reading in his library he was personally attending to his large mail, spending an hour or two at his desk every day.



Photo by T. E. Marr

VIEW OF BUTTERMILK BAY FROM THE PORCH

"Mr. Booth would sit for hours at a time on the porch, smoking and dreamily enjoying the beautiful view across the waters of the little bay. He loved to think, but confessed he was not a great reader. I have heard Mr. Jefferson say that Mr. Booth's recitation of the Lord's Prayer was the most beautiful thing he had ever heard. One day he remarked to Mr. Booth that he wondered at his lack of familiarity with the great authors—Dickens especially—whom he dearly loved. Mr. Booth said that of course he had read Dickens, but that he was not familiar with him. That evening Mr. Jefferson read to us a scene from 'Pickwick,' and how Mr. Booth enjoyed it!—read as it was in an inimitable way, bringing out all the humour and the quaintness of the characters. He was not so successful, however, in the pathos—it was always too real to him; his voice would grow husky, and his eyes fill with tears. I have seen him break down utterly in trying to read Hood's 'Song of the Shirt,' and closing the book, leave the room."

During his last visit to his old friend, Mr. Booth was not in good health. It was in the autumn, and as the two walked one day on the shore of Buttermilk Bay, Mr. Booth spoke with a strange and pathetic kind of poetry of the fall-

ing leaves, the dying grass, and the ebbing tide, likening these to his own failing health.

Two years after, on the night of December 31st, 1893, which was "Founder's Night" at the Players' Club, Mr. Booth having passed away, Mr. Jefferson, the president, delivered an eloquent address, recalling the memory of the founder of the club in simple and touching words. He concluded with Mr. Booth's prophecy of his passing one year before at that hour—"They drink to my health to-night, Joe—when they meet again it will be to my memory."

Mr. Laurence Hutton in his "Recollections" speaks of this occasion: "Mr. Jefferson's beautiful and touching tribute to Booth was one of the tenderest orations of its kind ever delivered, and came so deep from his heart that its utterance—perfect as it was in every respect—was a tremendous ordeal to him. He feared the unusual audience who had met in the Players' that night, the first gathering of this kind after the founder's death. He felt the importance and the significance of the occasion, to himself and to his hearers, and never will those who heard him forget what he there said, nor how he said it. . . .

"The clock struck the midnight hour as he

raised the loving-cup to his lips, saying solemnly: 'Let us drink to his memory now.'

"How many a throat was choked at the draught I need not say—nor how little he was able to swallow himself."

Under the date of August, 1887, there appears upon the logbook in the cabin of the steam yacht *Oneida*—the beautiful vessel owned by Mr. E. C. Benedict—the names of the men conspicuous in the formation of this famous club.

Mr. Benedict has kindly given me permission to relate his own story of the birth of the Players'.

"In August, 1887, I invited Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Laurence Hutton, and William Bispham to accompany me on the *Oneida* on a trip to Labrador. Prior to that time, and subsequent to Mr. Booth's recovery of his fortune, he had expressed to us individually a desire to do something for his profession which should not be almsgiving, but yet be helpful. After speaking to us on the subject, the matter was dropped until the occasion of this trip. By a singular coincidence we were fog-bound at Booth's Bay, on the coast of Maine, for three or four days, when Mr. Booth called us together on the quarter-

deck, and after alluding to the conversation he had had on his proposed charity, said that he wished the matter finally disposed of, one way or the other; either dropped entirely, or a plan formed to put his ideas in operation.

"There was much discussion as to the form which it should take. He expressed a dread of having an actors' home, where superannuated or crippled actors to a limited number would occupy the premises for long periods of time, to the exclusion of others even more worthy of the charity. When asked to designate what he conceived to be the chief need of actors, managers, and others connected with the profession, he replied in substance that it was a proper place where actors and managers could talk over and make contracts, instead of meeting in the public streets, saloons, or dusty offices of managers, as was the custom. Hence, it was decided that a club would answer the purpose; but as actors and managers were apt to be poor financiers, and his proposed gift might be squandered, it was suggested that the Board of Managers should consist of good business men from in front of the footlights. This was done.

"It was suggested that the club should be called the Booth Club, in his honour, but he absolutely declined to permit it. Finally, Mr. Al-

drich suggested 'The Players',' which name was unanimously adopted."

Upon Mr. Booth's return to New York in the autumn a number of his friends were taken into his confidence, Augustin Daly and A. M. Palmer among the managers, and Mr. Jefferson, "Billy" Florence, "Jimmy" Lewis, and John Drew among the actors, and the club was incorporated.

On the first Founder's Night, the 31st of December, 1888, Mr. Booth transferred the entire building, No. 16 Gramercy Park, to the Association—"a munificent gift, absolutely without parallel in its way"—with the following address:

"Gentlemen: Although our vocations are various, I greet you all as brother Players. At this supreme moment of my life, it is my happy privilege to assume the character of host, to welcome you to the house wherein I hope that we for many years, and our legitimate successors for at least a thousand generations, may assemble for friendly intercourse and intellectual recreation. Especially for the worthy ones of my profession am I desirous that this association shall be the means of bringing them, regardless of their theatrical rank, in communion with those who, ignorant of their personal qual-

ities hidden by the mask and motley of our calling, know them as actors only. Frequent intercourse with gentlemen of other arts and professions, who love the stage and appreciate the value of the drama as an aid to intellectual culture, must inspire the humblest player with a reverence for his vocation as one among the first of 'fine arts'—which too many regard as merely a means to the gratification of vanity and selfishness. Such is the object of this club.

"For many years I have cherished the hope that I might be able to do something for my profession of a more lasting good than mere almsgiving, but could not determine what course to pursue. Our several benevolent institutions for the relief of poor and disabled actors (foremost among them the noble Forrest Home), great as their good work is, do not afford the social advantages so necessary for what is termed 'the elevation of the stage.'

"Not until after many conversations with numerous friends of the theatre on this subject, and while discussing it with Messrs. Barrett, Daly, and Palmer (a club of this character being suggested as the best means to the good end), did I resolve to act, to do my utmost in furtherance of the scheme proposed. This is the first step toward the accomplishment of our pur-

pose. To our treasurer, Mr. William Bispham, we owe the wise selection of our house, to Mr. Stanford White its admirable reconstruction and embellishment, while to the poet Aldrich we are indebted for the choice of our appropriate and comprehensive title, the world being but a stage where every man must 'play his part.' Mine just now, as the New Year dawns, is a very happy one, since it permits me to present to you by the hands of our vice-president, Mr. Daly, your title deeds to this property.

"Having done so, I am no longer your host,—I resign the rôle with profound thanks for your prompt and generous co-operation in a cause so dear to me, so worthy of all well-wishers of the theatre and of the player who 'struts and frets his hour upon the stage.'"

After Mr. Augustin Daly, on behalf of the Players', had received the deeds of the property and made an appropriate speech, followed by the reading of Mr. Thomas Parsons' poem written for the occasion, read by Mr. Lawrence Barrett, Mr. Booth continued his speech by saying:

"Though somewhat past the season, let us now fire the Yule-log, sent from Boston by my daughter, with the request that it be burnt as her offering of 'love, peace, and good-will to the Players'.' While it burns, let us drink from

this loving-cup, bequeathed by William Warren of loved and honoured memory to our no less valued Jefferson, and by him presented to us—from this cup and this souvenir of long ago, my father's flagon, let us now, beneath his portrait, and on the anniversaries of this occupation, drink 'To the Players' Perpetual Prosperity!'"

The club became Mr. Booth's home. Next to his family, it claimed his greatest interest and gave him his greatest pleasure. It stands as his monument. It will always be remembered by those present on that sad night in June, that as he passed away every light in the club suddenly went out at the same time its founder died.

Mr. Jefferson was elected to succeed Edwin Booth as president of the Players', December 30, 1893. He held the office for twelve years, being re-elected at every succeeding annual meeting. His portrait, by Sargent, hung upon the wall of the club-house, a gift from Edwin Booth, who commissioned the artist to paint the picture especially for the club.

Mr. Jefferson presided at the Booth memorial meeting, November 13th, 1893, at the Madison Square Concert Hall in New York, commemorating Edwin Booth's sixtieth birthday, upon which occasion he delivered an affec-



Photo by J. Notman

EDWIN BOOTH

tionate eulogy of the founder of the club, introducing the speakers of that occasion, Mr. Parke Goodwin, Thomas Salvini, and the poet, George E. Woodbury.

Although not always present with the members of the club on Founder's Night, the president, either by letter or telegram, expressed his sympathy and interest with the occasion. A wire from Palm Beach, December 31st, 1899, read:

To My Brother Players:

I join with you in this, the departing hour of the old century, in keeping green the memory of our beloved founder, Edwin Booth, and I wish you all a happy New Year.

Joseph Jefferson.

In 1903, the president composed a poem of greeting to the club, which was read by Mr. William Bispham:

NEW YEAR'S GREETING

TO THE

PLAYERS' CLUB

BY JOSEPH JEFFERSON

All hail! brother players, I greet you to-night
On the eve of another New Year.
May your spirits be cheerful, convivial, bright,
May your smiles chase away every tear.

A motley community meets in this place.
We've doctors and lawyers and artists galore.
The Jew and the Gentile come here to embrace;
The priest and the player both knock at our door.

The brokers and authors and publishers, too,
In this liberal hall hold their sway.
And I hope, to complete our various crew,
That we'll catch a pure Mormon some day.

Perhaps we've some Mormons amongst us to-night,
For I noticed on last "Ladies' Day,"
The Receiving Committee were more than polite—
Tho', of course, who they were I won't say.

I hope you're all sober, tho' this much I doubt,
If experience serves me aright.
My dear brother actors I fear are laid out,
And I know that the artists are "tight."

Forgive the suspicion, sweet friends of the brush,
From an amateur in your own line.
But, you know, when the champagne abounds how we rush
To tickle our palates with wine.

And now, just a word to my comrades in Art;
Old Time's rolling on very fast;
And, I think, just before we're about to depart,
We should take a review of the past.

When the comedy ends
And the curtain descends

On the drama of life, my dear Brother,
Howe'er they may fix it
Let's make a good exit
From this world, straight into the other.

And on the last day, when we leave those we love,
And depart in a solemn procession,
I hope that we'll play star engagements above,
For I'm sure they admit the profession.

As for me, when I knock at the gate (with some fear)
I know that St. Peter will say:
"Walk in, young comedian, and act with us here,
But, for Heaven's sake, get a new play."

And now, friends, Good Night! (or Good Morning,
I fear),
Proceed with your innocent joys.
In closing I wish you a happy New Year!
"May you live long and prosper," dear boys.

Mr. Edward Valentine, the sculptor, writing of his friendship (of many years' standing) with Mr. Jefferson, says:

"When on a visit to Baltimore several years ago, my wife and I were invited by Mr. Jefferson to go with him to Washington to see an exhibition of his pictures. We did so. On arriving in Washington, there were a number of cabs in waiting for the party. 'Go, by all means, to see the veteran actor,' said he laughingly, in jest of what had been said of him. Mr. Jeffer-

son, my wife, and I headed the procession, and on the drive to the art store, he said: 'Ah, I hope the public will not think this is my funeral.'

"On this trip, Mr. Getz accompanied the party, and in speaking of this well-known scene painter, Mr. Jefferson whispered in my ear, 'Sea of Ice,'—having reference to this spectacular piece, the scenery of which Mr. Getz afterward told me he had painted twenty-three times. In our party was also Mrs. German, of Baltimore.

"Another time Mr. Jefferson wrote me to come to Washington to see a second exhibition of his pictures. I telegraphed him that I would if he would return and dine with me in Richmond on his way South. He did so, and after dinner we walked to the Jefferson Hotel, where he looked at my statue of Thomas Jefferson. He thought it so much like his father.

(This likeness between the actor and the President, Thomas Jefferson, was often remarked upon. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell speaks of it in his book, "The Red City," saying, "The face . . . of Jefferson, resembled to a strange degree the great actor of his name, a resemblance only to be explained by some common English ancestry in an untraceable past.")

"When Mr. Jefferson visited Richmond to act, I was always on the stage during the performances. He was so thoughtful in telling me what position to take so that I could get the best effect of the scene. During one performance of Rip Van Winkle a very amusing incident occurred. I was standing in the 'wings' watching the scene where Rip returns to the village, when, to my surprise, he threw his voice in my direction and spoke in a tone so audible that any one twice the distance from where I was standing could have heard him, 'Give Mr. Valentine a seat.' When the curtain came down, his son, who was playing the part of the sailor, said to his father: 'You came near breaking me up! I thought you said I looked like a *Valentine.*'

"I once asked Mr. Jefferson what he did with his pictures. 'I give them to my enemies,' he replied. He promised to paint one for me, but as far as I know, he never did. My only consolation is that he did not count me among them.

"After the performance my wife and I would take supper with him on his private car. It is known that when he was in the stock company at the old 'Marshall Theatre' in Richmond he lost a child with scarlet fever. It may be inter-

esting to learn that during his engagements in Richmond before the war, say in 1857, he boarded at the old Swan Tavern, at the corner of Ninth and Broad streets—a portion of which building is now standing. It was in this house that his child died. The performance on the night of my friend's loss was As You Like It, and he was playing the part of Touchstone, when a messenger came to the theatre and informed him that his child was dying. John Jack, I am quite certain it was, took his part."

Mr. Sam Phillips tells of the loss of another son in London, in 1876, Mr. Phillips being at the Princess Theatre on the evening the child died:

"I shall never forget that night. No one appreciated his sorrow as I did—his struggle to be merry while his heart ached; and when he appealed to Meenie to try to remember her father, exclaiming, 'My little child, look in my face and don't know who I am!' he seemed about to break down utterly. I am sure that the line was never before given with such real feeling."

As a rule the children of the stage look with awe upon a great actor, but they had no fear of Mr. Jefferson—he was Rip to them—their own special friend, whom they knew and loved. It was considered a great honour to be carried



Copyright by Falk

MR. JEFFERSON'S GRANDSON WARREN

IN THE "RIP" HAT

upon his back in the scene where Rip makes his first appearance in the village of Falling Waters, even by his own grandchildren and great-grandchildren. He had fourteen grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Rip Van Winkle was being played in Washington one year during the holiday season, and when the green baize curtain descended, the children all started for their dressing-rooms as usual, only perhaps with a little more haste, as it was Christmas Eve. The stage manager stepped from the wings where he had been standing.

"One moment, please," he said, arresting those about to leave the stage, "you are all requested to go to your dressing-rooms, but not to leave them until you are called."

When the children and the actors, with all the employees about the theatre, supers and "extra ladies," returned to the stage they found the curtain raised, the orchestra in their places, and the big fireplace used in the second act of Rip occupying the centre of the stage—the same one that little Hendrik had but a short time before peered into for fear some stray member of Hudson's pirate crew might be listening to the story he was telling little Meenie Van Winkle. But now the chimney was transformed;

stockings of all sizes and colours hung from its great hood, each one bearing the name of the person for whom it was intended, and overflowing with mysterious packages and "goodies."

In the centre of the stage stood two large hampers containing a present for everybody in or about the theatre—not one had been forgotten, from the leading man down to old Aunt Jane, the "coloured lady" who scrubbed out the theatre. When asked to hang up her stocking, Jane said, "Chile alive! if it's Mr. Jeff'son that's a doin' of it, a stocking won't be big enough," so she hung up an empty potato sack.

At a given cue, the orchestra started up, sleigh bells jingled, and down the great chimney came Santa Claus. A loud cheer greeted him, to which he responded in a voice which was considered a clever disguise, but the little girl who played Meenie recognised it, and, as Santa Claus declared, "gave him away."

"Why," she laughed, clapping her little hands, "why, it's Mr. Jefferson!"

A big doll was placed in her arms and she was forgiven. Then followed the distribution of presents, while the orchestra played "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot," and everybody took up the refrain, until the walls of the old playhouse rang with its sweetness.

It was too much for Mr. W. W. Rapley, manager and proprietor of the old National Theatre, who had been "taking in" the whole performance from his box in the darkened auditorium. He stepped upon the stage and grasped Mr. Jefferson by the hand.

"It's the best part you ever played, Joe," he said, his eyes filling with tears.

"I don't know about that," laughed Santa Claus, wiping something suspiciously like a big tear from the end of his own nose, "but I do know that I never played a part which gave me so much pleasure—that is, genuine pleasure."

Mr. Rapley's contribution to the entertainment was then brought in, and when every hand was raised with its glass of egg-nog, Mr. Jefferson, looking ruefully at his glass, said:

"But you know, Bill, I've sworn off!"

"Just this one, Joe."

"Well—'I won't count this one.' Here's your good health, and your family's, and may they all live long and prosper."

A hearty burst of applause followed the familiar line from the dear old play, and the children in a body made a rush to hug Santa Claus. Shielding himself behind Mr. Rapley, he cried:

"Save me! I claim protection from this dangerous rabble!"

Turning to the orchestra, he gave them the signal, and "Home, Sweet Home," was played, until all had left the theatre, and it was silent and dark with the exception of the solitary light in the lantern of the night watchman, going his rounds to see that all was well. The light reflected a smile upon the old man's face which was eloquent, for it told that he had not been forgotten, and that all was well with him.

The desire to meet the actor was so great among his admirers that they would frequently write to him asking that privilege. I have the permission of one woman to give the experience of herself and her sister in January, 1895:

"At one time when Mr. Jefferson was enjoying a lay-off in Washington, on his way to his winter home in Palm Beach, a woman who was unknown to him wrote and asked him to receive her and her sister. By return mail came a courteous response appointing the day and hour, and the two—although the day was an abominable one of slush and rain—were at the hotel on time and sent up their cards. The messenger came back to announce that Mr. Jefferson was resting and could not be disturbed. The sisters tramped off in the storm, disappointed, but absolutely certain that a mistake had been made. The personality projected across the footlights

was too strongly courteous and kind ever to be doubted.

"With the early dusk the rain became sleet, and the cold was of the quality that asks nothing but takes all. The lights were burning in the out-of-the-way little house, when, at five o'clock, a carriage drove up the steep, slippery hill, paused, passed, returned, and quick, light footsteps almost ran across the entrance porch to the front door. Before the steps reached the door the woman who had written the note crossed the room, saying, 'That is Mr. Jefferson'—and there he stood, hat in hand, bowing, half breathlessly, saying, 'I have come to explain and to apologise. We are leaving this evening for Florida. I could not go away without coming to tell you. I was not asleep, I was merely waiting until you should be announced, having given instructions below that you should be shown in when you came. I had, however, not spoken of your call to Mrs. Jefferson, and when she saw me on the couch she thought me asleep and so sent the message that we both so deeply regret.' He could not stay—but he did stay for more than half an hour, talking with vivid interest of art in its several manifestations; of his lecture, to which he said he wished the two women to come when he next gave it; and

exacting a promise that they write to him when he should be in Washington again, that he might be sure of the address, for he wished to send them cards, and, being an old man, the address might escape him.

"Great was his delight when Tilly Slowboy was proclaimed an artist by the two, who did not know she was his sister, and proudly did he announce the relationship, with the information that she was 'deaf as a post—no, not exactly that, but she can't hear her cues.' And he was radiant when, in reply to his question regarding the medium used in the painting given by him to the Corcoran Gallery, it was pronounced oil. 'No'—throwing an arm over the back of his chair and beaming—'no! *water-colour!*'

"Then came an account of his experiments with colours in the attempt to know the secret of the richness and purity of the old-school tints. Yolk of egg had been mixed with the colours for the picture in question, and gave it the unusual body.

"'Before you go, Mr. Jefferson, tell me, what became of Schneider?' said the elder sister.

"'Schneider, my dog? did you see Schneider?' inquired the actor.

"'Why, yes, the first time I saw you, when I was ten years old, but never again. I thought

he must have died and you could never use another.'

"'Well, now, that is a most interesting, a most remarkable thing, illustrating a psychological phenomenon—you are *sure* that you saw Schneider?'

"'Why, yes, he was a yellow dog, not big, not little—a rather large cur.'

"'Once or twice before I have been told about Schneider. There was no Schneider!'

"'No Schneider?—but I *saw* him!'

"'Yes, my dear madam, you saw him, but he was not there; and it is the greatest tribute to my acting. When one can make another see the thing that exists only in the mind the acme is reached—it is creation!'

"In leaving, Mr. Jefferson dropped upon a table near the door two autograph cards, saying, 'Everything is packed, including my cards, so I wrote these in case you should not be at home. There is a little blot on one, I see. I hope you won't mind. I'll send you a better written one if you would prefer.'

"Give up that blot! Why, it's unique—the only one upon the name of Joe Jefferson!"

CHAPTER XI

CHARLES BURKE JEFFERSON

One who ever yet had stood to charity,
And displayed the effects of disposition gentle.
SHAKESPEARE.

CHARLES BURKE JEFFERSON, the eldest son of Joseph Jefferson, was born in Macon, Georgia, when his father was just twenty-one years of age. He died in New York, June 23d, 1908. From the time he was eleven years of age he was his father's constant companion, accompanying him to Australia and London, and returning with him to America in a sailing vessel. He became his father's manager, and after Joseph Jefferson's death, managed his brother, Thomas Jefferson.

Charles was once asked whether he had ever attempted to act. It is said that he blushed with pride, although he tried not to appear self-conscious, and admitted that he had more than once played the sailor in Rip.

"Yes, I was the sailor," he would say, throwing back his shoulders. "You didn't know I'd been an actor, did you? Oh, yes, and I enjoyed it, too."

The conversation had taken place in the office

of the New National Theatre in Washington, and Mr. Jefferson, turning to the manager, continued, "Harry Rapley here can tell you how I played the part, can't you, Harry? You saw me play it, tell them what you thought of me."

Mr. Rapley hesitated a moment, then answered with managerial diplomacy: "I am glad to say, Charlie, that I have never since seen the part played in the way *you* played it."

An embarrassed silence followed, and Mr. Charles Jefferson retired to the cloister of the box office.

Charles began his career as a dwarf in Rip. He remained in different companies for five years, and was, at one time, the juvenile man of Mrs. John Drew's stock company in Philadelphia. He would recall with a shudder how in one month he played sixty-nine different parts.

In speaking of his career and of his long and close association with his father, Charles would say: "At the time of my birth my father was playing a week's engagement in Macon, Georgia. He went from there to Savannah, leaving my mother behind with me, until we should be able to travel. Later we joined him, and I, true to the family tradition, made my début upon the stage early. My mother played Mrs. Peter White to the Peter White of my father in that play of old renown; they had to

use a baby in the play, and not having a suitable 'property' infant, my father suggested they inaugurate me; and they did.

"I am compelled, however, to admit that I was not a success; in fact, I spoiled the play by wailing at the wrong time. I was a failure, and in Augusta, where we played later, I repeated the failure. Notwithstanding that fact, I was with my father constantly up to the time of his death.

"I went with him to Australia, Van Diemen's Land, South America, and England. There was hardly a day that I was not with him, so that I am familiar with every detail of his life.

"My father was absent from America during the war between the States, and concerning his absence at that time, many stories have been given to the public. The correct story has never been put in type excepting as told in his Autobiography, which I confirm. Father's sympathies were with the South, but his judgment was against the war."

Speaking of that time, Joseph Jefferson would say with a droll expression of his mouth:

"I loved my country so much, I could not bear to see her suffer—some were kind enough to say that I ran away."



Photo by Morceau

CHARLES BURKE JEFFERSON

Henry Watterson once wrote on this point:

"Early in 1861 Mr. Jefferson came to me and said: 'There is going to be a war. I am neither a Northerner nor a Southerner. I cannot bring myself to engage in bloodshed or to take sides. I have near and dear ones North and South. I am going away and I shall stay away until the storm blows over. It may seem unpatriotic, and it is, I know, unheroic. I am not a hero. I am, I hope, an artist. My world is the world of art, and I must be true to that; it is my patriotism, my religion. I can do no manner of good here, and I am going away.'

"At that moment statesmen were hopefully estimating the chances of a peaceful adjustment of the sectional controversy. With the prophet instinct of the artist he knew better.

"Although at no time taking an active interest in politics or giving expression to party bias of any kind, his personal associations led him into a familiar knowledge of the trend of public opinions and the portent of public affairs, and I can truly say that during the forty years that passed thereafter, I never discussed any topic of current interest or comment with him that he did not throw upon it the sidelights of an understanding large and full and a judgment both illuminating and impartial."

It was not the war that made the young actor leave America. His wife had just died and he was in poor health. It was not generally known at the time, but one of his lungs was in very bad shape, at least so the physician told him when he sent him to California in the hope that the climate might benefit him.

This was in March, 1861, and, breaking up his home in New York and leaving three of his children at school, he went with his eldest son, a boy of eleven years, to California.

Joseph Jefferson was at that time comparatively unknown, and he was not a success as an actor in San Francisco. His own reason for this was that he had been "overbilled, a mistake made by his agent."

He did not improve much in health either, and hearing of the delightful climate of Australia, he decided to go there. Mr. Charles Jefferson, in speaking of these early days, gave his personal recollections of them:

"We made the voyage in a sailing vessel, and were seventy-nine days at sea, landing at Sydney.

"Father's agent, Jim Simmons, tried to arrange a date for him to open at the opera house. It was owned by a ticket-of-leave man, an ex-convict. He had never heard of Joseph Jeffer-

son, and there was 'nothing doing.' Then my father went to the owner and agreed to pay him two thousand dollars' rent for the house for two weeks. It was agreed upon, and father went to his agent and asked him for the money.

"We had carried seven thousand dollars out of San Francisco, and when father asked for the two thousand rent Jim hesitated a moment, and then confessed that he had lost every dollar of the money at cards the night before leaving 'Frisco.

"There was an American who had crossed on the vessel with us—a woman—who, hearing of my father's predicament, offered the loan of all she had. Unfortunately, it was not enough, so father pawned his watch, Simmons' watch, and a valuable diamond ring, which had been presented to him, and so was able to get together enough money to rent the theatre.

"We rehearsed a play, but there was no suitable scenery. Father was, as all know, an artist, so he painted new scenery himself between the rehearsals.

"We produced several plays, and at the end of the two weeks that opera-house owner wouldn't rent the house to us any longer—he wanted to share. Cash was abundant. In fact, my father had more money at the end of those two weeks

than he had ever seen before. In Melbourne it was the same, and, in fact, after that, everywhere we went, we just coined it.

"But just to show you my father's nerve—at Hobarton was the penal headquarters of Australia. It was there the officials were located, and apart from these nearly every other person in the place was an ex-convict, or ticket-of-leave man. Well, father secured the opera house and announced the play called The Ticket-of-Leave Man. It was a mad crowd Hobarton contained when they read that announcement. They thought a Yankee actor was insulting them.

"The house was packed. Every one came vowing to mob the player. But when they saw that Bob Brierly, the innocent man, was convicted, and saw him work out the manifestation of his innocence, that crowd went wild. Instead of throwing chairs and benches at him, it was coins and flowers that fell on the stage all about him.

"That play went on until father was worn out, and it was the greatest money-maker we had. Instead of mobbing the 'Yankee mountebank,' as they called him before seeing him in the play, the whole town stood ready to dance attendance upon him at all times.



JOSEPH JEFFERSON

IN THE EARLY SIXTIES

"That was in '65. Father was getting homesick. His health had mended, and he was practically a well man again. The ocean wasn't dotted with steamers, as it is to-day, and when we started for home we found it necessary to take a guano boat for Peru, hoping to catch something there to take us to the United States. We were disappointed, but we played a number of weeks in South America to good business.

"When we left Australia the war was still going on in America, and we were anxious to hear some news about it. A rowboat with calkers came out to meet our sailing vessel, and upon it was a man who recognised my father. The instant he saw him he yelled out, 'Well, I'll be d—d if there ain't Joe Jefferson! Why, Joe, where in the h—l did you come from?'

"Father asked him the news about the war, but the man wanted to know all about father and where he had been, and it was some time before he could be persuaded to tell us what we were so anxious to learn. At last he said:

"'The war is over. Richmond has fallen and Lee has surrendered.'

"I was standing close beside my father, and I heard him sigh heavily.

"'And Lincoln has been assassinated!' yelled the man in the boat.

"'What a pity! Oh, what a great pity!' said my father.

"'Wilkes Booth shot him in the Ford Theatre in Washington.'

"My father tottered, and I believe he would have fallen had not the captain and I caught him. He was as white as a sheet, and for a moment he trembled. He and Wilkes Booth had been friends; they had played together, and the mutual attachment had been a strong one.

"Presently father recovered, and, turning to me, said:

"'My God, that's awful! What could Booth have been thinking of? He must have been crazy. Son, take me to my room.'

"I cannot recall the time I saw my dear father so moved. He remained depressed for days, and for days he was as taciturn as I ever saw him. He seemed unable to drive away the impression made upon him by the dreadful news. In fact, he did not succeed in doing so until we had reached London.

"Wilkes Booth was a remarkable man—he was, in fact, a genius, whose dramatic powers were little less than marvellous. He was an unusually handsome man, his eyes being the most striking feature of his face, which they at times

seemed to illuminate with their fire. He inherited the eccentricities of his father, Junius Brutus Booth, the elder, who suffered periodic departures from the normal.

"Father used to say that when at its best, the art of Wilkes Booth was like a divine flash, an inspiration—that wonderful gift of nature by which we are qualified to receive and communicate with authority.

"Booth was introduced to the public as a star in 1862, at Wallack's Theatre. His brother Edwin was appearing elsewhere, and Wilkes took the Southern circuit, where he met with great success.

"Hamlet, as played by John Wilkes Booth, was in keeping with his own erratic nature, and his interpretation was fiery and artistic, which affected and thrilled his audience.

"Edwin Booth in the same part gave a more reflective study to his conception of the character, but fully as convincing, his conception of the Mad Prince being that of an unbalanced genius.

"Wilkes was a charming fellow off the stage. A man of wit and magnetic manner, he could hold a group by the very force of his eloquence and personal charm. He seldom spoke of the affairs of the nation—whatever opinions he held

were carefully concealed. Only once did I hear of his losing control of himself, and that was at a chance remark made by John S. Clarke, the actor, about Jeff. Davis:

"'Never,' he said, springing up in a fury, 'never, if you value your life, speak in that way of a man and a cause I hold sacred!'

"From South America we came to Jamaica to catch the *Evening Star,* a vessel from New York, but fortunately we arrived in port after that vessel had sailed. We were booked for passage on her.

"Two days out the *Evening Star*, with every living soul on board, went down.

"That was a narrow escape. Missing that boat gave the American people Rip Van Winkle.

"We found a vessel going to Southampton, and, rather than wait for a ship going to America, father decided to go to England, pass a few days in London, and then cross the Atlantic for home.

"Soon after our arrival in London father was asked to present Rip Van Winkle. It was then I learned for the first time that father had it in mind that his old play might be improved upon, for he declined to present it in

the shape he had been appearing in it. He said that if he could get the great playwright, Dion Boucicault, to rewrite the play for him he would produce it in London. Boucicault agreed to this, and after the terms had been talked over he went to work.

"It is amusing to recall that Boucicault did not like the play, and would often stop working upon it to tell father that it would be a failure. But father kept saying: 'Go on with the play. I'm willing to risk it.'

"After the work was done, my father asked:

"'Will you accept a royalty or cash?'

"Mr. Boucicault replied:

"'Cash for me, for it will not go. They'll never stand for a man sleeping twenty years!'

"Think what the royalties would have amounted to had he decided to be paid for his work in that way! His heirs would still be receiving an income from the play.

"When Rip was finally put on, my father's name did not appear in big letters. There was no star part for him on the programme, and he was not even 'featured.' The play was advertised as the work of Dion Boucicault, whose name alone was enough to draw a large house.

"In this new version of the play, Rip had been created just as my father wanted him.

Gretchen did not die, as in the old version, and the dog's name was changed from Spider to Schneider, and he was given a more prominent place.

"Father seemed to melt right into the character, and before the play was over people were asking: 'Who is this man? Where did he come from?'

"After that first performance in London it was Joe Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle—not Boucicault's.

"After witnessing Mr. Jefferson's work in the play, several nights after its first performance (which the author could not be persuaded to attend) he said to the actor:

"'Joe, I think you are shooting over their heads.'

"'I am not even shooting at their heads,' was the reply. 'I am aiming at their hearts.'

"The play had a long and successful run in London and various cities on the other side, and when we returned to America it created a furore.

"It has been presented more than ten thousand times."

The career of Charles B. Jefferson as an expert and enterprising manager was, with one exception, most successful. He established the









JOSEPH JEFFERSON AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE, LONDON, IN 1865

IN THE ORIGINAL BOUCICAULT DRAMATIZATION OF RIP VAN WINKLE

firm of Jefferson, Klaw & Erlanger, but severed his connection with the firm that he might give his full time and attention to his father, but not before he had brought into popularity many spectacular features of the stage, among them being the "tank drama," with its huge tank of real water as used in The Dark Secret and The Shadows of a Great City, the latter play being his father's own plot and construction, though the actual work was done by Mr. Lemuel Shewell.

It was characteristic of Charles Jefferson to do things on a large scale. In his family he went by the name of "Colonel Sellers." He conceived the idea of having the "real thing" in his production of The Country Circus—the sawdust ring, horses, acrobats, etc. Before the play was produced, his father, who had attended the dress rehearsal, wrote him the following letter:

THE CONTINENTAL,
PHILADELPHIA,
Monday morning.

MY DEAR CHARLIE:

I (on reflection) congratulate you on your really great production. The night rehearsal was the most successful and trying I have ever seen. You need no puffing *of any kind*. Your play will tell its own tale over the footlights.

After the ring master (so well done) speaks his first

speech in the ring,—as he turns his back, the old man should recognise him—"that's the man that stole my daughter,"—he (the Dr.) and the old woman should rush into the ring and be restrained by the police or ring men and forced back into their seats; this will connect the play with the ring—so important.

I don't think that the dog should come on till the performance in the house—he rather interrupts, than assists the scene. If he is kept back till the boy calls him from the barn for the performance, he will be fresh and in the picture. Avoid waits and your success is certain.

Send me a telegram to Bridgeport and to 27 Madison avenue.

FATHER.

Charles Jefferson's one great failure was with an "all-star" vaudeville company, concerning which his father gave him the following advice:

McVICKER'S THEATRE,
Friday.

MY DEAR CHARLEY:

Tom gave me the unpleasant intelligence of your bad business. To be candid with you, it did not surprise me. I have been expecting it, and perhaps it is better that you should strike a rock now, when you are comparatively near shore, than to meet one when you are too far away to get home. The engagement of —— ——— was positively bad judgment. All actors, or their agents, who need pecuniary advances bear suspicious marks on the very face of such demands. She has never been a commercial suc-

cess and never will be. Her agent has no judgment and is only in possession of that kind of cunning that can make someone pay the piper whilst he dances. "Disaster" is written in his face.

Now for the "Circus"; my experience teaches me that all entertainments that appeal to the eye (however successful they may be at the start when people are talking about them) do not last long. They do not bear reflection, and are bad repeaters. Wherever the ("Country") "Circus" has not been done, you are sure of good business —but beware of "returns." I write these matters as I know they can do no harm and may be of service. I will write you again in a few days, perhaps to-morrow.

Your loving Father,

J. JEFFERSON.

One of Charles Jefferson's big schemes was the all-star cast of The Rivals. In this his father took a great interest, suggesting the artists for the various parts: Mrs. John Drew, Julia Marlowe, Fanny Rice, Nat Goodwin, William H. Crane, Francis Wilson, Robert Taber, and the Holland brothers, Ned and Joe. It was suggested that Miss Olga Nethersole be engaged for the part of Lydia, in regard to which Mr. Jefferson writes:

PARKER HOUSE,
BOSTON.

DEAR CHARLY:

The cast if it can be had would of course be strong.

I will see Miss Nethersole, but I understand that she goes to England in about 7 weeks.

I don't think Nat Goodwin will like to play Sir Lucius.

You do not say anything about Mrs. Drew, but I take it for granted that she will play.

Yours in haste,
J. JEFFERSON.

Instead of Miss Nethersole, Miss Julia Marlowe was engaged for the part of Lydia, and this fine company established a precedent, and the greatest care was given to the selection of the people for the next season, as will be seen in the following letter written from Philadelphia:

Sunday.

MY DEAR CHARLIE:

I am glad that Lackaye is engaged. This will make our cast very strong. The names of Lackaye, Otis Skinner as support with Elsie Leslie as Lydia, will make a stir in the theatrical circle and with the public.

I hope you will get Miss Paget.

Your loving father,
J. JEFFERSON.

From Rochester, N. Y., he wrote:

Tuesday, April 5th, '98.

MY DEAR CHARLIE:

I cannot but think that Mrs. Wood is offended at our offer, or we should have heard from her before.

Otis Skinner is beyond question the best one you can get for the Captain.

Our house last night—$1,340—was fine, when you take into consideration that it is Passion Week—Francis Wilson and the Bostonians against us—and a war scare to boot.

With love,

FATHER.

And again from Pass Christian, Miss., he stated his objections to a certain actress:

Feb. 27th, '96.

MY DEAR CHARLEY:

I got your telegram to-day and replied to it at once.

I don't like the lady you mention for our company. Her reputation is nationally bad—and she drinks.

Of course it will be better to have a star for Lucy if we could get one, but our forces are so strong that any neat, pretty little actress will do.

The reputation of our company in the eyes of first-class audiences who will pay high for their entertainment is of great consequence. . . .

I have just finished what I consider by long odds to be my best picture.

The weather here is fine but no good fishing as yet.

Your loving father,

J. JEFFERSON.

Under the date of September 19th, 1893, from Buzzards Bay he acknowledged the receipt of the old-fashioned pistols and the hat he was to use in The Rivals.

My Dear Charley:

The pistols and the hat came all right. Tom has your letter this morning and he goes to Boston to-morrow to arrange the R. R. matters.

I got your telegram relating to Miss Paget to-night. Simply say to Miss P. that our company meet for rehearsal at the Boston Theatre on Monday, the 26th, at 12 A. M., and that I will arrange with her before we begin our regular ones—which will commence on Tuesday.

All well and join in love. Your affectionate

Father.

After attending rehearsal, Mr. Jefferson addressed the following letter to his son:

Touraine,
Sept. 27th.

My Dear Charly:

I have just come from rehearsal—three hours of it—and return at 3 for two hours more. Everything is going finely—I find the company most obliging and willing to listen to my suggestions, and I take care not to make any till I see a good reason. Miss Ffolliott T. Paget and Sir Anthony, and Skinner, will be excellent. Miss Leslie somewhat amateurish, but she will look young and lovely and will be all that is required.

Lackaye rehearsed with me this morning, and he seems quite amiable, and will be superfine in the part. It will be, as I predicted, a far better Sir Lucius than New York has ever seen, not excepting John Brougham.

Don't fail to hurry up Miss Leslie's new dress.

All is going as well as could be wished.

With love,
J. Jefferson.



JOSEPH JEFFERSON AND HIS SON CHARLES BURKE JEFFERSON

PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

While resting at Palm Beach, as was his custom, during the latter part of the winter season, Mr. Jefferson invited Charles and his brothers to visit him, informing them of the kind of wardrobe they would be likely to need.

PALM BEACH, FLA.,
March 8th, '99.

MY DEAR CHARLY:

The fishing here is not good, just now, as the fine weather has sent the fish into deep water. You ought to have a Tuxedo coat and black pants and vest, for wear of an evening, also a bike suit for the wheeling. I need not suggest anything of this kind for Willie, as he is an authority—so you had best consult him. You need not bring any fishing tackle. I have everything. Can you leave Woonsocket on Sunday so as to leave for here Sunday night? Try and do so if you can, as there is much you should see at Miami and Palm Beach. I will have all matters arranged here as to what we shall do so as to save time. Of course I would like Tom to come also and will be only too glad to have him. J. JEFFERSON.

Grover Cleveland's friendship for Charles Jefferson and his desire for his companionship will be recognised in the many letters which he wrote to him arranging for fishing and hunting trips which they so often enjoyed together.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, Nov. 28, 1894.

DEAR CHARLEY:

On the 15th day of December at 3 o. c. in the after-

noon, Captain Robley D. Evans, commanding the U. S. cruiser *New York,* and I will start from here for five or six days' shooting in the marshes off South Carolina.

You are not only invited, but *commanded* to accompany us. There will be fun, and you must allow nothing to prevent your going. I forgot to say that duck shooting will be the order of the day, with deer and quail and snipe thrown in.

I need not write more fully, for the arrangement is that you are to go as soon as possible after receiving this to the Brooklyn Navy Yard and find the U. S. cruiser *New York* (she is at the dry dock) and inquire for Captain Evans commanding her (he is a lame man), and he will tell you all the plans and many things "to your advantage." He will be expecting you. He will come here on Dec. 14th, and you must come with him and stop with us over night.

Let me hear from you.

Yours sincerely,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

C. B. Jefferson, Esq.,
New York.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON,
March 11, 1894.

DEAR CHARLEY:

I have just returned from a shooting trip in North Carolina. I have found a place where geese and swan and trout can really be found *and shot.*

I propose to go again, some time in May. I am told the birds are in the finest possible condition then, though perhaps not so plenty as earlier.

Snipe will be abundant and the fishing as fine as can be desired. All in all there will be plenty of sport.

I want you to begin to arrange to go and let me know as soon as you can the time in the month of May that you can best get away for ten days or so.

Are you going to Buzzards Bay to fish on the first of April?

Yours sincerely,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

Chas. B. Jefferson, Esq.

Before starting on this trip with the President and his party, Charles Jefferson received the following letter from his father, who, before giving up the sport himself, was a most expert, though always a cautious, shot:

MY DEAR CHARLY:

Clarke Davis tells me that a special car to your order will be at Jersey City ready to start Tuesday night.

Wire me where to write to you.

Be careful in the field—don't carry loaded guns within shooting distance of each other, quail shooting in thick cover is dangerous.

Mr. Rapley telegraphs me that the sale is 2,500—this is far the best advance he has ever had in Washington.

Your loving Father,
J. JEFFERSON.

Among other letters from Mr. Cleveland to Charles Jefferson are the following:

BROADWATER CLUB,
BROADWATER, VIRGINIA,
Dec. 4, 1892.

MY DEAR CHARLEY:

We start for home to-day, and I enclose with this the key to your trunk, which Mr. Davis has packed. If anything has been left out you must blame him for it. The gun I have been using is in with yours, and I wish you would buy it for me at as good a bargain as you are able to make.

We have had a first-rate time and have killed a few brant. My boat killed six in one day. Yesterday I killed 12 butter balls—that is, George and I did.

Every day we have missed you and wished that you were here, and Mr. Davis and Mr. ——— send love to you.

Yours sincerely,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

12 WEST FIFTY-FIRST STREET,
Jan. 1, 1893.

MY DEAR CHARLEY:

Mrs. Cleveland is away on a visit to her mother, but in her behalf and my own, I want to thank you most sincerely for the beautiful picture that came to us to-day as a New Year's present from you. I don't know what I can say more than to assure you that we gratefully appreciate this last evidence of your friendship, and that it shall always have a prominent place among our home treasures.

I must thank you too for a delightful evening spent in witnessing the Prodigal Father. I enjoyed it very much indeed, and so did the friends I took with me.

Your father and Tom have told me enough to make me

understand that the bad luck that began with you when we were at Broadwater has followed you. If you could have heard the Governor talk about it and the affectionate way in which he spoke of your conduct in the matter, you would have found a good deal of compensation in it.

You don't need my sympathy, and there is no occasion for your fretting. You deserve the very best success and you will have it.

Hoping that 1893 may be full of good luck for you, and wishing you a happy New Year, I am,

Yours very sincerely,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

C. B. Jefferson, Esq.,
New York City.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON,
Nov. 6, 1895.

DEAR CHARLY:

I am in receipt of your kind note of the third.

We are now living at Woodley, a few miles out of town, and we cannot leave the infant long enough to come from there to the theatre. Besides, I expect to leave for New York between eleven and twelve Monday night. The only chance for me would be to spend the evening in town and go from the theatre to the train.

I am afraid I ought to spend the evening on my message, but perhaps might do the other thing and look in on the show with Col. Lamont and his wife, with whom I am to leave the city.

I want to see you very much on exceedingly important business, and fearing I may not be able to do so, I take this occasion to say that it may be I shall take another trip to

South Carolina, duck shooting, about the first of December, and four days later you want to make your arrangements to go. I have seen Captain Evans and he has written to McKenzie (Capt. of Light House boat), who got us up so early.

Gov. Alexander has heartily invited him and my friends, and when I saw him in Atlanta a week ago to-night he was very much pleased when I told him that if I came, you would probably accompany me. Capt. Evans saw one of the members of the club whose marshes we shot over, and he invited us again.

I hear to-day that McKenzie has a fine big launch which will be of use to us.

Yours truly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

WESTLAND,
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY,
Oct. 25th, 1897.

DEAR CHARLEY:

I am not sure that this will reach you, as I am not certain of your present address, but I want to remind you of our ducking trip in December.

We expect to start about the 9th or 10th of December, and spend about ten days away. Including yourself there will be five or six in the party, and you will know nearly all, if not all of them. Gen. McCook, the present Chamberlain of New York, will go, and the rest will be the same persons, I think, who made up the other excursions when you were along. I do not think there will be anything interfere with my going. At any rate, I shall write to Captain Evans to-day, telling him I shall be prepared to start, unless something altogether unexpected presents.



Photo by T. E. Marr

Permission Dana, Estes Co.

UPPER HALL AT CROW'S NEST SHOWING "CLEVELAND ROOM" (LEFT)

He has charge of the arrangements, and will prepare early for our comfort in getting the camp fixed, etc.

I shall tell him you will go, and if you see any doubt about it I wish you would let me know as soon as possible.

Gen. McCook and you can come together to the place of meeting, or you can come here alone and pick me up, if you prefer it.

Please let me hear from you.

Yours sincerely,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

Chas. B. Jefferson, Esq.

PRINCETON,
Apr. 22, 1906.

DEAR CHARLEY:

Your letter is at hand. A while ago I had some correspondence with ———— about a monument to your father. . . .

I wrote him that in my opinion The Players' or some agency of that kind closely related to your father ought to take the lead, and I finally plainly told him I must decline participation in his undertaking.

Of course you will understand that it is my love for your father that makes me unwilling to be related to a plan of doing honour to his memory which is not in every way promising of success and worthy of him.

I have learned to be on my guard against people who rush to the front in such matters.

.

Do you know what ever became of a man named ——— ——— who made a painting of your father?

He came to see me in Tamworth, N. H., on the 15th

of last September, and got my subscriptions and payments in advance for one of the pictures. I have never seen him nor the picture since.

Dr. Bryant lately told me he was also waiting for one he subscribed for. This man had one of the prints with him when he called on me.

.

I was in Florida nearly a month. Much to my regret I arrived there to find you had left a short time before, and I was obliged to leave just before you were expected again.

Yours very sincerely,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

Chas. B. Jefferson, Esq.,
New Amsterdam Theatre Building,
42nd St.,
New York.

Charles Jefferson was once asked whether his friend ever talked politics when upon a fishing trip.

"Never," was the reply. "When Grover Cleveland fished, he fished, and never allowed himself to think of anything else; he could sit for hours and watched his line without a sign of uneasiness or impatience. He would talk and joke and smoke as if he were as far removed from the Presidency as I was.

"I attributed Mr. Cleveland's luck as a fisherman to his marvellous patience. He always wore oilskins and disguised himself in a Scotch hat. One day he made a great catch and was

accosted by an unfortunate fisherman in a near-by boat:

"'Hello there, boatman! what will you take for your fish?'

"'I'm not selling them,' replied Mr. Cleveland.

"'Well, what will you charge to take me out in your boat to-morrow?'

"'I can't make any engagements except by the season,' Mr. Cleveland replied, enjoying the joke. 'Are you willing to give me as much as I earned last year?'

"'You're a sharp old fellow, but I'll accept your terms.' The fisherman was not aware that, as President of the United States, the boatman with whom he had struck the bargain earned a little less than a thousand dollars a week."

When Mr. Cleveland's son Richard was born, Charles Jefferson drove over to Grey Gables to congratulate the happy father. "How many pounds does he weigh?" he asked.

"Fifteen," was the reply.

"Nine," corrected Dr. Bryant, who had heard the question.

Mr. Cleveland assured the doctor that he must be mistaken. "The child weighs fifteen pounds. I ought to know, for I weighed him with the scales Charley and I use to go fishing."

Grover Cleveland was an out-of-doors man. His physical condition mirrored the wholesome soul that was within him. "He was a big, rosy-cheeked boy who enjoyed life as he found it. He practised a youthful philosophy which smacked of stoicism and was the seeding of a statesmanship that was to blossom early in the serious days of his career.

"He was a true sportsman all his life in his love of nature, his thankfulness to the Giver of all good things, and his scorn of wanton slaughter. He became a philosophic fisherman and what he himself called a serene duck hunter. Without neglecting his own business or shifting official burdens to less able shoulders, he seized every opportunity to get near to Nature with his rod or gun."

Mr. Cleveland was frequently the guest of Charles Jefferson, both at his home at Hobe Sound, Florida, and his summer camp at Meddybemps, Maine.

Writing upon the subject of the warm friendship existing between the two men, Acton Davies says:

"To any one who knew Buzzards Bay and the summer colonies as they were ten years ago, the fact that these two staunch old friends and enthusiastic fishermen, Grover Cleveland and

Charles Jefferson, should have died within twenty-four hours of each other could not fail to seem what it is, a tragic coincidence.

"The great friendship which existed between the dead ex-President and the late Joseph Jefferson was a matter of national knowledge, but as a literal fact, during the fishing season at Buzzards Bay, Charlie Jefferson and Mr. Cleveland were much more together than Mr. Cleveland and the elder Jefferson. The reason was simple enough: Mr. Cleveland and Charlie were fishermen pure and simple. Nine o'clock in the morning found them at the boat ready to start, rain or shine.

"The elder Jefferson was a loyal fisherman, but he worshipped other gods, too. His paintings, of which at his death he left a studioful, absorbed a great deal of his time, and those days were not infrequent when he forsook, temporarily, fly, reel or hook, line and sinker for the more soothing charms of the palette and brush.

"The same sympathy and complete lack of ostentation which distinguished the home life of the great statesman, were equally as strong a feature in the home life of the great actor and his eldest son."

When it became evident that Charles Jefferson had but a few hours to live, his brother,

Thomas Jefferson, who for two weeks was in constant attendance at his bedside, sent a letter to the wife of the ex-President informing her of the condition of his brother, requesting that she prepare Mr. Cleveland for the sad event, that it might not cause a shock to his own enfeebled condition.

In thanking Mr. Jefferson for his thoughtfulness—after the death of her husband, which occurred just twenty-four hours later than that of his friend—the wife of the ex-President stated that a mutual friend, speaking of the coincidence, remarked: "Just as it used to be in the old fishing days," implying that "Charlie" always went just ahead.

It was one of "Charlie" Jefferson's fondest boasts that before he died he intended to help to make both of the Cleveland boys just half as good fishermen as their father.

Charles Jefferson had a number of homes, both in the North and in the South, and the ex-President was frequently his guest either in Florida or at his fishing camp in Meddybemps, Maine.

One summer the President of the United States, with Joseph Jefferson and his son Tom, left Buzzards Bay for Boston on their way to visit Charlie's camp (before the owner's return



Photo by T. E. Marr

INDIAN MOUND

HOME OF THOMAS JEFFERSON, BUZZARDS BAY

from Florida). They dined at the Touraine Hotel about six o'clock, the dinner being served in the private suite of rooms which had been engaged for the party. Their train was to leave the North Station at nine forty-five, and about nine o'clock the reporters who had "got wind" of the celebrated party, saw Tom Jefferson pass through the hotel office, and heard him give the order for the carriage, which was to drive them to the station.

He was asked to give the destination of the party for the benefit of the press, but courteously declined.

Just then the President himself appeared, and while waiting for his friend, the reporters had an opportunity to question him.

"Ah, you mustn't bother me to-night," said the great statesman, good naturedly, "I'm going into the woods—fishing."

The papers on the following morning stated in large head-lines that the party had passed through the city on their way to Maine, and that although they declined to give their destination, it was supposed that from Bar Harbor the President and Messrs. Jefferson would "proceed to the woods—wherever they might be."

The Boston *Globe* of August 23d, 1903, gives the following account of the trip:

"Although President Grover Cleveland has returned to Buzzards Bay after playing the black bass and land-locked salmon in Meddybemps Lake, on the borders of the town of the same name in Washington County, Maine, the inhabitants have not yet ceased to discuss his visit there. He was the guest of that other famous fisherman, the veteran actor, Joseph Jefferson.

"Meddybemps is twenty-two miles from Eastport and six miles by team from Ayer's Junction on the Washington county road. A more secluded spot would be difficult to find. The island is nearly in the centre of the lake and about one and one-half miles from the shore, thickly wooded, and while but 200 yards in length, makes an ideal location for a summer camp. The lake is seven miles long and four miles wide and contains a half hundred small islands about the size of Moss Island.

"The island on which is located the Jefferson camp is appropriately named Moss, for moss is abundant. The camp is surrounded, except on the water side, by trees, and is but a few rods from the shores of the lake. Moss Island was formerly the property of William Lombard, one of the veteran hunters of the Meddybemps village, who sold it to F. B. Allen of New York,

a retired merchant, who has a camp near the Jefferson camp.

"When the *Globe* artist arrived the President was on the lake fishing, but Mr. Jefferson extended a welcome and granted permission to take a photograph of the camp. The boat containing Mr. Cleveland and the actor's son returned shortly. The President's face was well tanned in spite of the protection which his broad-brimmed hat afforded, and on this particular occasion it was evident that his luck had been good, for he carried a fine string of fish.

"The day before he left the camp the President landed a six-and-one-half-pound salmon, and this fish he took with him when he rattled away over the rough roads to Ayer's Junction, where he caught the west-bound train for Boston and home.

"The presence of the Chief Executive at Lake Meddybemps was heralded throughout the surrounding country, and report has it that the President just escaped a visit from a delegation of prominent Washington county Democrats, who had planned to invade Moss Island and extend to its distinguished visitor the freedom of eastern Maine."

To Grover Cleveland fishing was a science.

It was not a pastime. He would not be more earnest addressing a public meeting, whence his words would be flashed over the country to be read by millions, than when he sat in a small boat and, with infinite patience, waited for a bite.

Says the *Outing* magazine:

"Cleveland has been going to an island at the head of Lake Erie for the last six years. It is an ideal fishing place.

"The thing that impresses one most about the ex-President, when he gets so close to nature as he does here, is his simpleness. He wears an old brown suit, with a soft hat pulled down over his face. You do not feel that this heavy-set, rather ponderous person is the man who has become familiar to you through his lithographs spread broadcast in political campaigns. He is a big man, but he is not as big a man as you expected. And he is sturdier. That word sturdy probably describes him better than any other.

"It's rather an oddly composed party. Charles Foster, ex-Governor of Ohio, and all his life a Republican, is always there, and so is John Uri Lloyd, the writer. 'Fighting Bob' Evans is an especial favourite of Cleveland's, but this year he was in Asiatic waters.

"Cleveland is very methodical in his habits on

these trips. One day never differs from another except in the number of fish caught. Cleveland is at the club-house promptly at eight o'clock every morning. Breakfast is a serious business. The bass caught the day before make one of the chief dishes. Probably next to catching fish Cleveland enjoys eating them. He never hurries. Even the anticipation of the day's sport does not hasten breakfast. Dinner takes anywhere from an hour and a half to two hours.

"Cleveland dominates these fishing parties just as he used to dominate political conventions. All the other members wait for him and on him. If anybody else were late in arriving at the dock he would stand a good chance of being left behind, but the tug never moves till Cleveland is aboard.

"As the little craft moves off from the dock across the sunny waters, Grover Cleveland comes as close to being a satisfied man as any human can. He carefully begins to get his lines and pole and his reel ready. The best fishing is in Canadian waters, and it costs the ex-President twenty-five dollars for the privilege. Usually he and Leroy Brooks, with a man to row, occupy the same boat. Cleveland's favourite seat is the stern. He uses a short, light rod. He

casts off carefully, bends forward while the line runs out, and then settles back, pulls his hat down over his face and smokes and waits silently.

"If the weather is fine—and up there when it is fine it is very fine indeed—this idleness comes as near to perfect pleasure as anything can. Here and there an island dots the blue expanse; the water breaks in long, lazy swells; the tugs sleep at anchor; overhead is the hot, early summer sun.

"If anybody thinks Grover Cleveland is growing old he wants to spend a day fishing with the ex-President. Most often he sits motionless and silent. If the fish bite, he is happy; if they do not, he is hopeful. When the fish do not bite where he is, he clambers aboard the tug from the small boat and seeks better grounds.

"It is usually about dusk before the party returns from the fishing. If it has been a good day, Cleveland stops on the dock a moment to talk. If the sport has been poor, he hastens on to the club-house. Nobody would think of making fun of him for his failure—at least no one at this island—but he evidently thinks taciturnity a safeguard.

"After the protracted dinner that even an ex-President is ready for at the end of the day, the



THOMAS JEFFERSON

party goes over to their cottage. In an hour lights are out, and so the quiet days slip by."

In the South, as elsewhere, "Charlie" Jefferson was loved. A recent article in the *Homeseeker*—published in Florida—speaks of the kindly feeling entertained by all for his genial nature:

"Charles Jefferson was blessed with a big heart and with soul, a gift not accorded to every one. In West Palm Beach, where Mr. Jefferson spent the greater part of the last few years, he became endeared to every person in the community, . . . and to these people he will ever be remembered for his splendid qualities as a man, a neighbour, and a friend."

In Louisiana the same affectionate regard was held for him.

The *Taylor-Trotwood Magazine* speaks of the homage of the Cajins as told by Charles Labaue:

"Mr. Jefferson would come weighted down with presents for everybody. His generosity was well known, and the Cajins were not slow in letting him know they adored people who gave presents. Many years ago, when the Jeffersons wanted to restock the island with quail, Labaue's children undertook to trap the birds, and he brought them to the Jefferson house.

Charlie Jefferson opened the bag. The birds flew away. Then he turned to the astonished Cajin to ask how much he owed him.

"'Nothing,' the man replied. 'See, they are gone.'

"'I bought them to turn loose on the island.' He handed Labaue ten dollars.

"'I'll take it to the children,' he replied. 'I'll say it is a present sent by you.'

"This was the beginning of a friendship between the two. 'Ah, but he was of the big heart,' Labaue would exclaim affectionately. 'He was the one everybody loved.'

"Charles Jefferson lived on the island for a number of years. Here, about half a mile from the home house, is the cottage that he built for his beautiful wife, who died and was buried under the grey-draped trees that hide the cottage from view. The Cajins loved Charlie Jefferson. He was one of them. He was at heart a cowboy, and entered into their sports, their amusements, with all the energy and enthusiasm of a native son of the soil. Indeed, when the question of the Jeffersons is brought up, they will switch from the distinguished father to tell you of the exploits of the son. They have heard vaguely of Joe Jefferson's acting, but they know that Charlie is the greatest actor the world will

ever see, for they have seen him act. They will tell you of the time he acted in New Iberia. It is a story handed down from father to son, how the house rang to the echo with the enthusiasm of the audience who were seeing a play perhaps for the first time.

"The fever for the stage was inherited in the Jefferson family. Even when Charlie Jefferson was supposed to be farming he had dreams of making his fortune on the stage. 'Charlie, he say to me,' Labaue reminiscenced, 'I put on de play. It make one hit. I come back with great money. I farm the rest of my life and live here.' It was on one of these trips North that Charlie Jefferson's wife died. He had gone to New York with high hopes of making his fortune on The Shadows of a Great City, or some play like that. While he was away she died. Naturally after that the associations were painful to him, and he left for the North. The Cajins still look for him to come back 'home' to live.

"One of the treats that Jefferson always laid great stress on giving his guests was 'Cajin coffee.' They would call on the different tenants to drink with them. Labaue tells with pride how Mr. Cleveland told him '"he had never got no cafe like dat in his life before."'

Mr. Jefferson also declared that nobody in the world could equal the Cajins in preparing his favourite drink. In the hunting trips through the country all of the cabins on the island were visited, and coffee was taken at every place—to avoid the petty jealousies which would have been engendered if some had been slighted.

"Cleveland's visit was a great time out there. For it seems he was quite as lavish and generous in gifts as his host.

"Labaue's wife spun a homespun suit for Mr. Cleveland and a riding-habit for little Ruth, after his return to the North. This was sent to the ex-President as a Christmas present. In return he sent Labaue fifty dollars. 'Yes, feefty dollar,' emphasised the lover of Christmas gifts."

Not only in Florida and Louisiana, but in the city of New York among his business associates and the members of the theatrical profession was "Charlie" Jefferson beloved. The devotion paid to him during his last illness by his former partners will stand forever as a monument to their loyalty.

At his summer home in Sandwich, Massachusetts, Charles Jefferson and his wife (Edna Cary) will always be remembered with respect and admiration.

It is not to be wondered at that he should have elected for his own last resting-place the little rural cemetery in that lovely village on old Cape Cod by the side of his beloved father, to whom he had devoted the best years of his life.

CHAPTER XII

AN HERITAGE

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a good heritage.

PSALMS.

IT was to his second son, Thomas, that Joseph Jefferson—when he realised that the end of his long career was near at hand, and that his well-known embodiment of Rip Van Winkle would soon be a mere memory of bygone dramatic days—bequeathed the work which had become sacred to him, and the task of continuing his art; and he so expressed himself in his valedictory to his well-beloved public. "In imagination he stood upon the stage for the last time, saying his farewell words. He not only bade an affectionate adieu as representative of the successive generations of Jeffersons who had filled their place upon the boards, but asked kindly favour for his successor to whom he would resign the mantle that was about to fall from his shoulders."

The call to play his father's part of Rip Van Winkle came most unexpectedly to Thomas Jefferson in the fall of 1897, when at his home in Montclair, New Jersey. Mr. Joseph Jefferson

was at the Holland House in New York, preparing for his usual winter tour, when he was taken seriously ill. Thomas Jefferson describes his feelings upon receiving a telephone message from his brother Charles saying that his father requested him to come to New York at once and rehearse the part of Rip, which he would have to play in his place within a week's time.

"I was so startled that I wanted to run—I don't know where—anywhere.

"Father used to tell a story about my nervousness when called upon to appear before an audience. It delighted him to relate how upon one occasion when I was his manager—my work being confined exclusively to the front of the house—we were playing in a city to which the railroad company had run a 'special' from the near-by town of Herkimer, and wishing to inform their patrons that the train would be held for their return after the performance, word to this effect was sent to the theatre with the request that the announcement be made to the audience.

"My brother, whose business it was to make all announcements before the curtain, could not be found. It was time to ring up for the fourth act, but still no Joe. Father turned to me: 'You must go on and tell them, Tom,' and, taking me

by the arm, he almost pushed me in front of the curtain. When I found myself facing that immense audience I was so embarrassed I could only stammer one word, and that word I half shouted. It was 'Herkimer!'

"The effect can be imagined! Half the audience, supposing I had called their train, arose and made for the door.

.

"When I arrived in New York, I went direct to my father's rooms at the hotel, where I found him very ill.

"'Well, my son,' he said, 'you will have to take my place; let me see how well you are going to do it.'

"'But,' I stammered, 'how can I? I do not know the lines. I have never even tried to play Rip.'

"'You *can* do it, my boy, I know you can,' father said, and then and there he insisted upon rehearsing me in the most important scene in the play. I shall never forget it. There lay my dear father about to die (as we all feared)—and there was I lying upon the floor going through the waking-up scene from his play, Rip Van Winkle!

"I had never played the part, but I had for years rehearsed different companies for my



Photo by Pach

THOMAS JEFFERSON WITH CHILDREN

IN RIP VAN WINKLE

father, as he disliked the work very much, so I was more or less familiar with the lines.

"My brother brought me the manuscript to study, but I said, 'No, the book cannot help me. I must play the part as I remember it.'

"'Do it my way when it comes natural, my boy,' father suggested, 'and when it doesn't, do it your own.'

"Few people realise how varied Joseph Jefferson's performance of Rip Van Winkle was; he seldom played it alike, yet the audience thought it never changed.

"It was not until that rehearsal that I realised how much of the part I had unconsciously absorbed! When I had finished, father said approvingly: 'All right! you'll do!'

"'That's what you say, father, but how about the fellow out in front?'

"However, I felt encouraged and went through the 'recognition' scene for him, and finally, after several more rehearsals, I played the part for the first time at a Thanksgiving matinée in Pittsburg. A holiday audience is always kind, and they seemed to like me, and I felt it; it helped me, and the play was a success.

"My father's last words of advice were, 'You must not try to catch my gestures or facial changes. Never mind the outer man, it is the

inner man you must study. By that I mean, you must try to discover the workings of my mind, for when I begin to waken as the old man, I strive to put myself in the mental attitude that would have been his, upon recovering himself after half a lifetime's slumber. I try to express the uncertainty, the confusion, the hopes and fears that would crowd the mind of a person passing through such an extraordinary experience.

"'It is not necessary that your interpretation should be outwardly like mine—in fact, I should be extremely doubtful of your success if it were. But the great point will be to express properly the thoughts and emotions of the wakening man in your own way. Never mind *how* you do this, and don't try to produce any desired effect, nor in the same way each time. The thing you must be concerned with, is your own idea of the part and your personal feelings when you are playing it.'"

When Mr. Jefferson was well enough to write, he sent the letter to his son which is here reproduced.

After seeing Thomas play the part, Mr. Jefferson decided that he must have a company of his own, and go into the territory no longer used by himself, he to keep the big cities

Tuesday night

My Dear Tom

I thought I would write down some directions for you like Rip. Mind when I say so slow I dont mean that you are to act slowly but dont overrun your points and dont anticipate your surprises. for instance as you read the Rumors one by one

Fort Keads brings us so that you
can write it from time to time

I am glad to know that the
boys are a success—

We go to Old Point Comfort Va
on Thursday and will stay at the
Hotel Chamberlin—

With love to you all
—your affectionate Father
J Upham

dont show any Impatience Till
you are going on Thurs. Do Milk
your Wife in Thy Dance.

Make your Entrance
and in dued the Whole of the
1st Act as Joyful as possible.

Have a Glass of Lemonade
at Thy Wing during the first
Scene. So that you can moisten
your Lips at Each Exit: for
your Mouth will get very dry-
have some also in Thy Bottle

P.S.

Don't look at the audience once

particularly in the 3rd act—

and Tom to have the smaller towns. When travelling with his own company from one large city to another, Mr. Jefferson would often laugh when the train stopped to take on water, and pointing to the tank would say, "This must be one of Tom's towns."

In speaking of his father's jokes at his early experiences—which in many ways resembled those of Mr. Jefferson—his son would say:

"Father used to tell a 'good one' on me,—an experience I had in Ohio, in a town with the singular name of Newcomerstown, where I had a very poor house. My father was at Palm Beach, and one day, while on a fishing trip, he met a man who had told him he was a manufacturer from Ohio, and had large business interests in Newcomerstown.

"'By-the-by, Mr. Jefferson,' said my father's new friend, 'I think that quite recently I was able to render you a service.'

"'Indeed!' father said, 'in what way, may I ask?'

"'Why, a fellow came to my town a few months ago, calling himself Jefferson. He had the assurance to stick up his bills announcing that he would play Rip Van Winkle, but, thanks to me, he didn't make a dollar, and it cost him money to get out of town.'

"'Why, how was that?' father asked.

"'Because—don't you see?—I knew it wasn't you,' was the satisfied reply of the man from Ohio, 'so I warned my workmen not to go near the place,—told 'em the man was an impostor. As the entire population of the town consists of my employees, you bet I fixed that chap all right!'

"My father thanked the gentleman and informed him that the unfortunate actor was his own son and professional successor!

"I shall never forget the first time my father saw me play Rip. With kindness and with foresight, too, he did not let me know he was in the audience. Had I known it, it would have embarrassed me—so great was my veneration for his art.

"As soon as the curtain fell, he came back upon the stage and met me with outstretched hands.

"'Where did you come from?' I asked in astonishment.

"'From the front of the house,' was the reply.

"'I did not see you.'

"'No—I know you did not. I didn't intend you should. I sat far back on purpose.'

"'But you could not hear,' I said, thinking of his slight deafness.

"'Young man,' he answered, with that humorous twinkle of the eye which everybody who has ever seen him will remember, 'I am somewhat familiar with this play myself. I do not need to hear. I came to see you, and I came to see Rip on the stage—I had never seen him before, and it seemed very strange.'

"At another time my father was present without my knowledge, saying that he had come this time to watch the effect of the play on the audience."

The actor said many kind things to his son about his conception of the part, and the fact that the latter continued to play Rip during his father's lifetime and after, is evidence that he gave it his approval.

Speaking of his father's art, Mr. Jefferson says:

"Few people know what unceasing study my father devoted to Rip.

"Actors as a rule are afraid of the critics, but he was not. The critics were constantly crying for a new play, whereas the public wanted Rip, and although father tried several times to give his audiences different rôles, the public did not seem to care for them, which proved to him what they did want. That he decided wisely in continuing the old part was

shown by the fact that year after year his business increased, and he used to say:

"'The public always know what you can do best.'"

When Joseph Jefferson retired from the stage, he had great confidence in the loyalty of the public to his successor, whom he had planned to indorse personally, as the following letter will show:

NEW YORK, Oct. 11th, 1904.

MY DEAR TOM:

I received your letter and am glad to hear that you are holding your own. There is no doubt that my retirement from the stage will be a benefit to you.

.

I told Charlie that if he can arrange it, I will give him and yourself my full production—scenery, properties, costumes, etc., so it will not cost you a cent.

.

I will come up from the South and be present on your opening night. I am improving slowly.

All join me in love.

FATHER.

The opening referred to in this letter was to have taken place at the Boston Theatre, April 23d, 1904, but before it occurred, Joseph Jefferson was again taken very ill. Rehearsals, which were being held daily, were continued, but every heart was filled with anxiety.



Photo by Pach

THOMAS JEFFERSON

AS RIP VAN WINKLE (LAST ACT)

"MY GUN MUST OF COTCHED THE RHUMATIX TOO!"

In an interview published at this time in *The Boston American,* Eleanor Ames wrote:

"In Palm Beach, Joseph Jefferson is fighting for his life. He will never again face the footlights.

"In Boston, his son, Thomas Jefferson, is preparing to appear in his father's greatest rôle, Rip Van Winkle.

"For seven years Tom Jefferson has been barn-storming the far West as Rip. He has been a success.

"On Monday night when he appears at the Boston Theatre, he 'makes his first whack at Rip in a big city,' as he expresses it.

"When I saw him at the Touraine, he came swiftly towards me, holding a telegram in his hand, his face radiant with relief. 'Read that,' he said, as he thrust the yellow paper at me eagerly. It read: 'Father continues to improve. He is taking nourishment.'

"The son, who has literally stepped into his famous father's shoes, stood before me smiling, fairly vibrating with joy. 'You must have been under an awful strain,' I said, 'rehearsing your father's greatest part while he was fighting against death.'

"His voice grew deep and husky with emotion, and there were tears in his eyes as he re-

plied, 'If I should live to be a hundred years old I shall never forget this past week; here am I in Boston preparing to play Rip on my father's old stamping ground, while at the other end of the continent he is lying ill, and I dare not think what the next tidings may be.'

"Thomas Jefferson appreciates as does no one else in the world the position he is to occupy as his father's successor."

Joseph Jefferson impressed upon his son not to fear the critic, by saying that when his own notices were bad, as they sometimes were, he consoled himself by arguing that the criticism was only the opinion of one man, whereas if the notice was good, he told himself, that was the opinion of every man!

The night before Thomas Jefferson was to have opened in Boston, a message was received which caused the engagement to be cancelled, and the house to remain dark. The telegram was dated "West Palm Beach, April 23, 1905." It read:

MR. THOMAS JEFFERSON, Hotel Touraine, Boston, Mass.:
Our dear father has passed away. His sufferings are over. God bless you all.

CHARLES.

The following September the interrupted en-

gagement at the Boston Theatre was fulfilled; and the son of and successor to Joseph Jefferson, in speaking of the coming event, is reported to have said through *The Boston Globe:*

"This is practically my début in a metropolitan city and before one of my father's audiences, and a test as to whether the public will accept me in my father's rôle.

"In a Western town, I recall one criticism which said in effect that I was too young in the first act. Father, who read the criticism, said, 'That is a good fault. I wish they could say that of me!'

"I am naturally nervous over this opening in Boston, but it is a good thing for me, as it will put me on my mettle. I shall wear the same clothes that my father wore in that part, as he bequeathed his entire wardrobe to me—the very same worn by him so many years, with the exception of the leggings. These were not originally his, but belonged to his half-brother, Charles Burke, who wore them in the part before father ever played it.

"I shall try to play Rip exactly as my father did. No one else knows so well how he played the part, nor watched him so closely, and for so long a time. Besides, he wanted me to play it."

Relating his experience to one who had been

present upon that occasion, Mr. Jefferson said: "When I played the part for the first time after my father's death, I had his ideal ever before me. I seemed to feel his presence, and I know I must have been very much like him in my acting, as several members of my family recognised the similarity and declared it brought father back to them most forcibly. One line especially seemed to unnerve me completely; I could not finish the sentence, but turned and walked up the stage. It was the line in the last act, 'Are we so soon forgot when we are gone?'"

"Indeed, I noticed it!" exclaimed the one to whom Mr. Jefferson was relating the circumstance. "Everyone in the house was wiping the mist from his eyes, but I thought it the naturalness of true art."

Tears glistened in Tom Jefferson's eyes and his voice quivered as he spoke. "It was the feeling without the art; it was nature. The rule in acting is that you must never lose yourself. That time I did."

It was a study that first night in Boston to see the effect the acting of the son of its idealised favourite had upon the public. They gave him a royal welcome, and then settled back in their seats, strangely quiet—thinking—comparing—



Photograph by Thomas Jefferson

AN INHERITANCE

PROPERTIES AND COSTUME USED BY JOSEPH JEFFERSON IN RIP VAN WINKLE

questioning—"Did his father do it like that?" until the famous toast, "Here's your good health unt your family's, unt may they all live long unt pros——" As the last words were swallowed in the cup, the house woke up and broke into spontaneous rounds of applause.

"A worthy son of a worthy sire," was the unanimous verdict of the press the following morning.

In the Washington *Post* of Sunday, December 24th, 1905, appeared the following from the pen of Marie B. Schrader:

Seldom does an actor set himself so difficult a rôle as that undertaken by Thomas Jefferson, in acting a part endeared to the public because of its association with his father. For many years we have cherished the belief that there was only one Rip, and there could never be another. It would be sacrilege for any one else to attempt to play the lovable vagabond. . . . Then came the formal announcement that Thomas Jefferson would play Rip, and the public was astonished at his temerity in so soon assuming his father's greatest rôle.

The effect of this apparent audacity was varied in different cities. Boston was very kind and opened its arms to the son of its favourite. Other cities followed in approval. Washington has been especially cordial in its reception. Not so New York. There he was greeted as an usurper—the man who dared without the right to do. If his acting carried out his father's ideas, he was criticised for his imitation. If he departed from the tradition of the rôle, he was scolded for his presumption.

In speaking of the reception given him in New York upon his taking up the sacred trust bequeathed him by his father, Mr. Jefferson said in an interview with the New York *Herald,* October 15th, 1905:

"I am more than glad to do it. I am proud and happy to be the son of my father—but I must take the consequences, which I do willingly. It means critical and minute comparison, which is always odious, and in this case particularly so. I was eclipsed by the shadow of my father's personality. Those who sat in front thought of my father all the time. They pictured *him* in their mind's eye—while what they really saw was myself. Naturally they said, 'Oh, pshaw, he is not his father!' and then they grew angry with me because I was my father's son. If ever I become as great an actor as my father was, I shall not be known as Joseph Jefferson's son, but he will be known as my father. No one knows better than I do how faithful Americans are to their favourites, and I also know that it may take years to dim the recollection of a great actor's own particular work. I am willing to wait, with the hope that when the time comes, the public will be willing to take me on my own individual merit."

Thomas Jefferson has undergone a severe or-

deal in attempting to establish himself in his father's rôle—people found fault with him for doing the very things for which his father was responsible. For instance, Mr. Joseph Jefferson would frequently drop his dialect and nothing would be said about it, but if his son chanced to do the same, there would be a general protest. It has been said that Joseph Jefferson was an old man playing a young man's part, while his successor is a comparatively young man playing an old man's idea of a young man. As it was his father's wish that he should play the part after his death, it can be imagined what it means to Joseph Jefferson's son to fulfil this request. If it has dear associations for those who attend the theatre, how many and how close must be those associations to him!

"It is not entirely a part I am playing," says Thomas Jefferson, "it is a sacred trust. I have had the approval and encouragement of hundreds of my father's warmest friends, who have been kind enough to tell me that they enjoyed my Rip, often when they did not expect to, because of old associations. For instance, my father's oldest and closest friend, Mr. William Winter, congratulated me upon my success, but said that he could not himself witness the performance. He writes:

MENTONE, CALIFORNIA,
Oct. 5th, 1905.

DEAR MR. JEFFERSON:

I have read with pleasure the splendid articles published in the newspapers of Boston commending your performance of Rip Van Winkle, and I beg to offer my hearty congratulations on your success. You will, I am sure, readily understand that I would not care to have the image of your father's great impersonation disturbed in my remembrance, but also you will, I am sure, believe that I am greatly rejoiced in the prosperity and advancement of his son. You have a new public to address and you need not concern yourself with us, the veterans who are passing from the stage. God bless you. "The King is dead. Long live the King."

Affc. yours,
WILLIAM WINTER.

Thomas Jefferson, Esq.

Dr. G. L. Morrill, pastor of the People's Church, Minneapolis, Minn., and chaplain of the Actors' Church Alliance, writes:

MINNEAPOLIS, 3-7-1906.

MR. THOMAS JEFFERSON,

MY DEAR SIR:

I have just returned from your splendid rendition of Rip Van Winkle. It took me back to the days of my boyhood when I first went to the theatre and saw your father in the same character.

You have not only inherited the "properties" he wore, but his genial and genius-like spirit as well. To this you have added your own originality, which pleased the old generation of theatre-goers as well as charmed the new.

I feel sure the glorified soul of your late loved and lamented father looks with admiration on your work.

Though dead he speaks through your lips the most eloquent and effective sermon on temperance ever preached.

That you and yours may "live long and prosper" is the sincere wish and prayer of me and mine.

Very Truly Yours,
G. L. Morrill.

Ex-President Grover Cleveland also wrote to Mr. Jefferson saying that he felt that he could not go to see him play his father's part, as he wanted to remember it as he last saw his friend play it. He finally consented to be present at the Boston opening, but was prevented from doing so by the death of a distant relative, and sent Mr. Jefferson a telegram informing him of his disappointment. Some weeks later, however, he wired the following message:

Princeton, N. J.

Mr. C. B. Jefferson, Wallack's Theatre, New York.:

Dr. Bryant's family and my own, making party of six, will be glad to attend Wednesday night, the 11th. Can you send box seats for that night?

Grover Cleveland.

The ex-President afterward admitted that during the first part of the performance he felt very anxious, but when the curtain fell upon the third act, he went behind the scenes, his face

aglow with pleasure, and personally congratulated the actor on his performance.

At the close of the play Mr. Jefferson went to the box, and Mr. Cleveland, in his characteristic hearty manner, shook hands with the son of his old friend, saying:

"You are all right, Tom! You're all right! I am surprised at your work, and I know that you are bound to succeed. General Fred Grant, who had the opposite box, came to visit our box after your 'kitchen scene' and said he thought you better in that act than your father was, but I told him I wouldn't stand for that, Tom,—not *better,* you know."

A few days later, after a meeting of the Equitable Life Association Company, of which Mr. Cleveland was a trustee, the ex-President was met by a number of newspaper reporters, who wished to interview him on the result of the meeting. What he said to them is given below:

"Ex-President Cleveland had a few words to say in New York city a few days ago after the adjournment of the meeting of the trustees of the Equitable and before his departure for Princeton. He good naturedly waved aside an inquiry as to the business transacted, merely saying that a statement concerning that subject would be published.

"In complete contrast, he betrayed much interest when his presence at Wallack's Theatre, on Wednesday evening, and



Photo by Pach

THOMAS JEFFERSON

AS RIP VAN WINKLE (FIRST ACT)

the production of Rip Van Winkle by Thomas Jefferson were mentioned. He said, with considerable enthusiasm:

"'Yes, I was there, and I saw one of the best and most remarkable performances I have seen for years. I had supposed that my great love for Joseph Jefferson as a man and friend, and my unbounded admiration of him as an actor would somehow interfere with my warm approval of anyone else who should undertake the rôle of poor old Rip. If I had consciously or otherwise allowed such a condition to grow up, it was speedily dispelled last Wednesday evening, when I saw the son of the creator of the character of Rip Van Winkle portray that part in loving imitation, in conscientious strife toward his father's perfection, and with individual and personal cultivated characteristics. I am sure I cannot be mistaken when I say that on its independent merits, as well as from every collateral standpoint, those who love the theatre cannot fail to be pleased with Thomas Jefferson's representation of a character deeply seated in the affections of the American people.'"

In token of his appreciation of the kindness of Thomas Jefferson during the convalescence from an illness, while a guest at the house of Joseph Jefferson—when the physician, Dr. Bryant, had been called away to New York before his illustrious patient was able to leave his room—the ex-President sent "Tom" a photograph of himself, with the following letter:

DEAR TOM:

My friends think a recent photograph of me taken by Pach Brothers of New York is the best one ever taken

there, so I sent for one in order to keep my promise to you. I did not feel justified in monopolising too much space, and yet I did not wish to give you a little bit of a thing. I therefore gave instructions to send a picture, say, 10 to 12 inches square. On my return from an excursion last night I found here the big thing which I have just directed to you by express, and which leaves to-morrow.

I just want you to know that I did not intend to claim so much room in your house, though I do claim all I can get of your kindly remembrance.

Yours sincerely,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

Thomas Jefferson, Esq.

CHAPTER XIII

BIOGRAPHY

O thou that sendest out the men
To rule by land and sea,
Strong mother of a Lion-line,
Be proud of those strong sons of thine.
TENNYSON (To England.)

THAT which Mr. Jefferson failed to relate regarding his ancestry, in the history he gave of his life, Mr. William Winter has given extensively and with scrupulous exactitude in his works on the subject, in which he traces the Jefferson lineage back to the eighteenth century, when Thomas Jefferson was a friend of David Garrick, the greatest actor of his time. It was in 1746 that this young man, on one of his father's farm horses, rode to London town, and there met Garrick, who, struck with his genius, urged his accepting a position in his company, although young Jefferson was but eighteen years of age. This was the foundation of the Jefferson family of actors.

This ancestor never visited America, but his son Joseph, born at Plymouth, England, in 1774, came to America and made his first appearance at the Federal Street Theatre, Boston,

in 1795. He was afterwards connected with the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for twenty-seven years, and died at Harrisburg, Pa., in 1832. This was the grandfather of "our" Joseph Jefferson. Judge Gibson, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, 1816-1853, appeared to have a very special regard for the elder Jefferson (Joseph the First), concerning which Mr. Wood in his "Personal Recollections of the Stage" refers to at some length.

"The unostentatious act of two judges of the Supreme Court would never have been known to the world," says Mr. Thomas P. Roberts in his "Memories of John Bannister Gibson," "had it not been for Mr. Wood's publication. Mr. Wood says in his 'Recollections':

"'His [Joseph Jefferson's] grave remained for many years unmarked by the slightest memorial. The visitor to those grounds has often since been attracted by a beautiful monument to his memory, without at all, it is likely, knowing the history of its erection.

"'It is a source of great pleasure for me to have an opportunity of recording an act of humanity and feeling which its most unostentatious author, I am sure, never recorded for himself. It will be found in the following let-



MR. JOSEPH WARREN JEFFERSON AS SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER

MRS. JEFFERSON (BLANCHE BENDER) AS LUCY

ter to me by the late Chief Justice Gibson of Pennsylvania, a man whose great power of intelligence and whose vast service in the administration of the judicial affairs of Pennsylvania for more than thirty years have received the homage of the profession everywhere He took the most lively interest in dramatic literature and dramatic representations generally, and so far as the requirement of his high judicial station made it decorous was a patron of our theatrical representations, in those days of propriety and order when the theatre was a place through which even the judicial ermine might pass.'

"Letter from Judge Gibson to Mr. Wood:

HARRISBURG, June 25th, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR:

My brother, Judge Rodgers and myself design to lay a marble slab over the remains of the late Mr. Jefferson in the Episcopal churchyard at this place, and we stand in need of information in respect to one or two particulars. Below you will find a copy of the contemplated inscription sketched by me this evening. Might I request that you would note whatever is amiss in it, and suggest any amendments of which it is susceptible. I think I am right in Mr. Jefferson's baptismal name, but I am at a loss for the year of his death. His son, or his daughter, Mrs. Chapman, if she still lives, could supply the deficiency, but I know not where either of them are to be found.

I look back with great pleasure on the days when my

relish for theatricals had the freshness of youth, and when the stage was a classic source of its gratification. To the memory of Mr. Jefferson, who with others beguiled Judge Rodgers and myself and the play-going public, of many a heavy moment, we owe a debt of gratitude which we are anxious to repay.

Very truly, dear sir,
Your friend and servant,
JOHN BANNISTER GIBSON.

William B. Wood, Esq.

"The epitaph enclosed in the letter:

Beneath this marble
are deposited the ashes of
JOSEPH JEFFERSON,
an actor whose unrivalled powers took in the whole range of comic character, from pathos to soul-speaking mirth. His colouring of the part was that of nature enriched with the finest conceptions of genius. He was a member of the Chestnut Street Theatre in its most high and palmy days
And the compeer
of Cooper, Wood, Warren, Francis
and a long list of worthies,
who, like himself, are remembered with admiration and praise.
He was a native of England, with an unblemished reputation as a man. He closed his career of professional success in calamity and affliction at this place in the year 1832.
'I knew him well, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest and most exuberant fancy.'"

In 1882 Jefferson saw the grave of his grandfather for the first time. He was filling an engagement in Harrisburg and the day was bitter cold. With a hatchet and chisel he removed the ice from the slab and with tears in his eyes read the beautiful lines.

Under the date of April 30th, 1887, a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette,* writing from Harrisburg, feelingly describes another visit paid by Mr. Jefferson to the tomb; upon which occasion he was accompanied by his sons:

"The figure of a man familiar to Harrisburg theatregoers, and to every theatregoer in the United States, strolled about the labyrinthine walks of Mt. Kalmia Cemetery a few days ago when the sun was brightest and warmest. He wandered from grave to grave closely scanning the inscription on the marble slabs until he came to a lowly tomb that stands between twin oaks so tall that they seem to pierce the sky. 'Here it is,' he said to a companion; 'the surroundings have somewhat changed, but here is the same iron fence, and there' (pointing to the inscription on the slab that covered the tomb) 'is the epitaph, one of the greatest compositions in the English language.'

"The speaker was Joe Jefferson, the actor, visiting the grave of his father [grandfather],

who is remembered by the old inhabitants of the country, and whose funeral here, more than half a century ago, was attended by the most prominent men in the State. The grave of this once prominent actor is covered with a slab on which is the epitaph composed by John Bannister Gibson."

This grave is not only kept orderly, but is frequently covered with flowers by residents of Harrisburg through the affection held by them for the grandson of the actor.

Jefferson the third was born in Philadelphia in 1804. He inherited his father's dramatic talent. He married Cornelia Francis Thomâs, who was the reigning singer in America at that time. Of her voice Ireland says: "Its tones were exquisite. She possessed power, purity, and sweetness and was unapproached by any contemporary."

Among the many interesting places in Charleston, S. C., stands the old Pringle mansion, many years the home of the Pringle family, with whom Cornelia Thomâs lived as an adopted daughter. Mrs. Rose M. Pringle, now over eighty years of age, still lives in the fine old home, in which the draperies and furnishings of a hundred years ago, testify to the qual-



Photo by Bangs, New York

WILLIAM WINTER JEFFERSON

AS BOB ACRES

ity of the material and workmanship of the period in which they were made.

In compliance with the request made to her by the writer, Mrs. Pringle has related the interesting story of the adoption of the mother of Joseph Jefferson, as she heard it related by her own mother:

CHARLESTON, S. Carolina.

MY DEAR MRS. JEFFERSON:

As you request, I have written an account of my mother's (Mrs. James Reid Pringle) adoption of Mr. Joseph Jefferson's mother, Cornelia Francis Thomâs, of whom she always spoke with great affection. I have seen many newspaper notices of the connection of Mr. Jefferson's mother with a Charleston family which have been inaccurate in many respects, but I have never attempted to correct them, as our family have always avoided newspaper notoriety.

I have always taken a great interest in Joseph Jefferson's success, and on one of his visits to Charleston one of my nephews took me to see him in his wonderful portrayal of Rip Van Winkle.

Since the late war circumstances have compelled me to live a retired life, and so I found no opportunity of becoming acquainted with Mr. Jefferson.

It was about the year 1807 that Mrs. James Reid Pringle (then Mrs. E. M. McPherson) was attracted by the grace and pleasing manners of a little girl who came daily to play in the unoccupied piece of land adjoining her residence. One day she called the little girl to her and

learned that her name was Cornelia Thomâs and that her father held a position at the theatre, which was in Broad street. (This theatre was burned some years later.)

Finding that the little girl was motherless—and so engaging and lovable—Mrs. McPherson proposed that she should come to her every day to be taught her lessons, which the little child with pleasure agreed to do.

Mrs. McPherson soon became much attached to Cornelia and proposed to the father to allow her to adopt the little one, to which he reluctantly consented, and papers were made out and signed to that effect.

Cornelia returned the affection lavished upon her, and being lovable and intelligent, she had every advantage of education given her.

At the time of the marriage of Mrs. McPherson to Mr. Pringle, he wished to have Cornelia come from school to attend the wedding of her mother by adoption, and for this purpose he went for her himself. With the charming simplicity which was her chief attraction, Cornelia said to Mr. Pringle: "You ought to be a very good gentleman to marry my mother."

As she grew older, Cornelia developed a very fine voice. This caused her father to wish to take her away, and also caused so much trouble and discomfort to Cornelia that it was considered best for all parties that Mrs. Pringle relinquish all claims to the dear adopted daughter. Mr. Thomâs then took his daughter North with him.

(Mr. Thomâs had lived on the island of San Domingo until the rising of the negroes in 1804, when he made his escape through the assistance of a loyal slave. He went to Charleston, arriving there penniless with his motherless child.)

Mrs. Pringle's own children, hearing their mother speak of Cornelia with so much affection, always thought of her as their elder sister. Cornelia married Mr. Charles Burke. Her magnificent voice and her acting attracted much attention, but Mrs. Pringle, with her old-fashioned ideas, never could bring herself to go to see or to hear her adopted daughter appear in public. Once when upon a visit to New York, where Cornelia (then Mrs. Burke) was appearing at one of the theatres with her husband, the celebrated comedian, Cornelia came to the hotel to see Mrs. Pringle, and at her request sang for her, attracting the attention and admiration of the guests in the hotel.

Cornelia enjoyed her visit with her adopted mother, whom she had not seen for so long a time, and inquired about the children of Mrs. Pringle as though they had been her own sisters and brothers—and even asked after each one of the old family servants.

Rose M. Pringle.

Charleston, S. C.,
April 15th, 1908.

Mrs. Burke had two children, a son, whom she named after his father, Charles, also a daughter, Ione Burke. She lost her husband in 1824, and some years later was married to Joseph Jefferson, by whom she had four children, two of whom died in infancy; the other two were Joseph and Cornelia Jefferson.

For his half-brother, Charles, young Joseph had an unusual and deep affection. When he was about seven years of age, his sister Cornelia

was born in Baltimore. The little brother and sister used to appear together in songs and dances, between the acts of the plays.

Of his sister's talent and success as an actress Mr. Jefferson always spoke in the highest praise. Had it not been for a misfortune which disfigured her, Cornelia Jefferson would no doubt have been famous. She married and had one son, Charles Jackson, who became a very clever actor.

Mrs. Jackson had retired from the stage for many years, when her brother conceived the idea of having her play the part of Tilly Slowboy in The Cricket on the Hearth in his company.

The very misfortune which had ended her career in early life, made her in this character the very ideal of Dickens' thought, and although she was quite deaf and nearly sixty years of age, she took the part to perfection, notwithstanding the fact that her "cues" in the piece had all to be given to her by gestures and signs.

Mr. Jefferson was most fond of his little sister, whose wit and humour were a foil for his own; she frequently accompanied him upon fishing trips, and was known to all his friends as "Aunty Con." She lived near her brother at Buzzards Bay until just before her death.



Baker's Art Gallery, Columbus, O.

CORNELIA JACKSON

AS TILLY SLOWBOY

Three of Mr. Jefferson's sons married ladies of the dramatic profession, who remained upon the stage after their marriage.

Only one other woman among the immediate members of the family adopted the stage (and for a short period only), although Mr. Jefferson frequently urged his granddaughters to make the stage their profession, and in fact encouraged them by having them travel with him in his company, appearing in the ballroom scene in Lend Me Five Shillings. It was not a success, however, for the young ladies were never able to overcome stage fright. They not only hid their talent, but also tried to hide themselves behind scenery, stage furniture, and—as one declared—behind the tallest "super" she could find! With one exception the granddaughters of the great actor failed him.

Lauretta, the youngest daughter of Thomas Jefferson, inherited the family talent. It was the wish of her grandfather that she play the parts of Meenie and Tilly with him. He had seen Lauretta act character bits, in amateur and social entertainments in his own home, and declared the "divine spark" lived again in her. But her father felt that he would prefer having his daughter appear only in his own company.

For three seasons she travelled, playing the

part of Meenie in Rip; at the end of which time the young girl came to her mother (the writer), and placing her arm affectionately about her neck, she said: "Do you know you are a very wise little mother? If you had said 'no'—when I wanted to go upon the stage, I should have felt that you had forever blighted a glorious career. But now that I have tried it, and know it all—'home and mother' for me!"

One other member of the Jefferson family, while not adopting the stage, has appeared upon it, and obtained some newspaper notoriety upon her début. Little Miss Josephine Rolfe, granddaughter of the late Charles Burke Jefferson, appeared at a matinée performance during a Boston engagement of her "Uncle Tom," who carried her upon his back where Rip makes his first appearance with the children in the Village of Falling Waters.

In an interview given by this young lady to the Boston *Herald,* September 28th, 1905, the six-year-old débutante frankly stated her first impressions of the stage to a reporter. It was between the acts, and little Miss Josephine was introduced by her father. In reply to the questions asked by the newspaper man, she replied in a straightforward manner.

"How does it feel to be an actress? Oh,

fudge, I'm not a real actress! I'm just making my first appearance—and it's great! I wasn't the least bit afraid, and the audience did not seem to mind me a bit. Fluff—that's my nickname for him—I mean grandfather Charlie—has been promising for a long time to let me go on the stage, but then he promises so many things that I didn't pay much attention to it. He promised me a doggie, and I'm sure I ought to have one if I'm going to play with Rip. You know he has a dog called Schneider. No, I never saw Schneider, but I think Gretchen is awful cruel the way she beats him. I don't want to play that part, for I couldn't be unkind to doggie, and I don't want to play Meenie. I'd like to play Hendrik, for I think he's all right—and so good to poor old Rip that every one likes him.

"I suppose it will be a long time before I'm a real actress, for mother says I'm too young to think of it and that I must go to school. When 'Great' was alive (her great-grandfather Joseph Jefferson) I used to see him act Rip, and Uncle Tom does it just the same."

Little Josephine is the granddaughter of Professor William J. Rolfe, Litt. D., formerly head master of the high school at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and a famous Shakespearean authority.

Charles and Thomas were sons by Mr. Jefferson's first wife, Margaret Lockyer. There were also two daughters by this marriage. The eldest became the wife of an English writer, Benjamin L. Farjeon, and resides in London with her children, three sons and a daughter. (Her eldest son, Harry, won several scholarships, and is the youngest professor in the London Conservatory of Music. He received the honour of having his compositions sent to the St. Louis Exposition, representing the modern English School of Harmony.) Joseph Warren, William Winter, and Frank Jefferson are sons by the second marriage.

The dramatic instinct descended from father to sons in the Jefferson family. Three of them have undertaken the task of perpetuating the family name in the old plays made famous by their father.

"We all had to learn to act," says Thomas Jefferson, "but we were never allowed, at the beginning of our career, to use the name of Jefferson. We usually took our middle names—mine is Lockyer, but I do not use it for professional reasons. We all had to start at the bottom. No climbing up any other way. It was always a case of beginning with the supers and



Photo by Clinehirst

LAURETTA JEFFERSON

AS MEENIE VAN WINKLE (SIXTH GENERATION)

carrying a spear—or rather, disguising our individuality, as 'dwarfs' in the mountain scene in Rip. I nodded my head with the rest and imagined I was the whole 'show,' and engaged the entire attention of the audience. I felt they were all looking at me, and not at my father.

"We had to earn the right to the family name. Father regarded that as too sacred a thing to be bandied about among a group of inexperienced actors, even if they did happen to be his own sons."

Mr. Jefferson sent Tom to Paris to complete his education and to study the French method of acting, with which, however, his son was not impressed; his criticism being that the actors directed their attention too much to the audience. He remained five years in Paris, learning to speak the language like a native, almost to the exclusion of his own. Upon leaving school, he went to Sheffield, England, to obtain his first theatrical engagement, more for the experience than anything else. He played for a year and a half in the English provinces, his repertoire being as varied as he himself was versatile. From "My lord, the carriage waits," he played anything up to "leads," even

upon one occasion doing a specialty act upon roller skates under the imposing title of Herr Spitzbergen—which act came to an inglorious failure—or rather howling success—when he tripped upon a ring to a trap door—unseen in the centre of the stage—and fell headlong in his Russian costume, fur cap and top boots. With a yell of amusement from the audience, the short career of Herr Spitzbergen ended; but the experience did the young actor a world of good.

After his return to America, with his father, young Jefferson went under the management of Augustin Daly, and also appeared in Lester Wallack's stock company, but soon gave up the stage, devoting himself to the management of his father's company, until the opening of the theatrical season of 1898, when Joseph Jefferson was taken seriously ill.

It was a matter of a few hours only to decide whether the expensive company engaged for the season should disband or fulfil the time booked in the large cities throughout the country. To disband meant the cancelling of the contracts of the artists engaged, including Mrs. John Drew, Otis Skinner, Wilton Lackaye, and others, thereby throwing them out of a season's engagement, or at least a part of a season. It



Photo by Pach

CHARLES BURKE JEFFERSON

WILLIAM WINTER JEFFERSON

THOMAS JEFFERSON

was therefore decided to continue, with the sons of the star in their father's parts, Thomas to play Rip, William to act the part of Bob Acres, and Joseph, Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

Shortly after Charles Jefferson had assumed the management of the company, including the triple stars, who were meeting with much favour upon the road, he received a letter from his father, then convalescing at Palm Beach, enclosing a sketch in pen and ink, which he called "a suggestion for a three sheet" (poster), in which the four brothers were pictured as though performing an acrobatic feat in a circus!

At the same time Mr. Jefferson also wrote a letter of encouragement to his sons in approval of their good work:

PALM BEACH, Jan. 1st, '98.

MY DEAR BOY:

I congratulate you all on the success of your undertaking. If my illness has been the means of giving you all the opportunity to develop your talent, I have not suffered in vain—though I hope you will get on without my having to repeat the dose—for the present at least.

I trust that you will go on earnestly and in harmony. These qualities are the key-note to success and happiness. The income derived from our own labour is always more gratifying than that gained from any other source.

There is no reason to doubt that you may go on in the present course with great pleasure and profit. Toney [Mrs.

Jefferson] is as much pleased as I am at the good news of your success, and joins me in wishing you a happy New Year. Your loving father,

J. JEFFERSON.

A year or so later, when Joseph and William started out on the road with their own Rivals company, their father wrote to them from Virginia:

FORT MONROE, Va.

MY DEAR WILL AND JOE:

I again congratulate you on your success. Remember, ability and early success is of little value if the effort is not continuous. Actors who merely play for their own amusement, regardless of public duty, have but a short reign.

From all I hear you have both done finely, and my advice is given for your benefit, not mine.

With love,
Your father,
J. J.

From his lifelong insistence upon his well-known rule never to allow vulgarity or impurity to find a place in his performances, it is evident that Joseph Jefferson considered its observation a potent factor in his success.

With regard to his rule about keeping faith with the public, he many times said that to refund the money at the box office does not satisfy the disappointment of an audience.



PEN AND INK SKETCH BY JOSEPH JEFFERSON

A SUGGESTION FOR A POSTER MADE TO HIS SONS AT THE TIME OF THEIR STARRING TOUR

In speaking of success upon the stage, Mr. Jefferson would say: "The art of acting must be commenced at the foundation, or the superstructure can scarcely stand. The actor to become thorough and successful must put out of sight his own individuality and become identified with the character he is endeavouring to represent."

CHAPTER XIV

FAITH AND REASON

Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you.

THE BIBLE.

THE question is frequently asked, Was Joseph Jefferson a Spiritualist or an atheist, or was he a Christian Scientist?

He was what we all are, whether we know it or not, a seeker after Truth. He was seeking the answer to that great question which has re-echoed through the long ages and which still convulses the world; that question asked by Pilate, the governor, of the lowly Nazarene—"What is Truth?"

Mr. Jefferson sought at different times, in different ways—one of them the investigation of Spiritualism—to answer for himself this question; but after many disappointments and through the utter inability of spiritism to give to him the lasting proof which he was seeking, he gave this up. He found that there was nothing to be gained in the belief that a mortal

changed by death (which we are told is the enemy) into a spirit, could thereby become the agent of God's government—foreshadowing and prophesying the future, for evil or for good. He realised the transient state of early existence, and felt the yearning common to us all—try to hide it with seeming satisfaction of the present though we may—that yearning which is the Immanuel—the divine nature crying out to assert itself—to give us the proof which that yearning demands.

Joseph Jefferson was not an atheist, as any one reading his poem on "Immortality" will readily understand. This poem, as Mr. Jefferson's old friend, Mr. E. C. Benedict, relates, Mr. Jefferson spoke of as "doggerel" which he had been scribbling. One day while lunching with him on board of his yacht, the *Oneida,* with Mr. Grover Cleveland, the conversation drifted to the subject of a future life. Mr. Jefferson expressed himself as very grateful for having had more than his share of the joys of this life, and as being prepared to meet at any moment the common fate of all. He then recited this poem:

IMMORTALITY

Two caterpillars crawling on a leaf
By some strange accident in contact came;

Their conversation, passing all belief,
Was that same argument, the very same,
That has been "proed and conned" from man to man,
Yea, ever since this wondrous world began.
The ugly creatures,
Deaf, dumb and blind,
Devoid of features
That adorn mankind,
Were vain enough, in dull and wordy strife,
To speculate upon a future life.
The first was optimistic, full of hope;
The second, quite dyspeptic, seemed to mope.
Said number one, "I'm sure of our salvation."
Said number two, "I'm sure of our damnation;
Our ugly forms alone would seal our fate
And bar our entrance through the golden gate.
Suppose that death should take us unawares,
How could we climb the golden stairs?
If maidens shun us as they pass us by,
Would angels bid us welcome in the sky?
I wonder what great crime we have committed
To leave us so forlorn and so unpitied?
Perhaps we've been ungrateful, unforgiving;
'Tis plain to me that life's not worth the living."
"Come, come, cheer up," the jovial worm replied,
"Let's take a look upon the other side;
Suppose we cannot fly like moths or millers,
Are we to blame for being caterpillars?
Will that same God that doomed us crawl the earth,
A prey to every bird that's given birth,
Forgive our captor as he eats and sings
And damn poor us because we have not wings?
If we can't skim the air like owl or bat,

'A worm will turn 'for a' that.'"
They argued through the summer; autumn nigh,
The ugly things composed themselves to die;
And so, to make their funeral quite complete,
Each wrapped him in his little winding sheet.
The tangled web encompassed them full soon,
Each for his coffin made him a cocoon;
All through the winter's chilling blast they lay,
Dead to the world, aye, dead as human clay.
Lo, spring comes forth with all her warmth and love;
She brings sweet justice from the realms above;
She breaks the chrysalis, she resurrects the dead;
Two butterflies ascend, encircling her head.
And so this emblem shall for ever be
A sign of immortality.

Mr. Benedict says of this poem: "It seems as though these lines construct a beautiful bridge between faith and reason."

Reading the Bible as Mr. Jefferson did, understanding it only through its literal sense, he could not accept the changeable God he had been taught to find therein; One who could condemn innocent children to death one day and repent of it the next; a God of wrath "visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children,"—and, like many others who quote this passage of scripture, he would stop there, not having the patience to finish the verse, whose meaning is that it is only those who hate good that have this sin visited upon themselves. The rest of the

verse declares that He "shows mercy unto *thousands* who keep His commandments."

Mr. Jefferson's own nature was infinitely sympathetic and loving. He could not conceive of a God who could be less so than man. He was always careful, however, not to offend others with his religious views. He believed that the highest altruism was respect for the convictions of others, especially if these convictions were consistent with well-ordered lives.

It was while on a visit made to Mr. Jefferson at his home at Palm Beach, that the writer came to understand him better than ever before. Having the opportunity of many private talks, she could study more closely his relations with his fellow-man, and his recognition of brotherhood. He was much interested at this time in the study of menti-culture, some books on this subject having been sent to him by their author. Mr. Jefferson knew that the writer had been saved by the power of divine Mind from a law of heredity, and although he never questioned her in regard to it, no one can witness a thing of that kind without being obliged *to think,* and he was thinking, although pride of intellect forbade questioning. He would frequently appear with one of these books on menti-culture in his hand,

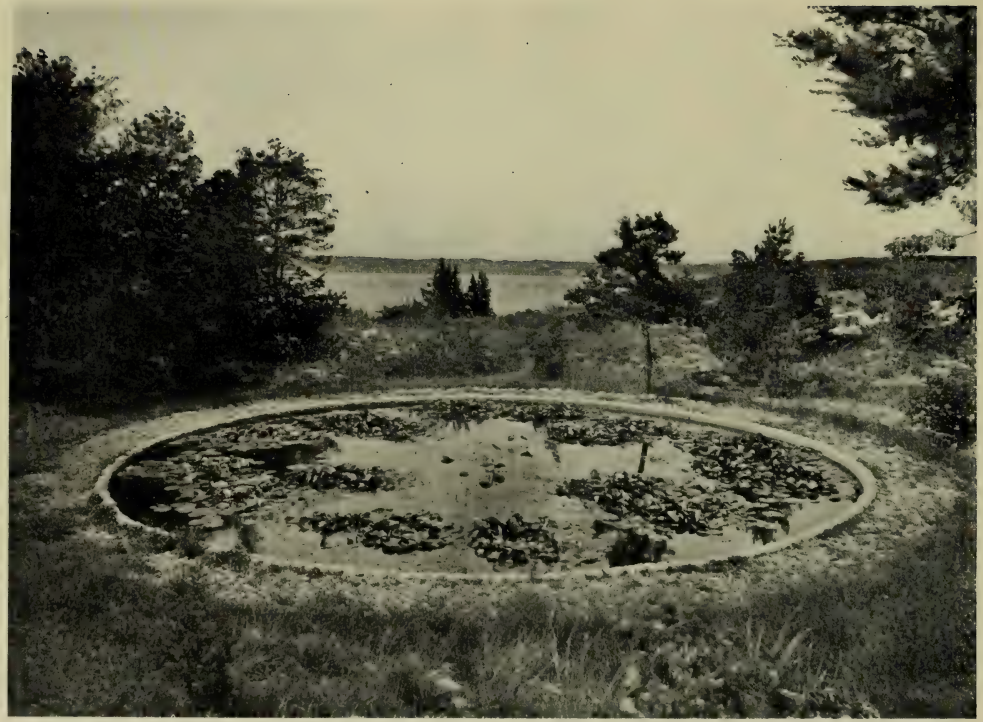


Photo by T. E. Marr

THE LILY POND AT CROW'S NEST

saying: "I want you to hear this," reading a sentence or paragraph from the book. That which seemed to impress him most was "Fear and worry are bad habits of the mind." "There!" he would exclaim in a voice which challenged while it appealed, "isn't that good?" The reply was that if he could prove it, it certainly was very good.

It is proof that we want; theories lack demonstration, as a rule. Referring to a conversation which they had been having on this subject of proof a few days before, the writer said to her father-in-law, "Wouldn't you like to know the way by which the thinkers of to-day are beginning to learn the solution of these great problems—learning to answer by actual demonstration the question, 'What is Truth?'"

He only shook his head sadly. "No, my dear," he replied. "No, that has always been my trouble—no one could ever tell me anything —I always *knew it all;* besides, I'm too old now; I am settled in my beliefs, and I don't want to be disturbed.

"Talk about understanding life," he added, seizing a silver card-receiver that lay upon the table in the hall where he stood, "why, physical science has proven that even this inanimate object is teeming with life; that it is composed of

particles which are in perpetual vibration!" and dropping it on the table, he abruptly walked away. If he had only had the patience to listen—but that, he said, was his trouble—it could have been proven to him that even physical science had not yet discerned the real nature of substance, nor the difference between Life spelled with a capital "L" and life spelled with a small "l." That the one is God, whom *"to know"* the scripture says is Life (eternal), and the other only a counterfeit, which can be destroyed in countless ways. Life as God could never be destroyed, and this is the test between real Life and its counterfeit, Pantheism. Only as we prove to ourselves that Life (God) is the *only* Creative Principle, can we *disprove* the belief that it can also be the destructive principle.

Mr. Jefferson took a keen interest in Christian Science stories. He appreciated the humour as well as the principle suggested in the one about the dog, who, although his young master was a Scientist, *would* get into fights with other dogs, and getting pretty badly used up in one of these, his master took him to a surgeon. "Why do you bring your dog to me?" he was asked. "I thought all your people were Christian Scientists." "Yes," the boy replied. "Yes—I

know, but——" "Well," said the surgeon, "why don't you take the dog to a Christian Scientist for treatment—eh?" "Well—I—I would," the boy replied sheepishly, "only I—I'm afraid it will take all the fight out of him!"

Mr. Jefferson was engaged in the development of the city of West Palm Beach, and had large business interests there, which demanded much of his time and thought. He did not enjoy this; his nature being artistic, rather than commercial, he allowed it to prey upon him. He fell ill, a fever developed, and for several days he was in bed, a doctor in attendance twice a day.

Returning to the house late one afternoon, the writer was told that Mr. Jefferson appeared very ill. She was asked to go up and see him. His valet and a member of the household were in the room, and they pointed to a seat beside the bed. Mr. Jefferson opened his eyes, disturbed a little, and turned his head.

Speakingly cheerfully, his visitor said: "Well, sir! you are feeling better to-night, aren't you?" "No, my dear," he replied in a weak, despondent voice, "I am not better, I'm much worse, and my feet are growing cold."

Detecting the fear in his voice, his daughter-in-law tried to destroy it by saying, "You know,

sir, ever since I have been here you have been telling me what a fine thing menti-culture was —haven't you? Now, why don't you apply it? You have been anxious and worried over business; and this anxiety and fear have expressed themselves on your body; believe me, that is all that is the matter with you." The invalid brightened up at once. "Do you think so?" he said. "I know it," was the reply. "You would be all right if you would only stop worrying!" "I believe you are right," Mr. Jefferson said. "Then stop it, sir; you can, for you say you believe that fear and worry are bad habits of the mind; and now is the time to prove it."

"Yes," he replied thoughtfully, "I know it is, and it is all very well to say that, *when you are feeling all right*—but"—he thought a moment —"My dear, I believe that Christian Science could help me now, and if I knew where a practitioner might be found, I would send for one." The writer asked modestly, "What would be the matter with me, father?" He looked at her wonderingly with those keen blue eyes. "Could you, my child? Would you give me a Christian Science treatment?"

He had never asked and had never been told that his daughter-in-law had been putting into

practice, by actual demonstration, her understanding of the ever-present power to heal the sick; and had received the proofs—unmistakably, so that there could no longer be any doubt that the healing power had indeed been rediscovered, though seemingly lost for so long a time. It was made clear to the sick man that Principle—not person—could and would heal him, through this understanding.

One or two members of the family had entered the room, surprised to hear Mr. Jefferson engaged in conversation and talking with so much animation. He turned and spoke to them in a voice that rang with anticipation and hopefulness.

"I want you all to go out, please. I'm going to have a Christian Science treatment!"

When we were alone he reached out and confidingly placed his hand in that of his daughter-in-law. "Now," he said, "what are you going to do? Are you going to pray for me?"

He was told that a Christian Science treatment was prayer, but not in the commonly accepted sense of pleading. That God was Love, and if divine Wisdom decreed sickness, could prayer cause the Unchangeable to become the changeable? The patient was asked to believe

in God as the Universal Father, and to know that this Father being infinite, His children could have no cause to be worried or anxious over anything.

"Wait a minute, my dear," he interrupted, "let me understand. God, you say, is Love—He is my Father, and He does not want me to be anxious, nor sick. Why, of course not, I would not want my child to be, would I?" He turned wistfully towards the writer with such a relieved, trusting expression upon his face that she knew her part of the work would be simple. His fear was broken, his thought turned away from his body, and his trust in the Unseen established. Where was the pride of intellect now? It was not there—only a childlike receptivity to the truth of his being.

In less than a half-hour he was like a different man. His voice, which had seemed to be "all gone," now rang out with that vibrant quality which had thrilled thousands, as he called to those in the next room, "You may come in now," and when they entered, he added, "I am no longer worried, and *my feet are warm!* Now," he said, "I must have that book."

The writer left Palm Beach late that night after seeing Mr. Jefferson again, and she left

him with the little book "Science and Health," for which he had asked.

It was a day or so before the first letter was received; it said that the patient had rested well that night, his fever being reduced to a harmless fraction, which soon disappeared entirely. In about ten days he had resumed his professional work and was fulfilling his spring engagements.

CHAPTER XV

LAUREL WREATHS

Go thou—intrepid—smiling—alone,
And when thy God asks record of thy years,
Render up before His mighty throne
Thy people's laughter—mingled with their tears.

EDITH BROWNELL.

LOOKING out upon the ocean which he loved so well, while the bells were ringing out their Easter joy, Joseph Jefferson received his last call.

A great nation, her head bowed, her eyes wet with tears, drew aside the curtain for this final call;—but there was no answer. The curtain was rung down—the play was over!

"We are but tenants. Let us assure ourselves of this, and then it will not be so hard to make room for the new administration, for shortly the great Landlord will give us notice that our lease has expired."

These words—his own—engraved upon a tablet of bronze deeply embedded in a great boulder of rock, mark the last resting-place of him whom "None knew but to love." At

the back of the boulder is a laurel wreath, also of bronze, and beneath this were placed the wreaths of living laurel from those who honoured him throughout the land.

We laid him, in all simplicity, at his own request—for modesty had ever characterised his life—in the little rural burying-ground on Cape Cod,—close to the heart of nature which he loved so well.

Not many months before, England's greatest actor had been laid to rest with great pomp and ceremony in Westminster Abbey, the honoured resting-place for sovereigns and those whose service to their country in all lines of science and art had been greatest. It was a fitting resting-place for one who had been knighted by his King for his noble service in raising the standard of the drama.

Joseph Jefferson had also received a title—he, too, had been knighted, though not by a king. His title was bestowed upon him by his brother professionals and by his universal friend—the public.

It has been said that Joseph Jefferson did in America what Sir Henry Irving had done in England to elevate the personality, the social and intellectual standing of the actor and the

stage, effecting in a lifetime a revolution in the attitude of the people; and this inscription, "The Dean of the Dramatic Profession," was engraved upon the loving-cup presented to him by his brother players.

At the presentation of this cup at the Garden Theatre in New York the speaker who made the address, Mr. Frank Mayo, had planned to unveil the cup at the end of the presentation speech, and taking it in his hand, to give the famous and familiar toast of Rip, "Here's your good health, and your family's, and may they all live long and prosper!"—presenting the beautiful gift to Mr. Jefferson; but when the cue was given to have the cup brought upon the stage, three men appeared bearing it and bending beneath its weight! It is needless to say Mr. Mayo had to change his plan of action somewhat.

Mr. Laurence Hutton, who was sitting behind Mr. Jefferson upon this occasion, discovered a straw from a whisk-broom sticking to Mr. Jefferson's coat, and attempted to remove it as he rose nervously, to respond to the enthusiastic greetings of the enormous audience. Mr. Jefferson felt the action and turned to Mr. Hutton with an inquiring expression. "It is nothing," Mr. Hutton explained, "only a straw

on your shoulder." With a nervous laugh Mr. Jefferson said, "I feel as if I had a load of hay on my back." Then, turning to the audience, who cheered him for fully five minutes before allowing him to speak, he accepted their loving gift with an appreciation and genuine warmth which alternately moved them to laughter and to tears.

The cup is of massive silver; the handles represent three figures of Mr. Jefferson in his favourite characters of Rip, Bob Acres, and Dr. Pangloss, but, strange to say, his own name had been omitted and the cup had to be returned to have the omission corrected.

The loving-cup* stood twenty-two inches high and above the inscription was the familiar, but frequently misquoted, toast from Rip Van Winkle. The inscription read:

To the Dean of the Dramatic Profession,
with the loving greeting and affection of
his brother and sister players.
Nov. 8th, 1895.
He touched nothing he did not adorn.

The top ornamentation of the cup comprised three masks; Tragedy, Comedy, and Art—three figures of fame entwined with a wreath of laurel. The cup was designed by W. Clark

* The cup presented upon this occasion was a model of the silver cup.

Noble, and made in sterling silver by the Gorham Co. It was so large that frequently Mr. Jefferson's grandchildren would hide in it, as it stood in its corner at his home at Buzzards Bay. The cup has, since his death, been presented to the Lambs' Club by Mrs. Jefferson.

A memorial service was held by the Players' Club in the Church of the Transfiguration in New York, and no better testimony of the regard and affection in which he was held could have been given than the great gathering which came to pay tribute to Mr. Jefferson's memory, the capacity of the building being taxed to its utmost. Mr. David Bispham, a member of the Players', volunteered his services as soloist, and sang Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar." Many letters were read from absent friends.

It will be remembered that when the minister of the gospel—"good will towards men"—refused Joseph Jefferson's request to bury his friend George Holland, and recommended the little church around the corner, he unwittingly performed an important christening.

Mr. Jefferson grasped more tightly the hand of the dead actor's son, who had accompanied him upon his sad errand, and left the inhospitable door, murmuring, "God bless the little church around the corner."

This baptismal blessing rests upon the Church of the Transfiguration to this day.

More than one sermon was preached from the pulpit at the time of his death on this simple, loving life, and it was truly said that "his pulpit was the stage."

Joseph Krauskopf, D.D., known as the "Golden-tongued Rabbi," of the Temple Keneseth Israel, Philadelphia, referring to the good which was given to the world through "our own" Joe Jefferson, said: "Who could hear him and not feel kindlier and cheerier towards his fellow-man, and not go away with richer stores of pity for human frailty? Who that ever saw him in Rip Van Winkle—and what woman or child of the present or past generation did not see him in it?—failed to catch the contagion of his whole-souled cheer and rugged optimism, and to feel that if but the heart be right, there is no failing in human nature that merits not our leniency, no shortcoming that patient forbearance might not cure?

"We need the theatre, and in these busy days of engrossing excitements and temptations, we need the play more than ever, as a guide and admonisher,—as a cheerer and diverter and entertainer. We need to see the book of life unfolded upon the stage, as Jefferson unfolded it,

and to read there that the road of the transgressor is hard, that righteousness has its own reward, that the God of Justice reigns, that retribution never fails, that innocent laughter is yet more wholesome than are tears, and that cheer of heart is as reverent as cheer of soul. We need the kind of play that Jefferson played, from which we returned to our homes richer in purpose, fuller in love."

Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, in a glowing tribute to the American stage, at the end of his discourse upon "Laughter, and Those Who Make Us Laugh," said: "Those that make us laugh fully serve their purpose in life, and the world is better by far for their being. The stage is elevating. For three generations a great Rip Van Winkle made us laugh. He lifted us from cares and made us see things in a better light. He was in truth a consecrated priest; his stage was his pulpit, and when he occupied it the theatre was his temple. The true stage will never recognise the vile—the pure who enter the theatre shall leave it as pure as they were when they entered. Life is not all in Sunday-school!"

WILLIAM WINTER'S TRIBUTE

(From the New York *Tribune*.)

"It is difficult to comprehend—it is almost

incredible—that a force so vital, a life so beautiful, a beneficence so precious as that of Joseph Jefferson, has come to an end; that the voice of gentle humour is hushed forever, and the face of tender sympathy darkened in death. But so it is—'The King hath fallen. The joy of his house is ceased'—

> Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
> But for our grief, as if it had not been,
> And grief itself be mortal!

"The comedian had been so long in the service of his profession, so closely entwined with the public thought, so completely an integral part of the general experience, that he had become, as it were, a permanent figure in our lives, an established and perennial source of pleasure and blessing, and, therefore, expectation of his disappearance was never consciously entertained. For more than seventy years he had been on the stage, and for at least forty of those years he had occupied the most conspicuous and honourable eminence that an actor can obtain. In almost every State in the Union his presence was familiar, while in parts of South America, Great Britian, and Australia he was not unknown. He had travelled and acted far and wide, never obtruding his private life, but never reserving himself from the knowledge

and affection of the people. Everywhere his acting was accepted with delight. Everywhere he gained devoted friends. Everywhere he was honoured and loved. There must have been a potent charm in the personality that could achieve this universal conquest, maintain this gentle sovereignty, and diffuse a remembrance of this lovely description. His own idea of popularity—often made known in his conversation—specified that the idol of the public is never much above the public level; but surely the popularity that he possessed was not alone that of average human sympathy and liking, but that of deep intuitive respect for spiritual eminence and poetic grace. The multitude might not have been able to give its emotion a name, but, all the same, its emotion existed. No imitator of Jefferson ever gained his laurel; by Jefferson himself it was never lost.

"Upon such a character and such a career the voice of detraction—never silent as to any meritorious person—could say but little. It sometimes became audible, however, in the declaration that Jefferson's artistic faculty was slight, because he acted only one or two parts, and that his professional ambition was narrow, because he never undertook any special business enterprise to promote the welfare of the

stage. This charge had a portentous sound, but it had no basis. In the maturity of his powers and his renown the comedian restricted his repertory to a few characters, but, in his earlier time, he had played scores of parts; one authentic list mentions more than a hundred of them; and he might have continued to play scores of parts, had he not learned by experience that it is better to do one thing thoroughly well than to do many things passably; to present one model of perfect art rather than many examples of good artistic intention. The principal characters that he chose were Rip Van Winkle, Acres, and Caleb Plummer, characters that were absolutely congenial to him, stirring his nature to its profoundest depths and evoking all the resources of his heart and mind. Those characters he could represent to perfection, and the observer who subjects them to analytical examination will speedily discern that they comprehend many, if not all, the representative extremes and contrasts of human experience: youth and age, love and hate, charity and greed, wealth and poverty, humour and pathos, power and weakness, mirth and grief, craft and simplicity, selfishness and self-sacrifice, the material and the spiritual, and the natural and the preternatural. It will also be perceived that

the raiment and scenic investiture of them comprise the tatters of indigence and the laces of luxury; the cottage and the drawing-room; manners, both humble and exalted; and physical nature, alike in calm and storm. The range of Jefferson as an actor was, in fact, remarkably broad; and for the rest, it should be remembered that he rendered the greatest possible service that any person can render to the stage, because he made it pure and honourable in the public esteem and dear to the public heart—and kept it so. All over the land the institution of the theatre was strengthened by him, so that even those persons who misuse and degrade it, by sordid and corrupt speculation, possess a broader field and an ampler opportunity than would otherwise exist, for what they call business enterprise. He did not care to manage theatres or to produce new plays. He did not waste himself on ventures and experiments. He did the thing that he could do best; and the stage is better, and the world is happier, because of what he was and what he accomplished.

"'Are we so soon forgot when we are gone?' Remembrance of those words, as they were spoken by Jefferson, in the great days of his Rip Van Winkle, can never perish. The world

does easily forget, and the rapid river of time, we may be very sure, will sweep into oblivion many names and many things that are conspicuous now; but as long as the fame of gentle humour is prized, and as long as kindness and pity remain on earth, the name of Joseph Jefferson will be remembered, because—like the kindred names of Lamb and Hood and Charles Dickens and Thackeray and Washington Irving—it is written with smiles and tears upon the everlasting pages of the human heart."

The following, from the pen of Mr. Henry Watterson, appeared in the Louisville *Courier-Journal* May 17th, 1905, written from Berlin:

"The not unexpected, but none the less melancholy, tidings of the death of Joseph Jefferson finds me, one of the oldest of his friends, loitering among the highways and byways of the song-world and the picture-world he loved so well, and I must lay aside all else until I have discharged my heart of its burden of memory and sorrow.

"During nearly fifty years his life and my life ran close upon parallel lines. He was eleven years my senior; but, after the desultory acquaintance of a man and a boy, we came together under circumstances which obliterated

the disparity of age and established between us a lasting bond of affection. His wife, Margaret, had died, and he was passing through Washington with the little brood of children she had left him. It made the saddest spectacle I had ever seen. As I recall it after forty-seven years, the scene of silent grief, of unutterable helplessness, has a present haunting power over me—the oldest lad not eight years of age, the littlest a girl baby in arms, the young father aghast by the sudden tragedy which had come upon him. There must have been something in my sympathy which drew him toward me, for on his return a few months later he sought me out, and we fell into the easy intercourse of established relations.

"I was recovering from an illness, and every day he would come and read by my bedside. I had not then lost the action of one of my hands, putting an end to a course of study I had hoped to develop into a career. He was infinitely fond of music and sufficiently familiar with the old masters to understand and enjoy them. His whole nature and temperament were catholic. He was an artist through and through, possessing a sweet, nor yet an uncultivated, voice—a blend between a low tenor and a high baritone—I was almost about to write a 'con-

tralto,' it was so soft and liquid. Its tones in speech retained to the last their charm. Who that heard them shall ever forget them?

"His mind was reflective and radiating. His humour, though perennial, was subdued; his wit keen and spontaneous, never acrid, sinister, or wounding. His speech abounded with unconscious epigram. He had his beliefs and stood by them; but he was never aggressive or pragmatical. Cleaner speech never fell from the lips of mortal man. I never heard him use a profanity. We once agreed between us to draw a line on the salacious stories, so much in vogue during our day; the wit must exceed the dirt; where the dirt exceeded the wit, we would none of it.

"He was a singularly self-respecting man; genuinely a modest man. The actor is supposed to be so familiar with the public as to be proof against surprises. Before his audience he must be master of himself, holding the situation and his art by the firmest grip. He must simulate, not experience, emotion, the effect preferable to the seeming, never to the actuality, never to the realisation. Mr. Jefferson held to this doctrine and applied it rigorously. On a certain occasion we were dining with a gentleman who had overpartaken of his own hospitality.

Mr. Murat Halstead was of the company. There was also a German of distinction, whose knowledge of English was extremely limited. The Rip Van Winkle craze was at its height. After sufficiently impressing the German with the rare opportunity he was having in meeting a man so famous as Mr. Jefferson, our host, encouraged by Mr. Halstead, and I am afraid not discouraged by me, began to urge Mr. Jefferson to give us, as he said, 'a touch of his mettle,' and, failing to draw the great comedian out, he undertook himself to give a few descriptive passages from the drama, which was carrying the town by storm. Poor Jefferson! He sat like an awkward boy, helpless and blushing. The German wholly unconscious of the fun, or even comprehending just what was happening —Halstead and I maliciously, mercilessly piling it up and enjoying it.

"I never heard Mr. Jefferson make a recitation, or, except in the singing of a song before his voice began to break, make himself a part in any private entertainment other than that of a spectator and guest. He shrank from personal displays of every sort. Even in his younger days he rarely 'gagged,' or interpolated, upon the stage. Yet he did not lack for a ready wit not inferior to that of the inimitable Nat Good-

win himself. Once during the final act of Rip Van Winkle, a young countryman in the gallery was so carried away that he quite lost his bearings and seemed to be about to climb over the outer balustrade. The audience, spellbound by the actor, nevertheless saw the rustic, and its attention was being divided between the two when Jefferson reached that point in the action of the piece where Rip is amazed by the docility of his wife under the ill usage of her second husband. He took in the situation at a glance. Casting his eye directly upon the youth in the gallery, he uttered the lines as if addressing them directly to him, 'Well, I would never have believed it if I had not seen it.' The poor fellow, startled, drew back from his perilous position and the audience broke into a storm of applause.

"Mr. Jefferson was a Swedenborgian in his religious faith. At one time too extreme a belief in spiritualism threatened to cloud his sound, wholesome understanding. As he grew older and happier, and passed out from the shadow of his early tragedy, he fell away from the more sinister influence the supernatural had attained over his imagination. Once in Washington I had him to breakfast to meet the Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Mathews and Mr. Car-

lisle, the but newly-elected Speaker of the House. It was a rainy Sunday, and it was in my mind to warn him that our company was made up of hard-headed lawyers, not too apt to be impressed by fairy tales and ghost stories, and to suggest that he cut the spiritualism, in case the conversation fell, as was likely, into the speculative. I forgot, or something hindered, and sure enough, the question of second sight and mind-reading came up, and I said to myself: 'Lord, now we'll have it.' But it was my kinsman, Stanley Mathews, who led off with a clairvoyant experience in his law practice. I began to be reassured.

"Mr. Carlisle followed with a most mathematical account of some hobgoblins he had encountered in his law practice. Finally the Chief Justice, Mr. Waite, related a series of incidents so fantastic and incredible, yet detailed with the precision and lucidity of a master of plain statement, as fairly to stagger the most believing ghost-seer.

"Then I said to myself again: 'Let her go, Joe; no matter what you tell now, you will fall below the standard set by these professional perfecters of pure reason, and are safe to do your best, or your worst.' I think he held his own, however.

"Joseph Jefferson came to his artistic spurs slowly but surely. He was nearly thirty when he got his chance, and, therefore, wholly equal to it and prepared for it. William E. Burton stood, and had stood, for twenty-five years the recognised, the reigning king of comedy in America. He was a master of his craft as well as a leader in society and letters. To look at him when he came upon the stage was to laugh; yet he commanded tears hardly less than laughter. In New York, particularly, he ruled the roost, and could and did do that which had cost another his place. He began to take too many liberties with the public favour, and, truth to say, was growing both coarse and careless. People were becoming restive under ministrations which were at times little less than impositions upon their forbearance. They wanted something equally strong, but more refined, and in the person of the leading comedy man of Laura Keene's company, a young actor by the name of Jefferson, they got it.

"Both Mr. Sothern and Mr. Jefferson have told the story of Tom Taylor's extravaganza, Our American Cousin, in which the one as Dundreary, the other as Asa Trenchard, rose to almost instant popularity and fame. I shall not repeat it except to say that Jefferson's Asa

Trenchard was unlike any other the English or American stage has known. He played the raw Yankee boy, not in low comedy at all, but made him innocent and ignorant as a well-born Green Mountain lad might be, never a buffoon, and in the scene when Asa tells his sweetheart the bear story, and whilst pretending to light his cigar burns the will, he left not a dry eye in the house. New York had never witnessed, never divined anything in humour so exquisite. Burton and his friends struggled for a season, but Jefferson completely knocked them out. Even had Burton lived, and had there been no diverting war of sections to drown all else, Jefferson would have come to his growth and taken his place as the first serio-comic actor of his time.

"Rip Van Winkle was an evolution. Jefferson's half-brother, Charles Burke, had put together a sketchy melodrama in two acts and had played in it, was playing in it, when he died. After his Trenchard, Jefferson turned himself loose in all sorts of parts, from Diggory to Mazeppa, a famous burlesque, which he did to a turn, imitating the mock heroics of the feminine horse marines, so popular in the equestrian drama of the period, Adah Isaac Menken, the beautiful and ill fated, at their head. Then he

produced a version of Nicholas Nickleby, in which his Newman Noggs took a more ambitious flight. These, however, were but the avant-couriers of the immortal Rip.

"Charles Burke's piece held close to the lines of Irving's legend. When the vagabond returns from the mountains after the twenty years' sleep, Gretchen is dead. The apex was reached when the old man, sitting dazed at a table in front of the tavern in the village of Falling Waters, asks after Derrick Von Beeckman and Nick Vedder and other of his cronies. At last, half twinkle of humour and half glimmer of dread, he gets himself to the point of asking after Dame Van Winkle, and is told that she has been dead these ten years. Then, like a flash, came that wonderful Jeffersonian change of facial expression, and, as the white head drops upon the arms stretched before him on the table, he says: 'Well, she led me a hard life, a hard life, but she was the wife of my bosom, she was mein frau!'

"I did not see the revised, or rather the newly created and written Rip Van Winkle until Mr. Jefferson brought it to America and was playing it at Niblo's Garden in New York. Between himself and Dion Boucicault a drama carrying all the possibilities, all the lights and

shadows, of his genius had been constructed. In the first act he sang a drinking song to a wing accompaniment delightfully, adding much to the tone and colour of the situation. The exact reversal of the Lear suggestion in the last act was an inspiration, his own and not Boucicault's. The weird scene in the mountains fell in admirably with a certain weird note in the Jeffersonian genius, and supplied the needed element of variety. I always thought it a good acting play under any circumstances, but, in his hands, matchless. He thought himself that the piece, as a piece, and regardless of his own acting, deserved better of the critics than they were always willing to give it. Assuredly, no drama that ever was written, as he played it, ever took such a hold upon the public. He rendered it to three generations, and to a rising, not a falling, estimate, drawing to the very last undiminished audiences.

"Because of this unexampled run he was sometimes described by unthinking people as a one-part actor. Nothing could be farther from the truth. He possessed uncommon versatility. That after twenty years of the new Rip Van Winkle, when he was past fifty years of age, he could come back to such parts as Acres and Golightly is proof of this. He need not have

done so at all. Carrying a pension-roll of dependents aggregating thirty or forty thousand a year for more than a quarter of a century, Rip would still have sufficed his requirements. It was his love for his art that took him to The Cricket and The Rivals, and at no inconsiderable cost to himself. I have heard ill-natured persons, some of them envious actors, say that he did nothing for the stage. He certainly did not make many contributions to its upholstery. He was in no position to emulate Sir Henry Irving in forcing and directing the public taste. But he did in America quite as much as Sir Charles Wyndham and Sir Henry in England.

"Shakespeare was his Bible. The stage had been his cradle. He continued all his days a student. In him met the meditative and the observing faculties. In his love of fishing, his love of painting, his love of music, we see the brooding, contemplative spirit joined to the alert in mental force and foresight, when he addressed himself to the activities and the objectives of the theatre. He was a thorough stage manager, skilful, patient, and upright. His company was his family. He was not gentler with the children and grandchildren he ultimately drew about him than he had been with the young men and young women who had

preceded them in his employment and instruction.

"He was not ashamed of his calling, but proud of it. His mother had lived and died an actress. He preferred that his progeny should follow in the footsteps of their forebears even as he had done. It is beside the purpose to inquire, as does the London *Telegraph,* what he might have done had he undertaken the higher flights of tragedy; whether he could have rendered the passion of Lear; one might as well discuss the relation of a Dickens to a Shakespeare.

.

"Forgive me! I did not take up my pen to dabble in dramatic criticism. It was to speak of my friend, my dear friend, the friend of a lifetime, that I began to write, and the task, the duty, whatever you choose to call it, is quite beyond me. I walked with him through a season of despair, and, ten years later, I saw him come up out of the valley of death, clasping in his arms a fair, young bride, the seeds of love regerminate, the flower of a glorious and a new life bursting into bloom, the night and the storm blown by, the mid-ocean calm as summer, the sun in the heavens shining brighter than ever for him and his. It was an inspiration to know

him, happiness to love him. Albeit, a poem, his life was an open book. I recall no passage which I would forget. When two or three years ago I introduced him to a home audience [on the occasion already mentioned], I took leave to refer to the long friendship between us, the Arcadian days and the Noctes Ambrosianæ we had passed together, and I tried to quote from memory the words addressed by Curran to Lord Yelverton in recollection of a similar association because they were so truthful and seemed so relevant:

> For we shared them not in wantonness and wine,
> But in true poesy, wit and philosophy,
> Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine!

"And with these words I shall leave him, where he fitly lies as I write; my homage to his memory, to his loved ones the tender of a sympathy, affectionate and profound."

In reminiscence Mr. John Maguire is always most interesting, and in reflection a wise philosopher. No more beautiful wreath has been laid upon the tomb of Joseph Jefferson than his tribute:

"Joseph Jefferson is dead! his hearty handgrasp, the magnetism of his presence, may never be felt again; dying in his harness while his

buckles were unloosed as noiselessly as the angels unbarred the prison in which Peter was confined. It is more than forty years since my first meeting with Jefferson. It was during his second engagement at the Prince of Wales Opera House in Sydney, Australia. This was in the early sixties, and, it is safe to say, the Augustinian Age of the drama in that sunny land. His unbounded generosity of thought and action weds our souls with ties of endearing love to his. Regard him as you may, whether as the personal friend, the man of the highest achievement in his art, to each and every capacity he rounded out the complete and perfect type of one to love. And now he has gone from us, and we wonder at this infliction, as the child wonders why the beautiful flowers should ever fade.

"God spared him to earth beyond the ordinary limit of human life, and in His goodness called him as gently and as quietly as the autumn breezes which glance the leaflet's beauty in the sun, and at last bear it in silence from the bough.

"The crown of such a life is enduring honour, the ultimate of such, a blissful immortality.

" Good night, sweet Prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

(Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

JOSEPH JEFFERSON

Some element in nature seems withdrawn.
The world we lived in of his spirit wrought—
His brightness, sweetness, tender gaiety,
His childlike, wistful and half-humorous faith
That turned this harsh world into fairy land—
He made our world, and now our world is changed.

The sunniest nature his that ever breathed;
Most lovable of all the sons of men,
Who built his joy on making others happy;
Like Jesus, lover of the hills and shores.
And like Him, to the beasts and flowers kin,
And with a brother's love for all mankind,
But chiefly for the loving—tho' the lost.

In his own art, ineffable, serene,
And mystical (not less to nature true
And to the heart of man)—his was the power
To shed a light of love on human wails
And folk of simple soul. Where'er he went
Sweet childhood followed and all childlike hearts.
His very presence made a holiday—
Affectionate laughter and quick unsad tears.
Now, he being gone, the sun shines not so bright,
And every shadow darkens. Kind heaven forbid
Our lives should lack forever what he gave,
Prove mirage-haunted every good unreal!

Let the brave cheer of life we had through him
Return, from his joyous soul,
That cannot all be lost, where'er it hides—

Hides—but is quenched not—haply smiling still,
Near where his well-loved Shakespeare smiling sits,
Whose birthday for his own new birth he took
Into the unseen world—to him not far,
But radiant with the same mysterious light
That filled his noontime with the twilight's dream.

And it was Easter, too, the golden day
Of resurrection, and man's dauntless hope.
Into the unseen he passed, willing and glad,
And humbly proud of a great nation's love.

In honoured age, with heart untouched by fears,
Save to grow sweeter; and more dear, more dear—
Into that world whereon so oft he mused,
Where he forgot not this, nor shall we him—
That magic smile, that most pathetic voice;
That starry glance, that rare and faithful soul.

From dream to dream he passed on Shakespeare's day:
So dedicate his mind to pleasant thought,
So deep his fealty to that supreme shade,
He being like him of Avon, a fairy child,
High born of miracle and of mystery,
Of wonder and of wisdom and of mirth.

REV. EDWARD A. HORTON

JOSEPH JEFFERSON

Mysteries there are man's patient thought shall pierce,
And wonders many turn to knowledge firm;
But still eluding, baffling mortal ken
Remains the marvel of a gifted soul.
From whence its charm, so plain and yet so veiled?
In what deep mystic sources sprang its life?
Through varying years, mid fierce conflicting tides,
It ran the current of its Protean power.

What we call death the magic spell disturbs
Only to throne the mortal in immortal sway;
O'er hearts still potent, and for woes a cure,
Succeeding generations wreathe his name.
Thus daunted in our search we use wise words,
Our lack of insight marked at every step,
Till, wearied out in fruitless quest so long,
We own the master and the secret miss.

He moved among us, open as the day,
With guileless mood; his gentle mien and grace
Persuaded unto goodness, and his blithesome ways
Made bright the pathways of his fellow-men.
Full often tears were tributes to his thrall,
Healing, indeed, as from a love unsealed.

Unlike our common race, he grew not old
To things of beauty, mirth and sympathy;
The morning light of childlike faith and hope
Shone in his eyes and flashed along his speech;

To all his friends a comradeship he bore
Full of fine feeling and a bond sincere;
The better self within each one he freed,
And broadened life in narrow confines shut.
Ungowned, he wore the inner robes of peace,
Uncrowned, he was a king by native worth.
No cypress wreath, no sobbing dirge we bring,
But sunshine, smiles, and songs of thankfulness;
His name, his fame, by loyal love shall live
To speed his mission in a shadowed world.

THE OLD COLONY CLUB

"While the death of Joseph Jefferson has been lamented by the American stage, and indeed by the country as a whole, to his fellow members of the Old Colony Club it came as a heavy personal loss. Here among us in the Old Colony he made his home, and here is his chosen sepulchre in the soil which he loved above every other spot of earth.

"Here he enacted in our sight the rôle of neighbour and friend, illustrating the usual virtues of a public-spirited citizen and the kindly sympathies of a kindly heart."

Joseph Jefferson was president of the Old Colony Club—a local organisation for the protection of the fishing in Buzzards Bay—and at his passing, the above resolutions on parchment,

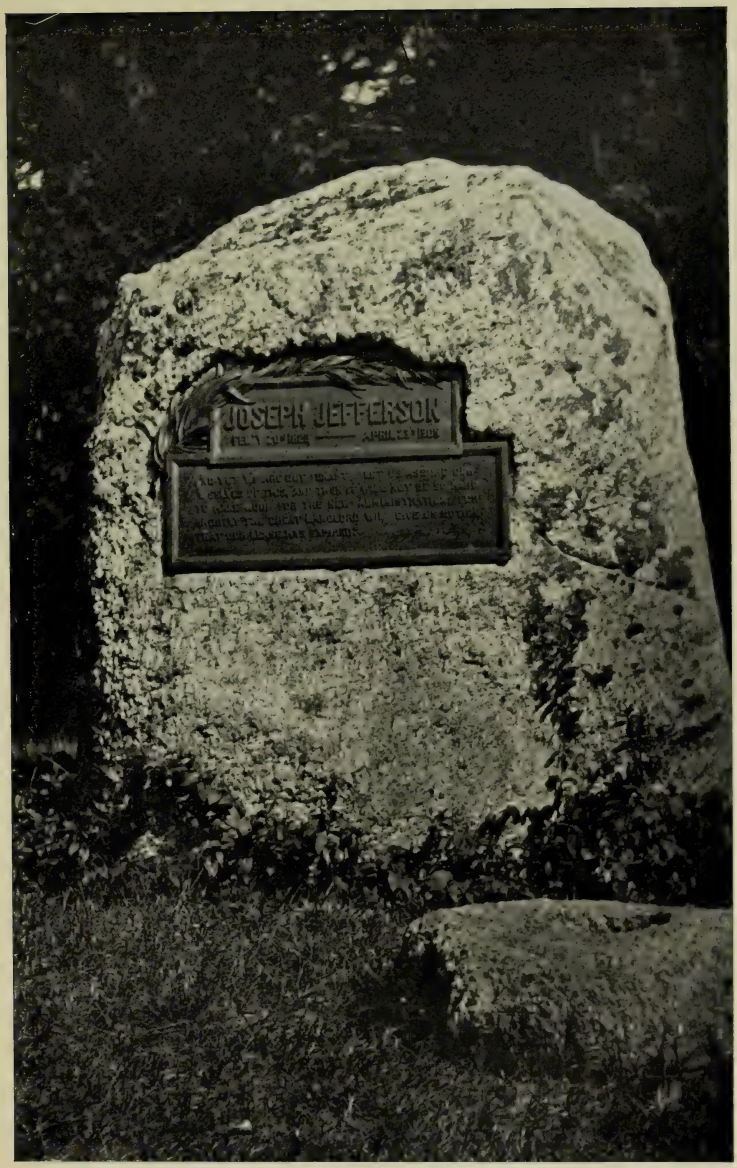


Photo by Thos. Jefferson

BOULDER AT GRAVE

THE QUOTATION ON THE TABLET CONSISTS OF THE LAST LINES IN MR. JEFFERSON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

illuminated, and containing a fine picture of their late president, was presented to his son, Thomas Jefferson, by the club.

The American public, wishing to show him honour, requested of the family of Joseph Jefferson that he be allowed to lie in state, so all might pay their last respects to him, but at his own wish, true to his nature, the ceremonies were of the simplest, and conducted at his own home. A minister of the Gospel, Edward A. Horton, a few devoted friends of long standing, and his family; a loving word, a prayer, and the reading of his favourite poem,

> May there be no moaning of the bar,
> When I put out to sea,

that was all!

It was early spring; his passing had been on Easter Sunday, when all the earth was rejoicing in the Resurrection—a beautiful day, and the children and natives of the little town on the Cape had gathered the arbutus and formed a great mound, whose fragrance filled the atmosphere, like the fragrance which his own beautiful life shed abroad. A great red rose was laid upon the casket as the last offering of his absent friend, William Winter, while an-

other friend dropped into the grave the bunch of forget-me-nots which the grandchildren had sent.

The simple boulder which marks the grave is symbolic of the strength and naturalness of the character of the man.

The medallion of bronze upon the front of the rock was originally the work of M. Rabillon, an old and valued friend, of Baltimore. It was the good fortune of the writer to be present when Mr. Jefferson was giving to the artist a sitting for this fine head.

My father-in-law, in his humorous way, assumed an awkward position as though about to have his photograph taken; whereupon the Frenchman, M. Rabillon, turned Mr. Jefferson's head towards the members of the family, who had accompanied him to the artist's house, where they were to lunch with him, saying:

"Now, talk to them—be natural," and picking up the clay the artist began to work.

Through a mistake, in a recently published book, the entire credit for this work of art has been given to another, and M. Rabillon's son drew attention to the fact in the following letter:

BALTIMORE.

MY DEAR CHARLIE:

I was under the impression that the medallion which was imbedded in the boulder over Mr. Jefferson's grave

was the one that my father had done of him more than twenty years ago, and both my sister and myself were very proud to know that the work was placed over his dear friend. In fact, we spoke of it to many of our own friends.

Great was our surprise and chagrin to find that under the illustration of the grave this work of art is attributed to Mr. Walker, also a friend of your father.

I have compared the picture with the original medallion, which we still have, and they are undoubtedly the same.

Very truly yours,
LEONCE RABILLON.

Feb. 19th, '07.

Mr. Charles A. Walker, of Boston, explains the changes made by himself in the bronze medallion, which, at the request of Mrs. Joseph Jefferson, he placed at the back of the boulder —as being taken from this cast, the original, especially for this purpose.

It was Mr. Walker's suggestion that a natural boulder of rock would be far better for a monument than one of man's work, because Mr. Jefferson loved the rocks in nature and so frequently painted them into his mountain brook scenes.

Mr. Walker also suggested that a panel be placed upon the front of the rock, bearing simply the name "Joseph Jefferson," and, below that, the tribute paid to him by Grover Cleveland.

After due consideration, authority was given Mr. Walker to proceed with the design for the panel, but instead of Mr. Cleveland's words, he decided to incorporate the last words written in his friend's autobiography. Says Mr. Walker:

"I designed the front panel with a simple palm border, and the name, birth, and death date of Joseph Jefferson above—and below, his quotation on immortality.

"I modelled this and had it carried out from my own design and cast into bronze.

"One day while at Crow's Nest, I said to Mrs. Jefferson, 'I wish I had time to model a bas-relief to place at the back of the boulder.' She brought out the bronze cast of M. Rabillon, made many years ago as a much younger man. I told Mrs. Jefferson that I would take a mould of the head in clay, and remodel it, and add to it a medallion shaped to suit my ideas of form. I did so. The original cast was in oval form, plain, without any border. I shaped it differently, like a round medallion, bordered with wreaths of oak and ivy and ribbonated.'"

Mr. Rabillon's name appears in the cast at the base of the medallion, with Mr. Walker's initials below.



Photo by Thos. Jefferson

REAR VIEW OF BOULDER

THE BAS RELIEF SHOWN IN THIS PICTURE WAS ORIGINALLY MODELED BY LEONCE RABILLON, AND THE DECORATION SURROUNDING IT WAS DESIGNED BY C. A. WALKER

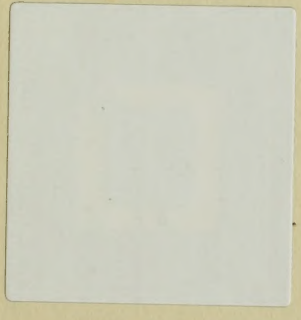
In the early days of his pilgrimage to Cape Cod, Mr. Jefferson became enamoured of the lovely country. As he waded the trout streams with an old Indian guide who had once acted in the same capacity to Daniel Webster, or drove through the wooded roads, rowed and fished in the placid water of Wakeby, Scorton, Big and Little Sandy Ponds, he remained always conscious of the charms of the place. He once expressed the wish that some day he might sleep in the sandy soil of which he was so fond, and two years before he was laid in it, he selected the particular spot. It was most picturesque, although only a little country cemetery, nestled close to hill and woodland, just as Nature made it, and called Bay View, on account of the glimpse of the sparkling waters of Massachusetts Bay, which lies beyond the stretches of moor and shore line.

Here he had been everybody's friend—the farmers and the fishermen were his neighbours, the streams and the ponds were his home, and here he chose for himself the quiet spot which was to be his last resting-place.

"He is mourned by three generations who loved him for the smiles and tears he brought into their lives. Nature stood with uncovered head to say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

It was Shakespeare's birthday which he had chosen for his own new birth,—

> And it was Easter, too, the golden day
> Of resurrection and man's dauntless hope.
> Into the Unseen he passed, willing and glad,
> And humbly proud of a great nation's love.



GETTY RESEARCH INSTITUTE
3 3125 01360 3333

BELKNAP & WARFIELD,
BOOKSELLERS.
HARTFORD, CONN.